

# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, January, 19, 1935

Number 14

## ACHIEVEMENT IS NEW QUALIFICATION FOR DEAN'S LIST

Beginning with the end of the present semester, the Dean's Achievement List will be known as the Dean's Achievement List. The change in name is the result of a change in the requirements set up for those who wish to appear on the list. Heretofore, every girl with an average of B has been a member of the group; her name will continue to appear on the list as long as she maintains a B average.

The additional requirement, however, which justifies the use of the word *achievement* in connection with this list is the provision that *any* student who improves her grade ratio during the quarter sufficiently to place her among the highest 10% of those who do improve their rating will be placed on the Dean's Achievement List. This means, in brief, that a member of the honor roll may or may not be on the list; in other words, a girl who does not have a B average may appear on the list if her improvement during the quarter justifies such a classification.

From now on, the Dean's Achievement List is not an honor roll—except in so far as improving one's standing over what it has been is an honor. This List is to be made up of those who accept the challenge to outdo each quarter what they have achieved the preceding quarter.

Grade ratios will be calculated on the same basis as for club standings: A is worth 3; B, 2; C, 1; D, 0; E, -1; F, -2. If a course is dropped, the basis for calculation will be the grade points of the remaining courses. The Dean's Achievement List will be announced about a week later than the honor roll.

## DR. BARTON TALKS ON CURRENT EVENTS

Current Events was the subject for chapel, Friday, January 11. Dr. Barton spoke first on the new Congress which has just gone into session. This is the first Congress to meet in January, under the amendment sponsored by Senator Norris. The country is so much smaller than when the constitutional provision was made that we no longer need to wait until March for congressmen, elected in November, to receive word of their election and get to Washington.

(Continued on page 6)

## DEAD WEEK BEGINS

Dead Week begins Monday, January 28. The purpose of this week is to give time for preparation for exams. Because of this, privileges have been somewhat restricted. Girls are not allowed, as a rule, to have any evening privileges during this week. An exception has been made this year so that those who desire to see "Green Pastures" may do so. Afternoon privileges are not affected in any way.

## WORDSMITHS OPEN SPRING CONTEST

At the last meeting of Wordsmiths, Winifred Marsh was elected secretary-treasurer to replace Eunicary Bicknell, who was forced to resign because she is already holding three other offices.

The contest to elect new members of the club has started and will close in the middle of the month of February. Anyone is eligible to compete for membership and there is no limit of topic requirement on the material to be submitted.

## COLLEGE EXAMINATION SCHEDULE January, 1935

College classes are scheduled for examination according to the period at which the class regularly meets for recitation. The following classes have been scheduled irregularly:

English 1 (including English 0) History 1 Psychology 21			
Monday, Jan. 28	8:30-11:30	English 1 (Miss Herron)...	Library
		English 1 (Miss Lydell)...	Study Hall
		English 1 (Miss Pugh)...	Library
		English 1 (Miss Rhea)...	210
		Psychology 21	Study Hall
	1:30-4:30	All TT-4 and TT-5 classes	Classrooms
Tuesday, Jan. 29	8:30-11:30	History 1	Study Hall
	1:30-4:30	All MWF-1 classes	Classrooms
Wednesday, Jan. 30	8:30-11:30	All TTS-1 classes	Classrooms
	1:30-4:30	All MWF-2 classes	Classrooms
Thursday, Jan. 31	8:30-11:30	All TTS-2 classes	Classrooms
	1:30-4:30	All MWF-3 classes	Classrooms
Friday, Feb. 1	8:30-11:30	All TTS-3 classes	Classrooms
	1:30-4:30	All MWF-4 classes	Classrooms
Saturday, Feb. 2	8:30-11:30	All MWF-5 classes	Classrooms

## ALL-CLUB STUNT NIGHT REVEALS MUCH TALENT AND ORIGINALITY

President's Council sponsored an All-Club Stunt Night, Wednesday, January 16. Mr. Benedict, Dr. Burk, and Miss Townsend judged the stunts on: Time, originality, number taking part, and technique.

The winning stunt, the "Tri K Toy Shop," was the most colorful of all. The clever and entirely original lyrics sung by the principals were appropriately set to "Toy Land," by Victor Herbert. The story was that of the girl (Stanley Elizabeth Clay) and boy (Margaret Louise Boyd) who came to look at the toy shop owned by the toy maker (Arlene Hershey). One by one, the dolls, jack-in-the-boxes, and clowns danced and walked as the children wound them. The grand finale was the toy soldiers' drill and the song ensemble. The lovely costumes, reminiscent of Tri K specials for years back were appropriate and dazzling. The prize given to this clever group was a large, hammered silver bowl to be used for flowers or fruit.

The Del Ver "Family Album" was very clever and the poses were most original. Emmy Lou (Marian Farr) was particularly good in her interpretation of the pictures and her pride in the "stylish relations." Special mention should go to Aunt Minervyn Jones (Martha Jane Chatten) for her make-up, to Uncle Charley Peters (Judy Acheson) for the bull-dog expression, and to Becky Hall for her ancestral smirk.

"The Fatal Quack" of the Acoras ended tragically indeed with all the characters still dead even after the Postlude. King Winnie Coffee thundered on and off in a right noble manner followed by his nervous queen (Frances Graham). All honor to the beautiful princess (Anna Lou Wall) for "dropping" her eyes so modestly and being more beautiful than ever in death (even after the second time).

Wild, wild, wild melodrama was the Anti-Pan "Love Always Finds a Way, or Why Blue Foot Sue was Foiled in Her Young Days." Cowboy Pete (Marjorie Wells) defended his lady love (Sarah Joyce Beasley) bravely and as a killer of Indians and rider of horses (broomsticks) he has no equal. "And the Light Went Out," was the title of the A. K. pantomime. Roberta Lincoln certainly played favorites in choosing the lovers of her daughter, and Tony Treadway as the fair-haired hero—also the passionate lover profited thereby.

"Bere and After" the T. C. stunt we knew exactly how they felt. Vacations do wear one down. Jane Meyer, we were worried about your lost railroad ticket; and Betty Lou Pfeiffer's tears were almost too realistic. The Penta Tau's presentation of "Christopher Columbus' Voyage to America," all in rhyme and rhythm, was one of the cleverest stunts of the evening. Ferdinand (Louise Robinson) said,

"Tut, tut, tut, and tut"

He must be off his nut"

when Christopher (Ruth Potts) claimed the world was round, but he and Isabelle (Bootsy Bradley) went along to discover America just the same, only to be turned back at Hiawatha's warning of the dread disease, "Depression," which was raging there.

The Roman Council sentenced the X. L. Caesar to death for "slumping in his seat in the Parthenon." He also confessed to "how many pickles did you eat?" "Et tu Brute," and "kicked the bucket" (Held for him by four black boys) bravely.

If Hollywood ever needs help in "Marching On," we recommend the F. L's Joe Penner (Mary Ellen Hudgins), Mae West (Carolyn Concklin), Laurel and Hardy (Frances Street and Eula Wade), Greta Garbo (Nita Bogue), Kate Smith (Katherine Hays) and dozens of other celebrities marched across the stage and spoke a few words to the audience. The announcer was Alice Hancock.

The Osiron "Ward-Belmont Visits the Art Gallery" was the last number on the program. Miss Rose (Mildred Scott) conducted the Ward-Belmont girls most carefully, pointing out the fine points in the "art" of the various statues. She called special attention to the fine pose of the Discus Thrower (Helen Jones) and to the Black Boy (Modesta Good).

## CHINA, OLD AND NEW, PRESENTED BY DE COU, AND DREAM PICTURES

Branson De Cou, noted travel-lecturer, was the guest of Ward-Belmont, Tuesday, January 15.

Mr. De Cou delighted his audience with a talk, informally delivered, on *Imperial Peiping and Manchukuo*, and illustrated with pictures that were "marvels of photography and color." He traveled with his audience through Korea to Hsinking, the new capital of Manchukuo; and to Mukden, the metropolis. From here we went on the Manchurian Railway with its surprisingly luxurious service to Shan-hai-kwan, through the Great Wall, and into China to Peiping.

In Peiping, "the most fascinating of Oriental cities," we saw the American Embassy, and experienced the thrills of shopping in China.

Accompanied with music by Kreisler, *The Tambourine Chinois*, we saw the streets and buildings of Peiping, an elaborate funeral, and a wedding. Next, with music by Bridge, we took a trip to the Great Wall and back. We saw the Forbidden City and the glorious Temple of Heaven. Last, with Stravinski's *The Song of the Nightingale*, we took the Shanghai Express to Nanking, the new capital. Here was the new two-million-dollar mausoleum of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the Ming Tomb, and a new pagoda.

Back in Peiping, we saw the depleted National Museum, and the marvelous marble bridges of "appealing charm" near the old Dowager Empress' Summer Palace.

Mr. De Cou believes that the danger of war is between Japan and Russia, not Japan and China, and that it would be an aerial war in which terrible damage would be done to Japan's cities of paper and light wood; but that Japan would be the ultimate victor.

Mr. De Cou also prophesied that the time is not far distant when traveling around the world in two weeks will be a possibility. Until that time, when we can see for ourselves, we will welcome Mr. De Cou to show us with pictures.

## TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Mrs. Blanton entertained the Senior class at tea Wednesday, January 14.

The Senior-Mids answered the Seniors' challenge—"Snappy Skit Scores Successes."

Lieutenant Harding, a young flier, spoke in chapel and told of girls in French-Indo China smoking big black cigars, and of Iceland's Eskimo flappers wearing Paris gowns.

Miss Mary Neal, hostess of Heron Hall, was appointed to assist Miss Ross in conducting the 1925 summer tour of Europe.

"Ruth St. Denis, her husband, Ted Shawn, and their talented ballet will appear in Nashville at the Ryman Auditorium."

Those of us who went to hear the well-known Paul Whiteman and his orchestra give "An Entertainment in Modern Music" will never forget the pleasure.

"The Chatterbox" is the new name for our tea room. It was christened by Ruth Erbrick, of Nashville.

Inter-club basketball games came to a close with Tri-K's the winners.

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## SPEAKER ANALYZES WORLD CONDITIONS

The Rev. A. D. Beittel, of the College Congregational Church, presented a distinctly startling phrase of the modern world in a most interesting fashion, Wednesday, January 16, in chapel.

With the old securities vanishing, life gives us a chance to do something, an opportunity to be dynamic. Adventure, thrills and "kick" await the person who is alive to his opportunity in this changing age. The Rev. Beittel described world conditions as being "catastrophic, cataclysmic," and prophesied that the century would continue as a century of transition.

As an example of the revolt and change, a prominent preacher made the statement that missionaries should be sent to Liberia to convert American industrialists to a better treatment of native labor. Also missionaries might change the Bostonians' attitude toward child labor.

The ferment in the world may, like ferment in bread, produce chaos or the opposite, according to its use.

## DR. HILL RETURNS FOR FIRST VESPERS

Dr. John L. Hill, an old and dear friend of Ward-Belmont students, spoke on the interesting subject of "Discoveries" at Sunday night vespers, January 13.

He discussed great inventors in the scientific world and brought out the fact that almost all has been discovered in the earthly realm. He added: "However, the mind of God's wealth has long since been staked out but not developed."

According to Dr. Hill, there are four seas of recourse to God. They were stated as God's wisdom, power, security found in God, and the sea of His care.

In conclusion, he gave these words of wisdom: "The golden resources of God are open to those who will but look for them—and youth dares, has the recklessness of determination, so it is up to it to delve into the discoveries of the Heavens."

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION SPONSORS GYMKAHNA

The Athletic Association entertained the student body with a Gymkahna, Saturday, January 12, in the gym.

Gilbertine Moore was general chairman, with the following assistants: Marguerite Page, decorations; Nita Bogue, refreshments; and Libby Siegmund, program.

The gymnasium was appropriately decorated with yellow and blue crepe paper on which were silhouettes of athletic figures. Hot dogs and sodas were served as refreshments. The program consisted of a line routine dance, a vocal number by Jeanne Cookson, a tumbling and pyramid-building act directed by Miss O'Donnell, solo dances by both Evelyn Norton and Dolly Denman, a group dance by girls in penguin costumes, and a handicap track meet.

Miss Katherine Morrison is sponsor of the association, and Ruth Potts is president.

## RABBI MARK DISCUSSES RELIGION

Rabbi Julius Mark, of the Vine St. Temple, spoke in chapel at Ward-Belmont on Wednesday, January 9.

Rabbi Mark chose as his topic the rather startling question, *Which is the Best Religion?* He said, "Religion is the attempt of man to adapt himself to the Universe," and followed through to the idea that the "children of God find heaven—the name of the religion doesn't matter." We should regard religion as parents regard children—our own is best for us.

## EVERYONE BACK WITH LOADS OF —EVERYTHING

Taxis driving up, bags and trunks stacked on the steps! Yes, here we are back again after a perfectly glorious holiday. Most everyone still looks a little weary, but we're all settled, unpacked and back in the old sweater and skirt again. For many it seems that the old sweater and skirt are things of the past. Have you ever seen so many new clothes and such lovely colors, too?

Everyone seems to have been very liberal, or at least Santa Claus was real nice. New dresses, fur coats, hats and what not! Mary Jane Bass tells us what a perfectly grand, new evening wrap she has; and from what Virginia Shaw says about her new clothes, she must be planning to really step out next semester. Of course, you have seen Jean Stewart's new shoes, and "Pony" Irwin's black velvet regulation. Then, most all of the Senior-Mids came back with completely new evening outfits. Well, who can blame them, with the Senior-Mid-dance in the early future?

When speaking of Christmas presents we are reminded of: the new diamond Elizabeth Tipton is wearing, also Mary Ellen Peach's and Patsy Burgher's. Patty Brown Harvey can't forget that big bottle of "Surrender" from G. W., Patty's faithful b.f. for the last two years.

Among the new radios, "Huggins" duck, and "Bicky's" cat clock, we can see little chance for peace. We never knew before that Mary Ellen was such an admirer of Joe Penner. They (those who should know) say that Carolyn Briggs and Judith Bear pay their radios all night. Jean Weiss has a nice new one, too. But you haven't seen anything until you see Teddie Krauss' flannels, Salanie Sherman's frat pin, Gail Lawrence's Kappa Sig bracelet, Irene Sartor and Martha Jane Chatin's identification bracelets, Lattie Miller Graves' Mexican pottery and Libbie Evans' long, white gloves.

Oh dear, those were grand holidays, but alas they are over now and exams are almost here! Campus discussions of dates and parties are giving way to: "What is the English assignment and when do you have your French exam? Even the refrain, "What was I doing — weeks ago tonight?" is dying out.

## MISS CARLING WILL TEACH IN FLORIDA

Miss Jane Carling has, as most of you know, gone to Tampa, Florida. She will assist Mrs. J. Crawford with the riding at the Tampa Yacht and Country Club there. Mrs. Crawford was teacher of riding at Ward-Belmont when Miss Carling was here as a pupil, and has spent part of her time in Florida for a number of years. Miss Carling had been here as a teacher since 1929.

Mrs. W. Rowan, of Nashville, will be instructor in riding for the rest of the year. She is not entirely a newcomer to Ward-Belmont, as she taught mathematics in the high school several years ago. She will continue theory work with the certificate classes and road rides will go on as usual. We will miss Miss Carling, but welcome Mrs. Rowan and wish her every success.

## MUSIC CHAPEL MONDAY

The Chapel Program on Monday, January 14, was opened by singing the Ward-Belmont Hymn, led by Mr. Dalton and accompanied by Mr. Henkel at the organ.

Miss Myrtle Mooney then sang a group of vocal solos, accompanied by Mr. Dalton at the piano. Her selections included: "Ungesungen," "Zueignung," "Songs My Mother Taught Me," "Ungelesen," "Richard Strauss," "Dvorak."



## DANCE COLUMN

Ted Shawn

Ted Shawn's approaching appearance in Nashville was discussed in the last edition of the *HYPHEN* and his work as an artist was mentioned. Even such an artist as Shawn has an every-day life which includes all routines and systematic growth of the average American man.

Edwin M. Shawn, which is his name, was born in Kansas City, Mo. It is interesting to know that he received an A.B. degree from the University of Denver in 1912, which signifies the rounded personality of scholar and artist. From this time when he began his career as a teacher and professional dancer in Los Angeles and his marriage to Ruth St. Denis, an equally important American dancer, in 1914, his career in dance has been universal.

With Miss St. Denis he established the Denishawn School of Dancing in Los Angeles, 1915, which school was later moved to New York City. The World War caused one break in his career when he put aside his practice clothes to assume the military dress of a second lieutenant of the United States army in 1918, Company thirty-second infantry. After the war a series of tours were made throughout the world. In 1922-25 he toured both the United States and England with the Denishawn Dancers. The tour was followed by a tour of the Orient in 1926-28, while another American tour was made in 1931-32. He appeared alone in Germany and Switzerland in 1930, and once again he is making a successful American tour which fortunately includes Nashville.

As an author he has contributed several books on the dance and his research work to the literary world. Among these are: *Ruth St. Denis, Pioneer and Prophet*, 1929; *The American Ballet*, 1926; and *Gods and Dances*, 1929. Shawn typifies the well-rounded man, a combination of artistic and intellectual traits; he comes to us in this guise, to delight and teach.



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## EXPRESSION NOTES

On Tuesday, January 15, Miss Townsend read the "Personal Recollections of the Oberammergau Family."

The chapel period on Friday, January 18, promises to be a very interesting one, as it is under the direction of Miss Townsend, who is presenting her certificate students in a one-act play called "Crabbed Youth and Age." The cast of characters are as follows:

The Flirtatious Mother ..... Louise Robinson  
The three daughters:  
Eileen ..... Jean Weiss  
Minnie ..... Anna Lou Wall  
Dolly ..... Frances Graham  
The three young men:  
Jerald (medical student) ..... Nancyann Schmid  
Charlie (football hero) ..... Theresa Howley  
Tommy (divine dancer) ..... Mary Louise Henderson

Miss Townsend will give a review on "The Present Plays on the New York Stage" at a meeting of the A. U. W., to be held Saturday, January 19.

Probably the most entertaining of the many Christmas vacations was spent by our own Miss Townsend, when she took an interesting jaunt to New York and spent two weeks seeing all the new plays on the Broadway stage. A few of the most outstanding productions she witnessed were: the much-discussed "Within the Gates," "Romeo and Juliet," with Katherine Cornell; "Rain from Heaven," with Jean Cowi; Walter Hampton's "Richard the Third," the venetian presentation of "The Great Waltz," and the opening of the Metropolitan Opera.

## "Y" NEWS

## Sunday School

It was quite natural for the girls to wind their way from the dining room on Sunday morning to the Big "Y" room for the first Sunday school of the new year. The thought that Matilda Daugherty brought was the value and the potentiality of each individual. She illustrated this with a story by Henry van Dyke, "The Handful of Clay," which tells how an ugly handful of clay was made into a flower pot that held a beautiful lily and thus did its bit to add beauty to life. Mary Eleanor and Stanley Elizabeth Clay closed the service with the hymn, "Have Thine Own Way, Lord."

## Junior League Home

Frances Street's committee went, on Sunday afternoon, to the Junior League Hospital. There was still the evidence of the big Christmas which the children had enjoyed. First, everybody had to show his gifts and give a detailed account of the fun he had had during the holidays. After the excitement of sharing Christmas had subsided, the group was kept busy the rest of the afternoon doing the usual things, reading, telling stories, and playing games. One of the most thrilling things that happened was the discovery that Louise, a little girl about four years old, who has not been able to walk for many months, was able to walk again. Before the girls left, the children begged to sing, and song after song was sung.

## Student Industrial Commission

The Student Industrial Commission met January 11 at the city Y.W.C.A. After dinner together the group elected officers for this year. Mary Alice Faine was elected permanent chairman. The discussion for the evening centered about the work of the

Y.W.C.A. in its relation of meeting the problems of all the different groups. The discussion was led by Mrs. Guy Sarvis and was supplemented by reports from Miss Kitty Morris and Miss Elizabeth Jones of the staff of the Y.W.C.A. Plans for the February meeting include a trip to the du Pont factory at Old Hickory, Leona Hill and Mary Jane Dulaney are the other members of the Ward-Belmont Commission.

## Tennessee Children's Home

When Mary Jane Bass and Alice Adams returned after the holidays, a note from the Tennessee Children's Home was waiting, telling them again what a lovely time the children had had during Christmas and thanking them for the parties and gifts that had made the time so happy for the children. When the girls went to conduct the play hour on Sunday afternoon, the children rushed out from the playroom, saying that Santa brought a bag of oats for Andy and a can of dog food for Fanny. Becky Hall, who was making a visit for the first time, had to be taken over and introduced to the favorites of the children, the dog and goat. There are also some new arrivals at the Home. After everyone had become acquainted, the children begged for some music. Then games of all kinds were begun, conducted by Mildred Sartor and Mary Jane Bass.

## P-S-S-T-I

"Flash! on the greatest news story of the day!" "... Emmmyne is taking music lessons and says she expects to enjoy it, even if nobody else appreciates her ability. Congrats and best wishes! Also, her musical talent is being run a close second by her sudden interest in the feeble-minded. After listening to a most detailed report on a visit to the state institution we are thoroughly convinced that her intellect is far from being contaminated by associations. Juanita and Sally W. are also 'going crazy' over the subject."

To oneself belongs the credit (?) for being the first fiend on the campus after the holidays, but Juliette ran a close second. Elizabeth Cooper came in fast on Juliette's heels, and the three of us silently agreed to be chief mourners.

There certainly must have been some added attraction to the already attractive Florida to have called so many of our number down—"Heap much fun" was had by all. May Boyd had so much that she couldn't take it any longer and decided to absent herself from our midst.

We won't go into detail, but ask Mary Ann if she had a good time. And ask her if she likes to play games where the object is to find an automobile!

Virginia, we know, still isn't firmly established in her old routine. After all, who would be when one has been where and why she has? But the peculiar part of it all is that she gained weight instead of losing it—as one is supposed to when one is in a certain state.

Anne really takes the cake! After she knows that she is going to Memphis the day before school starts, she has the heartlessness to ask two sufferers if they don't hate to have to start back! She says that she got sick in Memphis, but that sounds rather fishy under the circumstances.

Ask Juanita what she spent Christmas in search of . . . and found it. We are surprised at you!

Orchids to Theresa—who didn't need them (with the gobs of extra corsages)—for a swellelegant open house—and some of the same flowers to May Evelyn, who really knows how to have tea!

All sorts of compliments to Margaret G., who was the object of plenty of them at a delightful affair! We have been giving people her address and qualifications of the same. A sight that must have been worth

seeing: Kitty and Swift "hanging over the orchestra rail" at the Wagon Wheel on New Year's Eve. Patty has developed penguinistic ability of extraordinary note. You should have seen her at the Athletic dance. (Well, maybe you did!)

## THE INQUIRING REPORTER VISITS CHEMISTRY LABS

Strange smells, and acid twang to the air! The Inquiring Reporter followed the trail to the basement. Here below the ordinary paths of travel to and from classes she saw strange things. Two long tiers of tables, lighted lamps, girls in long black rubber aprons bending anxiously above strange mixtures. Had she by chance slipped fifteen hundred years or so, and were these girls practicing black magic? As she walked, bewilderedly on down the hall, she came to another room. Here more girls in black aprons were working with other mixtures even more mysterious and strange than in the first laboratory. These girls had a knowing air and under their supervision, dense red gases filled the glass flasks, blue liquids formed in test tubes, and seemingly solid substances suddenly became liquids, then changed to crystals of intricate design.

The Inquiring Reporter, because she was an inquiring reporter, decided that this required looking into. She soon discovered that she was in the chemistry laboratories.

In 1919, these laboratories lacked their present completeness as they needed to accommodate only thirty-five girls. However, with the beginning of Dr. Hollinshead's work as instructor in that year, the department grew rapidly and steadily. The equipment of the two tiers of desks was increased until the present number of eight double desks, equipped to accommodate one hundred and twenty-four girls, was reached. Before the depression the laboratory classes numbered one hundred and fifty girls. Undaunted, Dr. Hollinshead ordered more Bunsen burners and supplies and set each girl to work.

In the large laboratory, instruction in general chemistry is given. Here, upon two long shelves above the desks one may see row upon row of bottles containing the acids and bases with which the student must work, as the ancient sorcerer experimented with his herbs and black magic. Underneath the desk tops are drawers containing the individual supplies for each girl. Above the desk tops are winding pipes which supply gas and water to these double desks.

In the nearby qualitative laboratory, which was equipped at the time of Dr. Hollinshead's arrival, experiments of a more difficult nature take place. Here the advanced students work in organic, qualitative and analytical chemistry. Their equipment has to be of a wider range than that of the first-year students. Working at one long desk which accommodates twenty-four girls, they have at their disposal rows of various-colored materials. Along the wall of the room are additional shelves loaded with another assortment of bottles. In the center of the room a large closed burner carries off the manufactured gases through a funnel opening into the ceiling.

At their desks, the girls, enveloped in long black rubber aprons and perched on high stools, explore the mysteries of chemistry. The drawers are unlocked, bottles are taken from their places, gas burners are connected and this laboratory, too, assumes the air of a sorcerer's den. An occasional explosion of gases or the pop of a dropped tube intermingling with the z-z-z-z of the burners. Science yields, as the laboratories to Ward-Belmont students, some of its numerous secrets.

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## EDITORIAL

## WHAT ABOUT THEM?

Dr. Barton, in the closing words of his address Friday did part of my job in "forcibly" informing you of the "whys and wherefores" of "mid-term" examinations. He made the oft-repeated but still true statement that this last week of January is a testing time for the student, *you*, and not your teacher. It's more than that; it's a fairly accurate estimate of your mental progress in the last four months. It is a period as two-faced as the god Janus, for it affords each one of us an opportunity to look back clearly and to gaze forward hopefully. Whether our glance backwards warns us to take another notch in our belt or permits us to pat ourselves on the back in private, it is, nevertheless, an experience that few of us would indulge in without the imposed necessity of review for assigned exams.

And then they do form a break, pleasant or otherwise, in the natural monotony of school routine. One hears a lot of moaning and groaning around exam time, but I feel sure that a great many of the groaners secretly enjoy the excitement. I've even heard some students admit it! At any rate, no one can deny that little shivers of anticipation do run down one's back when one waits with folded questions in hand for the instructor's signal to begin.

But whether one regards exams as an opportunity to "take stock" or in the more frivolous light of a rather scary and thrilling roller-coaster to slide over, they are fairly staring us in the face, and we might as well stare back at them philosophically. There are always the comforting thoughts that if you've done conscientious work all along, these "tests" can't ruin you, and that if you're near the border line, here is a chance to slip over on the right side. At any rate, luck to you!

M. G., '36.

## AS THE YEAR BEGINS—!

An amusing cartoon appeared in an issue of a newspaper during the Christmas holidays. It portrayed the excited, incredulous faces of a group of men who had just been told by a neighbor that an important announcement had been made in the daily newspaper that would bring joy to the world. He had said it stated that thousands of the unemployed would begin work the following day. When the happiness of the listeners was at its height as a result of the good news, the mischievously smiling neighbor produced the source of his information from an overcoat pocket, and showed them the headlines which blared forth the statement, "School Will Reopen Tomorrow After Holiday Season."

I wonder how many of us, who have been termed the "unemployed," realize that there is a great deal of truth in this little bit of nonsense! Do you realize that it is really *work* to which we have returned? We have now had sufficient time to become readjusted to our school routine after a delightful "break" from it of three weeks. We should be ready to enter into all of the scholastic adventures offered us with an eagerness and zest symbolic

(Continued on last column this page)

## CAMPUS COLUMN

Happy New Year to you gals! Isn't it nice to get back even though we did have the bestest time in ye olde home towne?

Poor Leora got up for Basketball practice Wednesday morning, and even the manager wasn't there! She was willing to bear the manager limb from limb. Or am I wrong?

We're glad to have three newcomers at Ward-Belmont, and we welcome you three musketeers into our realms!

Weren't the stunts good Wednesday night? Congrats are certainly due to the winner, 'cause there certainly was keen competition!

Did you enjoy the play in chapel yesterday? It just proves that you can always depend on anything Miss Townsend says she'll do!

Do you know how many letters Bettie Jayne Reed got one day last week? Only nine! And here are a few of us poor struggling individuals who keep smiling with one a week!

Remember, now, gals, No Rolled Hose! Please don't try and break the new rule 'cause you know rules aren't made to be broken!

We all expected to lose some weight when we got home, but did we get a laugh! Over half of us gained five pounds! That just proves what a good vacation does for one.

I'll bet there's many a lad who's wondering what's become of his "Old Fraternity Pin." At any rate, congrats are due to you gals, who came through so gallantly with one, or maybe two?

Frances Clements certainly looks as if she were a loyal member of the Salvation Army when she dons her polk bonnet. The only thing you need now is a bell and a little kettle, and a good corner on Church Street to stand, Frances.

Did any of you know that Margaret Louise Boyd got a "special" the other evening? If you didn't, please have your ears tested at your earliest convenience, 'cause you really should have heard the racket she made!

By the looks of suites 105 and 106 in Senior New Year's Eve must have been celebrated all over again. Confetti was scattered from one end of it to the other. Probably some of Crockett's work!

Only 137 more days! And some gal had the nerve to tell me how many hours were left!! It is true that the Seniors are counting the hours, 'cause this is their last year. But there I go, getting sentimental again!

Nellie is quite the cook. She and Christine should wax healthy and popular as long as she brings home such grand cakes.

Have all of you Senior-Mids invited "him" to your dance? Remember your dance is one of the high-lights of the year, so save your new dress, and put on your dancing-slippers to get them broken in before the gala night.

Miss Seay was (over) heard to say that she wished teachers could wear socks, too. Well—!

Just think, in a few hours, most of us will be listening to the music of Guy Lombardo, and it won't be over the radio! Wasn't it nice of our school to make arrangement for the tickets for us, instead of making us stand in line down town for about an hour to purchase them?

Gossip can't be created in less than two weeks, or maybe I'm wrong. At any rate news, gossip, and what-not have been exhausted, so I guess it's curtains for this time. Until next week—bye!

## EAGLE FEATHER

By Eunicemary Bicknell

## MY NEED FOR YOU

Regret, my dear heart, is pain I need not measure. I filled the cup with sacrament for you. I walked the sacred mile, heart high, courageous, If I grew faint, faith warped, you never knew. I bathed your wounds with balm gleaned from heart's aching. Love knows no faltering, it gives its strength And gladly mine became a shining ornament To mend your grief, to make you well at length That you might ride again, a fearless warrior, To seek the sun in brave blue armored steel, While I, who loved the tall mail's weakest places, Have come to know the way that women feel.

When they are left alone with books and candles, With aid to give when aid is sought no more; How they must wait, remembering too clearly The singing sound of footsteps at the door. I pray, dear one, that you are strong in battle, As valiant as I whispered you would be, But oh, beloved, my need for you, swift growing, Fills all the days the weeks—God, could it be That he might have a wound, brief, quick of healing, To bring him back some lonely night to me!

N. S., '35.

## THE JOY OF LIVING

Carry a happy heart each day;  
Forget that skies were ever gray.  
If the sun of joy is hidden,  
And the sky o'ercast with rain—  
Just remember storms can't last,  
And the light will come again.  
Worry not of yesterday;  
Think not of tomorrow;  
Then the days ahead will bring—  
Happiness instead of sorrow.  
Cherish ideals bright and pure;  
Let new hopes your sadness cure.  
Shower others with your love  
And you shall live like Him—above.

W. C., '36.

## PRAYER TO NATURE

That you gave us, God, a sky of blue,  
A meadow green, sometimes with daisies, too,  
The shining sun that beams all day  
And a moon all night to guide the way.  
Oh, that we mortals could make things so great  
The seas, the oceans, a brook, a lake,  
Let me kneel upon the grass you made  
And offer gratitude for all  
At our coffers you have laid!

D. C., '36.

## BEAUTY

Some day I shall hold too much of beauty.  
And beauty shall hold all of me—  
Hiding me—  
Slipping,  
Tingling  
To my finger tips,  
Through all of me.  
I shall be too small for so much beauty.  
So great is beauty.  
So small am I.

B. R., '36.

## QUATRAIN

Great folks write of Life and Death,  
The tragedy, joy and love of Man.  
I must write simple, common things—  
It's little things I best understand.

E. B., '35.

(Continued from first column of this page)

of the ruddy-faced babe, 1935. Next June when the year is no longer new, and that child's life is half over, let us not have allowed him to have lived in vain, but have remembered that

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,  
We have work to do, and loads to lift."

J. W., '35.

## CLUB CHATTER

## A. K.

All good A. K.'s are back, now that Florence Martin and Virginia Chisolm decided to leave their beds of illness and return. We're very glad to have them back, too. Sorry they have been sick, but some people just will have too much holiday.

Oh, we did have the best time at the Agora's Tea for us all, the other day! It was so nice! Johnny Miller, and everything that is good to eat! We do certainly appreciate it.

Doesn't Robert Lincoln have a dignified and "sweeping" manner? And to think that he didn't realize the full value of it until "Stunt Night."

Betty and Elizabeth have been in the Infirmary with very enjoyable colds, but they are in better health now, we hope.

Happy New Year and good luck on these dead exams coming off, or rather on, in the next week or so! I expect we all need them both—and very badly.

## Anti-Pan

Boy, were we glad to get back, and wasn't that club house a sight for sore eyes! (Tee hee, my mistake!) Anyway, it did seem sorta natural-like to play the old victrola records and see Crockett pulling a chair out from under somebody.

Zounds 'n zithers! Seems s'if Sara Joyce is setting a new fashion for short dresses, judging from the get-up she had in the Anti-Pan Skit, Wednesday night. It's a good thing they passed the new rule on no-rolled-hose the day before.

'Tis said that Doughty has gone off the deep end on-accounts-of-because you know what she's doing? Making poor little Art way back in Ioway send her one playing card in every letter he writes, and in the end, making him buy her a dinner for every card that is missing in the deck. At about that stage in the game, I'd redouble!

Woe is me! My goldfish are feeling kinda' sickish again, and are floating around with the goofiest look in their eyes. Methinks they're homesick for the bath tub (a credible diagnosis for a doctor's daughter right off-hand-like) 'cause that's where we let them play during vacation.

The funniest thing! We saw a little scrap of paper posted on the bulletin board and just out of curiosity we decided to read it. Guess what! Oh, me, it was the exam schedule, and here everything was going along hunky-dory! Well, now, who do you suppose started that pesky little custom!!!

## Agora

Greetings, and welcome back, everybody! Already we have started things up with a tea dance for the A. K.'s, our club sisters. Everyone had a delightful time dancing to Miller's music and enjoying cakes, nuts, and tea. Do let's have more afternoon get-togethers. It was especially nice to have Betty Jane Reed of Chicago as our guest, and we do hope she'll come visit us for the rest of the year. Extra basketball practices have begun, and in view of all the tired-looking crew of team, we'll have to renew our hockey season spirit. Now let's start this last sport team with a bang and forget anything except that we're here to do our best—and let's do it!

## Del Ver

Everyone came back from vacation a few pounds lighter and that signifies a good time. Certainly the Del Vers were no exception.

We hear that Elizabeth R. has broken up with her Al but, on the other hand, Teddy K. and Marion F. remain true.

If Barbara Lee R. and Jean S. are tearing their hair, it's all for a good cause—our stunt—we think it's pretty good!

Our basketball team is getting along just grand, but we do need more members.

## Tri K

"Back again," "Ho-Hum!" Did you see what Johnnie gave me for Christmas? We went to the best party on the —! These and many others were the comments of the Tri K's on their successful, perfect, happy, grand, glorious (pick your own adjectives) vacation. Some of us were in the warm, sunny climate for the holiday, while to others Christmas would not be Christmas without snow and ice for skating, sliding and skiing.

Jeanne C. spent part of her vacation in Chicago and then went to Paducah, Ky., to visit Beverly Lack. Katherine C.'s brother and roommate from Culver were at her home.

Anne Turney was home in Washington, D. C., and brought back Gretchen Coleman as a new boarder.

Stunt Night has us all agog and we're working very, very hard.

See you again when I have more news!

## F. F.

After all the practicing on the skit for Wednesday night and then to find out that someone else had the same one, only they had it first! Pretty discouraging for some people, but not the F. F.'s; they just very nonchalantly pick out another one and that's all there is to it. It didn't turn out so worse, either.

And have you heard the new records at the F. F. club house? All the very latest. You must come down and see us some time.

## Osiron

There were some real honest-to-goodness Osiron notes this week, but in all the rush of practicing for our stunt and then changing it at noon on Wednesday, they got mislaid. Our reporter (alias Sophocles) had her arms all wrapped up in a sheet and couldn't get them out, so you will have to be content with stunt notes instead of club notes. Helen Jones certainly has the steady nerves; she didn't even waver; and did you note the interesting "marble" expression on Marty's face? But our pride and joy was Mildred. If you ever want to go in for character acting, Mildred, we prophesy a great future. Incidentally, our thanks to Miss Douthitt and Miss Sney for their oh, so invaluable assistance!

## T. C.

Thoughts while strolling: Peg Nye goes Russian on us and returns with a most attractive Cossack hat. Jeanne Brady must have had quite a rush during the holiday season—I hear this is the first time she has been permitted to have dates—more power to you, my little fair-feathered fren! And who, pray tell me, was that nice young man that doffed his hat to Fran Prince, Sunday morning after church? And the coolness with which it was met! He even came all the way across the street to tete-a-tete, but she gave him no encouragement at all.

'Lo, A Parable: A certain young lady gets herself in love with a certain young man at home, before leaving for school in the fall—then she falls out with him and falls for a Nashville native, and when she returns from the holiday, she finds herself in love with Number I and Number II is out—until she sees Number II—Wot say, Griffith? I'd say Cleo! had nothin' on you!

But, on the other hand (beside five fingers), we have Betty Pfeiffer who keeps going on both ends. Like Betty says, "Indiana boys have certain things I like and Tennessee boys do, too—so why not combine?"

Too bad we all couldn't have brought back a Beta crest onyx bracelet, as did Dawn Chiarenza. The extra weight didn't seem to make any difference to the Purdue boy friend, eh, Dawn?

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## DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Tuesday—

The arrival! It seems that another one of the school's traditions is the rainy weather on the first day after Christmas vacation. Well, the tradition did not fail us this year! Besides the rain being wet—some of the reunions were, too! Catch?

After a sleepless night in a very crowded drawing-room, these beds felt pretty good!

Wednesday—  
Rabbi Mark held sway over our first devotional service this morning.

Thursday—

Tables were assigned today. Since no mention of said happening had been made since our arrival, we thought perhaps wed outgrown that stage, but seems not so! Anyway, cinnamon rolls!

Out to a show tonight which reminded us strangely of a week ago!

Friday—

With gym classes starting once more, we will understand the more intimate side of that healthy, vigorous feeling (?)

We have entered the ranks of the lowly and have become a member of the coke fend organization. To think! To think!

Saturday—

Well, and still we go to school! Hast heard of a certain Pembroke team's ingenious method of keeping track of these fast (?), fleeing (?), days (?). (We meant the last question mark!) No! See your newspaper for further information! Substitute!

Oh yes, and there was the Senior-Mid who signed out for a date in Wreck Hall! Intentional or otherwise we'll never know!

Some of these gad-about who go to shows every night! We can't figure it all out.

Up to her old tricks again—Sarah Ashley, conscientious monitor that she is, stuck her head in at promptly 10:45 to count noses! It's a good thing there's no more than two in a room, for we heard from a reliable source that two is her limit! Night!

Sunday—

The usual routine—church, dinner, afternoon, tea, vespers, study, and bed—or need we remind you?

Our favorite, Dr. Hill, spoke at vespers tonight and certainly held our attention!

Fortune-telling was the absorbing interest tonight! Dark men, and intriguing letters! Heigho!

And so to bed.

Monday—

Ah, another week—as we live and breathe! Just that much closer to finals!

Clubs have begun a mad scramble for practices on their respective stunts for Wednesday night. If they go over half as well for the school as they did for the clubs themselves—well, the evening ought to be a howling success.

Tuesday—

Ac building was moved during the night, we see! Hmmm, too bad, no classes! What? More fog? How disillusioning the stuff can be!

One of woman's maidenly virtues, the knee, is henceforth and forevermore to be covered, speaketh Dame Sisson from her pulpit this very morning!

Branson de Cou took us to Peiping this evening in his dream pictures. The journey wore us out!

Night!

## PREP PATTERN

Well, now that the holidays are all over, we'll have to admit that we're kind of glad to get back to school and see everyone. But now there's nothing to look forward to—except exams—and some day there'll be graduation, but that's all in a dim, distant future. They do say that the time passes much quicker after Christmas

than it does before, so that's a big consolation.

The holidays were grand, though while they lasted; it's too bad they couldn't have been longer. There was so much going on that every day was crowded. Virginia McClellan, Susan Cheek, Elizabeth Howell, Jean Williams, Martha Armistead, Grace Benedict, Dorothy Evans, and lots of others helped to add to the gaiety of these lovely parties.

And now exams are staring us in the face, so all good times have been cast aside (for the present) while we do a semester's studying in the short weeks. We didn't realize that they were just around the corner until two teachers reminded us of the fact.

## DR. BARTON TALKS

(Continued from page 1)

The present session of Congress should be a harmonious one from the standpoint of the administration and party supremacy. Of especial interest to us is the fact that Congressman Byrns of Nashville is Speaker of the House.

A change has been made in the rule which permitted a petition containing 146 names to bring any bill out from the committee to which it had been sent, whether the committee was favorable to the bill or not. Now the petition must contain about 230 names. For example, the boxmiller bill. During the war a soldier paid one dollar a day and his equipment. Because many of the men who were not soldiers, were receiving as much as ten dollars a day, plans were made for an "adjusted compensation" to be paid in 1919. Recently the soldier was being asked for half of it to be paid now as a loan. Every President to date has vetoed the bill. Now it will be harder to get it out from the committee.

Behind the scenes in the Lindbergh case—the newspapers are playing up as the "trial of the century." This is a great case because of the prominence of the parents, but there have been other cases in the past few years also heralded as the "trials of the century." Newspapers have a way of forgetting that a century is one hundred years.

The peaceful New Jersey town where the trial is being held is jammed with jury, reporters and sensation-seekers. Although no picture can be taken while court is actually in session, they are being taken up to the very moment when the judge's gavel falls on the desk. The 500 reporters are quartered in private homes within a radius of fifty miles, and two hundred wires have been strung to care for the messages which they send to their papers.

The New York Times, a very conservative paper whose motto is "All the news that's fit to print," gave the story seventeen columns. The Christian Science Monitor, whose policy is not to print crime news, gave the story six and one-half inches, ending with the statement, "We do not know that it is so much Hauptmann's trial as the newspapers of America."

Sunday, the people of the Saar basin voted as to whether they wished to go back to Germany, become a part of France, or continue as a part of the League of Nations. The Saar basin is one of the most thickly-populated spots in the world. It contains about 1,100 people per square mile, as compared with the 600 in New York and the 700 in New Jersey. Meetings of various factions were reported over the country. About 90 per cent of the people are Catholics, which may have some bearing on their desire to go back to Germany, while it is under the Hitler regime.

Dr. Barton then spoke briefly of examinations which will take place the latter part of the month. He said, "Prepare for them thoroughly and sensibly. Then, if you pass or fail, do it honestly. Remember that it is not so much what the world thinks of you, what your teacher thinks of you, or what your school thinks of you, as what you think of yourself, that counts."



# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, January, 26, 1935

Number 15

## STAFF-WORK ON YEARBOOK BEGINS IN EARNEST

From the *Milestones* Staff comes word that the book is rapidly passing from the planning stage into reality. Very soon the student body will be called on as a whole to cooperate with various members of the staff on certain projects and they urge every girl's complete cooperation. Particularly in this true in connection with the snapshot department of the staff which is under the direction of Edwine Schmid. The clubs have each appointed a snapshot editor and Edwine has talked with them about taking pictures of their club members. Very soon these snaps will be called in. Have them ready on time! Also Edwine will make private appointments with varsity members for individual snapshots. The Staff asks that these appointments be kept promptly to facilitate Edwine's work and to keep the rest of the work on the book from being delayed.

Many of the students are curious as to the reason for the early date set for picture appointments, etc. Few know how long the actual setting up of the material takes and to keep goes to the press on March first for delivery the latter part of May. With this explanation there can be no doubt as to the necessity of prompt response to the requests for material which will soon be made by the Staff.

## CAROLYN BRYANT LEADS VESPER

Carolyn Bryant led vespers on Sunday evening, January 20. She based her talk upon the story of the "Desert of Waiting," which shows the joys, the triumphs, and the beauty which came into the life of a simple Arab. Later through his own experience he was able to influence many other people.

Music was furnished by Stanley Elizabeth and Mary Eleanor Clay, and by Miss Isabelle Nash.

## SO! WE'VE COME TO THIS!

A chemist (a man) has at last been able to analyze woman. Here it is:

**Symbol**—WO, a member of the human family.

**Occurrence**—found wherever man exists.

**Physical properties:**

All colors and sizes.

Always appears in disguised condition, surface of face seldom unprotected by coating of paint on other film of powder.

Boils at nothing, and may freeze at any moment. Melts when properly treated.

Very bitter if not used correctly.

**Chemical properties:**

Extremely active.

Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and precious stones of all kinds.

Violent reaction when left alone by man.

Ability to absorb all sorts of expensive food.

Turns green when placed next to a better-appearing sample.

Ages very rapidly, fresh variety has great magnetic attraction.

Highly explosive and likely to be dangerous in inexperienced hands.

—The Daily Illini.

## SCHOOL ENTERTAINS FOR SENIOR-MIDS

On February 7, the school will entertain the Senior-Middle class with a dance in the dining-room. Plans for decorations, food, and so on, are unknown to the members of the class, as they are furnished by the school. Two committees, however, are in the hands of the class itself. They are: The Invitation Committee and the Floor Committee.

Members of the Invitation Committee are: Co-chairman, Jeanne Brigham and Ruth Hopkinson. Each Senior-Mid had three slips or invitations, and over five hundred were submitted.

Members of the Floor Committee are: Chairman, Jonny Walker; Louise Duncan, Elizabeth Cornelius, Frances Wilkerson, Lillian Walters, Martha Craig, Ruth Hopkinson, Evelyn Braden, Dorothy Colmery, Edwine Schmid, Elizabeth Siegmund, Mozelle Worsley, Leora Hill, Mildred Sartor, Patsy Schorndorfer, Elizabeth Rudolph, Winnie Coffee, Jane Flannigan, Louise Douglas, Charlotte Louise Watkins, and Elizabeth Pillow. The Floor Committee aids in getting the guests acquainted with their hostesses and generally makes the party a success.

## ATHLETIC TROPHIES AWARDED IN CHAPEL

Thursday, January 17, the Athletic Association presented its program of awards at the chapel period. Ruth Potts presided, and after explaining the purpose of the program, introduced Alice Williamson, the tennis manager. Alice explained that there are no club teams or letters, but a varsity team was chosen and W-B varsity letters were presented to Grace Benedict, Patty Chadwell, Carolyn Concklin and Irene Sartor. There is also a second-year varsity, and Patty Chadwell won a silver tennis racquet.

Next, Eleanor Irwin, riding-manager, asked Nancyann Schmid, Judy Acheson, Lawrence Butler, and Modesta Good to come upon the stage and receive their varsity letters for riding. Judy, Eleanor, and Nancyann won their letters last year, but in order for the points to count for their clubs, repeated the test. The cup was then presented to the Tri K club. If the Tri K's succeed in winning the spring riding show, the cup will be permanently theirs.

The club hockey managers were then given club letters to be presented (Continued on page 6)

## A PLAY IN FIVE MONTHS

"My, my, how time flies!" croaks the Ward-Belmont belle, as she swings her feet in a snow-bank, and looks back to the merry month of September (we fooled you!) when she first opened her baby blue eyes on the wide, wide campus world. She waxes poetic:

"With a sigh I recalls  
My first look at these halls  
And the bitter tears shed  
As I lay on my bed  
And the looks full of hate  
I threw at my roommate  
Whom I now do so ardently love."

With a shiver our heroine pines in her toes from the snow-bank and blows frostily on her fingers. But overcome by her reminiscent mood, she continues:

"Oh where, oh where has the sunstroke gone  
That threatened me in October  
As we stood by classes upon the lawn,  
And sang as bees in the clover?"

Then she cracks her joints, stiff with cold, and continues:

"Oh to the gay tune of some swell orchestra  
In some club in the village below  
Have these feet tapped the beat of a waltz slow and sweet  
Or grown hot as we did in the rhumba."

At thought of the varied entertainment suffered (?) during the past, Belle muses on in the best of the muses:

"At many concertos, I've applauded concertos  
And worn thin these poor hands with my clapping;  
When Charles Hackett sang, these halls fairly rang,  
In my ears Nini's feet are still tapping."

A newspaper flutters by on the winter wind as our baby ponders on:

"Then the President,  
He came and he went  
To the tune of Miss Morrison's whistle.  
Though the wait, it was long,  
Our faith being strong  
Kept us upon our toes like the thistle."

The mention of Miss Morrison's clear clarion call brings memories of other hours in other places:

"Through the rain and sunshine  
I kept up in the grind  
Of playing a game known as hockey.  
While the sight of a chair,  
And a spot here and there  
Brings back those first days as a jockey."

The noon whistle blows and she brings to a close (even directions rhyme now) her reminiscences.

"The meals I consume  
In that hallowed room  
Cause the sighs that I sigh when I weigh  
And the servers of these in other ways please  
For they acted and sang in their play."

She dives into the snow-bank.

## WARD-BELMONT TO WELCOME ALUMS EASTER WEEK-END

Miss Jane Pulver, alumnae secretary, announces that the dates for the 1935 Homecoming have been definitely set and plans are being made for this gay week-end. As usual, the Homecoming will be held on Easter week-end which comes this year on April 19, 20, and 21. Having it at this time enables the girls who are in school elsewhere to take advantage of their spring vacations to make the trip here.

The annual Homecomings, in their present form, have been held since 1929, which year marked the active organization of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association, and the creation of the position of permanent Alumnae secretary. Since that year the size of the returning crowds of alumnae has increased. Last year the number who stayed on the campus reached to approximately one hundred. This year, from all indications, the mark of 1934 will be easily passed. Letters from all classes and all sections bring the happy tidings "I'll see you at Homecoming!"

This year at the annual meeting which will be held on Saturday, April 20, elections of officers for the next two years will take place. Various types of entertainment are being considered for the alums, rumors of an alumnae-varsity basketball game are in the air, and, of course, the annual dance will be planned. The alumnae office asks all the students who have friends or relatives among the alumnae to urge them to come this year, and help to make this Homecoming the most successful that has ever been held.

## TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

The Osirons went to the Belle Meade Country Club for a delightful dinner.

The Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and Mississippi clubs combined to hold their annual dance in the gymnasium.

Pupils of Miss Throne gave the first of the mid-winter piano recitals.

Dr. and Mrs. Blanton gave a lovely dinner for the girls with birthdays in January, on the 23rd.

"The Art of the Dance" was the unusual subject of our chapel talk last Friday—and it was no more unusual than the speaker who gave it—Ted Shawn of the Denishawn dancers.

When the Agoras entered the field of battle a certain afternoon not long ago, the balcony was filled with gesticulating Greeks—clad in classic robes and lending their moral support in the pure tones of Greek language.

Rain and exams! What could be worse! Either one is depressing enough alone! And to endure them together—My!

Examinations we had to contend with (as it seemed to some of us).

1. Find the perpendicular distance from the sun to Kalamazoo at mid-night. (Geometry.)

2. Name six future Presidents of the U. S., and point out their eccentricities. (History.)

3. Point out the advantage and the disadvantages of eating bichloride of mercury. (Chemistry.)

4. What was Cleopatra's maiden name? (Ed. 60 Intelligence Test.) How did we survive?

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## DAY-STUDENT CLUBS ARE HOSTESSES AT "KID" PARTY

The Angkors-Eccowasins were joint hostesses Friday, January 18, at a "Kid" party in the gym. Johnny Miller and his orchestra had little chance against the wild games of "Ring-around-the-rosie" and "London Bridge" (resulting from the youthful spirits of the guests) which at times interrupted the dancing.

The gym itself was decorated with pink and blue baby buggies, while one corner was entirely devoted to a display of toys to please the "kiddie" heart. All-day suckers were distributed during the evening as well as balloons, and chocolate and vanilla ice cream cones were served during intermission. The high-lights of the dance were the Eccowasin-Angkor no-break, the boarders' no-break, the grand march and the capture of the balloons.

All stages of childhood were represented with the white quintuplets (Martha Bryan, Margaret Orr, Ann Camier, Margaret Caldwell and Martha Roth) carrying off first prize, and Catherine Edwards as the "little precious in pink" receiving second place. The colored quintuplets aroused almost as much comment as the five white babies. Little Ellen Bowers was so particular about that beautiful green "best" dress that she even refused ice cream. Grace Benedict failed to be so careful, however, of the smoked pink voile, which made her seem about four. Smoked green dresses seemed quite the fad, and Evelyn Braden's was one of the most stylish. Buster Browns of all sizes and ages played gaily about. Imagine Mrs. Shackelford gray-haired! Miss Grizzard made a grand-looking papa, even though Dean Burk did tell her she was much too attractive to dress up like a man.

All the dolls, teddy-bears, cats, dogs, etc., were lovingly introduced by their proud owners, but the girl who brought the live puppy was the center of attraction.

At an early hour all the "kids" were carried home by their fond parents.

## ENTER MADAME

Presenting Miss Nancyann Schmid, the fashion plate in Vogue, the girl in the cigarette ads, style, striking personality, model of suavity and sophistication. She's a person whose very personality calls for attention, and she gets it. Unusual! Outstanding! No one else could wear that dark make-up. It would slow any other gal down, but it really sets her off, with a dash and a flourish.

Style! She's the sports' type, always in perfect taste and good standing. Nancyann is at her best on a horse. There, as everywhere, her form is positively zippy. She is taking a course in certificate riding; she and Pilot will take all the prizes, do I mean to say. Rave on, and on, forever on!

Of course, you've heard Nancyann sing, seen her act. She has a flair for writing poetry, too. Her literary accomplishments are to her credit, which is good anywhere and any way you take it. That poem in last week's HYPHEN netted her twenty dollars at Christmas. Say, she was the president of the Wordsmith's last year, just in case you all didn't know about it. Nancyann is rather fascinated by acting, interested in it, but not seriously, so I've heard.

A few miscellaneous facts: She has a fond affection for spaghetti. Must be the temperament of the thing that appeals to her. She likes anything lavender, particularly orchids. Gardenias are second choice. Nancyann's life goes round in triangles. Or do triangles go round? Anyhow, she goes with two boys, and has two mighty fine girl friends. Three of us, just three of us! And so it goes. Guess it's O. K. if you can wangle it.

Nancyann likes "Night and Day" and also horses. Ah, well, that's life! Encore, Miss Schmid!

## "WE ARE POEMS,"

SAYS DR. MCLOUD

Reverend W. Murdock McCloud, of the Moore Memorial Presbyterian Church, was chapel speaker at Ward-Belmont, on Wednesday, January 23.

Ephesians 2: 10, was the kernel of his address, and he used the translation of a Greek word to mean "poem," instead of "handiwork." Thus Reverend McCloud evolved the line, "We are God's poem." Three things are required of a poem: (1) spiritual beauty, (2) unity of idea, (3) individuality. Any work with these three qualities will go down with the classics for centuries. Hence, we, God's poems, must embody these three qualities or we shall create no lasting memories.

"We are a brawl of midgets," Reverend McCloud said, quoting H. G. Wells; and added, "... on the threshold of greatness. On the threshold—what a terrific thing it is to be almost and not quite—just there and no further."

Being His poem is the great privilege God gives. All Nature is God's poem, and though it has no speech, no language, nothing can alter its beauty. Man only, is a "brawl of midgets."

A nation is war by its inherent qualities, and today's most promising panaceas will probably not last. But the time is coming when we will throw away divisions and wars. We've thought too long of God as a tyrant. We are all seeking happiness and safety, and if we would realize that life has given us an adaptability to life, we would know that those about us would give us a permanent happiness, and a safety for eternity.

Every person should grow from childhood with the idea that he is the poem of God, who, in His infinite goodness, has given us the privilege of having men read us as such. We should take advantage of this privilege; this challenge—and let people see that God is speaking to them through us.

## DEAN BURK TALKS ON "WOMAN"

To the delight of Ward-Belmont students, Dean Burk spoke before chapel, January 21, on the subject, "Women I Have Not Known."

Opening his talk with a chemist's analysis of the "fair sex," he proceeded to relate the life of Martha Washington, the ideal woman.

Martha was a high-spirited, slim, pretty girl with brown eyes. She lived in the capital city, and it was while moving in society there that she met and married Mr. Custis, who was twice her age. He died soon after the birth of their fourth child, and left Martha, a rich, beautiful young widow, to be much pursued by men of the surrounding country.

George Washington wooed and won Martha in a whirlwind courtship lasting two days. He was then a promising young military hero, and they made a very handsome and dignified young couple. She wished to lead a quiet life with her husband, but they were forced into the public eye by Washington's appointment to the generalship, and later his election as President.

When at last Washington and his wife were allowed to settle down at Mt. Vernon to the quiet life of the country farmer, she was supremely happy.

Washington died not long after his retirement from public life, and about two years later she followed him.

The attributes of this ideal woman were her sweetness, faithfulness, true spirit, and industry. She should be a model for our modern girl to look up to and follow.



## DANCE COLUMN

Within the leaves of Ted Shawn's modernistic red, gray, and black program are the pictures of Shawn and his troupe of artist-athletes. In one picture they are precise Japanese rickshaw coolies, in another they are attired in fierce-looking Indian head-dresses, now they are leaping through space, or appealing with uplifted arms. No matter what the mood or character, the strength and beauty of their muscular bodies leave a definite impression. So vivid is the display of strength and emotion, that the characters retain a startling life quality.

The program, to be given at Ryman Auditorium, February 15, promises to be as vivid as these illustrations. It includes dances grouped under four divisions. The first group is called "Music Visualization" under which are: Polonaise, "a dance of war and battle, but it is a severely idealistic war of youth earnest in disillusioned eagerness." Following this are two Bach numbers, in which the dancers follow the structure of the music. The concluding number is a Brahms Rhapsody, Op. 119, No. 4, with the dance again following the brilliantly colored music so that the result is a "movement of noble heroic patterns."

Shawn's own accompanist, Jess Meeker, composed the music for Shawn's second number, "John Brown Sees the Glory," an American epic. It promises to be unique, vivid and stirring.

The third group of primitive and folk themes shows man at play, and labor, and at war. In this group are a great variety of numbers ranging extensively in interest. "Invocation to the Thunder Bird" is a "prayer ritual for rain" danced by the American Indian. "The French Sailor" arouses interest in a modern humorous vein, while "Turkey in the Straw," as danced by a cowboy, brings the western life of America into the dance with humor and simplicity.

The climax of the program is the fourth group, "Religious Dances," in which these artist-athletes express the very heart of their emotions and their technical ability shows vividly. From a beautiful study of St. Francis of Assisi in "Brother Sun and Sister Moon," the program passes to an African witch doctor's dance, in sharp contrast to the opening number. The concluding number takes up the religion of our own American Negro in which "Africa is welded with western Christianity."

## RED-WHITE FEATURE JANUARY PARTY

The mid-January birthday party featured a color motif of red and white. Red roses were beautifully arranged with white snaildragons in a silver bowl and two silver compotes. Red tapers in silver candelabra, two balls of red spun candy at either end, and red fish of spun glass completed the decorations for the table at which Dr. and Mrs. Barton and Miss Sisson presided. Guests were: Jane Flannigan, Murley Hall, Buford Hayter, Georganna Martin, Mary Curtin, Rozelle Emery, Mildred Hood, Eliza Monk, Annie Lou Wall, Helen Jones, Elizabeth Pillow, Dorothy Smith, Evelyn McCall, Neil Jane Rick, Jean Butterfield, Marion Weber, Christine Jill, and Martha Merryday.

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## CLUB CHATTER

## Agora

Well freeze my knees if we didn't have regular Iowa weather! Snow and sleet everywhere and Annie Lou surely did enjoy it, seeing as how she's from Arkansas, or is she? We got the blues and wanted to go to bogging or something, but all we did was dream about it. Sunday a new club conference was held between members in North Front and Founders. Even the infirm nurse listened in as we shouted back and forth—now was that lady-like, girls? Exams have Frances, Graham all frantic, but I guess she'll probably manage to pull through as always. Our scholars, Jones and Brown, seem quite composed, however, so perhaps we'd better follow their example.

The other night Christine had a birthday dinner down at the club with real Italian spaghetti to tempt the guests. I sure wish we all could have been there. Happy birthday, Chris!

In prowling among the athletic-minded clubbers, it was discovered that Stipple and Keyport throw a mean bowling ball—let's hope they aren't planning to use rolling pins on their husbands. Well, dear, there isn't much news, but we'll all get together tomorrow with that delicious ham, and cheese salad, so's we can chew the rag! *Adios!*

## A. K.

Nellie seemed to be having a pretty good time outside the gym window with her snowballs a few days ago. But a little help was needed from the inside about the window business, eh, what, Nellie?

And who should be seen chunking snowballs before breakfast, one morning, than our own Nancyann. That's one way to work up a good appetite.

Br-r-r! Those girls who took kook pictures with gym shorts on! We'll leave it to you to guess who they were.

And here's loads of luck to you on those exams!

## Anti-Pan

Congrats to Frankie on-accounts-of she's just turned twenty without even saying "ho!" What with those dozen roses, and that sluppy birthday cake, we're all glad she's making such progress in years!

We little Anti-Pans had a swell-elegant time at the tea-dance the Del Vers gave for us. Our sister-club is a honey, and we "love it good."

Rumors were floating around about the pie-bled man Crockett one night while she was out making merry. Seems that the suite-mates were all agog and atwitter awaiting the fatal moment when the light bell would ring and Crockett would meet her fate. On the stroke of eleven, the innocent victim plumped into bed, while the horror-stricken plotters were rooted to the floor when they heard the sheet give way with a heart-rendering rip. And Crockett, in true Anti-Pan fashion, nonchalantly turned over and went to sleep.

Seems 'tiff the club sick caused a little trouble up on third floor Senior. And all over a pair of pesky riding boots what wouldn't come off so easy-like—that's what you get for being the palpatin' hero, Margie Wells! For further details, see your local monitor's meeting on Monday night.

## Ariston

Our luncheon at the Rendezvous really was great. Everybody seemed to be having the best time. Jane Parker was really bothered. She just couldn't find out who "it" was.

Kitty was bowling so energetically last week, when she announced that it was her birthday. We thought she'd resign right then and start celebrating, but, no, Kitty continues to bowl. Some school spirit!

Since the beginning of school Janet has been wearing the best-looking ring! Good old Santa!

Patty is the most capable of all basketball managers. She has the ability to get everyone keenly anxious and interested in the game, even—Oh, well, we won't mention any names today. She really had a good workout at twelve Monday. Maybe the girls are dieting! Just club spirit!

## Osiron

'Tis a bit hard to say whether this weather is wholly desirable. Many of us have never seen snow and seem to be enjoying it a lot; some of our Northern friends feel a bit more at home there, although they like the snow, are a bit disheartened by this bitter cold; although it slows up the mail, it does seem to add a bit to our appetites. I had better not mention the names of some of our club friends who are so fond of indulging.

Then, too, this cold weather makes us appreciate our cozy rooms. Helen Jones had a birthday last week and not long afterwards received her radio. Her roommate and suite-mate rather like it.

The dentist's chair seems to hold quite a fascination for Louise Fosgate. Maybe Louise is the fascination. At any rate, she has been having teeth pulled and what not. Sorry to see you feeling so bad, Louise. Hope you'll be O. K. soon.

I suppose there is little use in writing anything cheery—you'll all be mighty unhappy with exams coming next week. However, I would like to wish you all the best of luck and hope you won't all be grayheaded from worry. It would be better to be a little tired from study.

## Del Vers

The tea dance given for the Anti-Pans by the Del Vers, was considered to be the best yet. We only hope our sister club enjoyed it as much as we did.

In fact, the dance was almost a style show with the president, Judy Berry, leading off in a light blue lace dress, completed by a stand-up ruff collar.

Nell Jane Ranck, in a formal black velvet, tuxedo style surprised everyone by her gorgeous gardenia corsage—a birthday present.

The white crepe dress and low-heeled sandals of Elizabeth Ann Reed were seen everywhere as she and her partner, Charlotte Ann Dougherty, zipped off some new dance steps.

Looking more distinguished than ever, Judy Acheson appeared in a red-and-gold brocade dress and a long green velvet wrap.

Martha Fisher looked lovely in a blue crepe tunic dressed with a silver cord about the waist.

The important office of serving was performed to perfection by Eunice-mary Bicknell, who looked very fragile and old-worldly in her black velvet period dress.

Our managers have been chosen—Sarah Ashley, for basketball; Margerite Page, for bowling, and Matilda Daugherty, for swimming.

## Tri K

All back, alive and rarin' to go! That's what Tri K's cheered and finally put forth our "Toyland." We were mighty proud to be winners, but there were certainly close, and closer still, runners-up. Don't you think they were the cutest stunts ever seen? Now, 'fess up!

Here we were all excited over this coming Saturday night for our school dance, planning, scheming, plotting, when—Biff! Bangs! "The Tri K dance will be postponed—" What a downfall of faces! We'll brace up, though, and now that we have more time, make ours the best ever.

This snow, so they call it, has us veterans of the cold climates feeling "right at home!" To others, it's a wonder miracle put here 'specially to astonish W-B. girls. Pictures galore are being taken. Girls with snow all over them and hair flying at all ends! Wait till they see the result!

Several Tri K's put in appearance

at the "Kid Party." Among them were Libby Siegmund and Mozelle Worsley. They put on sweaters alike and tried to convince us that they bought 'em 'specially for the party.

Our president and her letters! While the rest of us peer vainly into empty boxes she sallies up and draws out one, two seconds later another, two minutes later—another—and so far, far into the morning. Some people have all the luck!!!!

## X. L.

We X L's think stunts of the Ward-Belmont brand are pretty good, unm—congrats to Tri K's. Our valiant Caesar very nearly lost her life again in a battle royal for the pickle; the battle was closed when Connie "Caesar" swallowed the pickle. She deserved it, having gotten all black and blue trying to ride her chariot and attempting to fall on just the right elbow at the exact moment. It is to be very much hoped that the audience noticed the venerable senators making crow's feet, cat's cradles, and playing tit-tat-too. All the stunting did no damage to the X. L. basketball team, and we are expecting great things to come.

## SECOND SEMESTER COURSES OFFERED

At the beginning of the second semester, the following courses will be offered:

**Psychology 12—Practical Psychology.** An application of psychological principles to the social and emotional aspects of campus life, with individual experiments on building habits conducive to efficient social relations. Two hours a week. Credit, two semester hours.

**Expression 16—A General Course in Interpretive Speech.** A practical handling of voice and body for cultural and interpretive purposes. Stress is laid upon the vocabulary of delivery, the fundamentals and accidentals of speech, and modulations of tone. Attention will be given to interpretation and impersonation, dramatic thinking, and use of story telling, choral reading of poetry, and elements of leadership. Two hours a week. Credit, two semester hours.

**English 1—This is the course required of all students in the first-year college, or candidates for any certificate or diploma. It is offered for new girls enrolling at the second semester.**

**American Government 24—This course, surveying the American political system, deals with the organization and activities of the national government. The subject matter of the course deals with the making of the Constitution; the powers and functions of the President and Congress, the federal judiciary; elections and political parties. This course is designed to give the student an understanding of the present-day political system, and is especially beneficial to students interested in American history. Three hours a week. Credit, three semester hours.**

**Home Economics 13—Elementary Clothing Construction.** This course includes fundamental principles of garment selection and construction; study and use of commercial patterns, altered or adapted as necessary; principles of fitting; use and care of sewing machines; good taste in dress; care and repair of a wardrobe; study of the fibers. The laboratory work consists of two problems, one in cotton or linen, followed by one in silk. In the second semester, additional problems include application of the principles of color and design to the selection and purchase of the wardrobe; psychology of dress; clothing hygiene; how to plan and purchase satisfactory but economic wardrobe. One semi-tailored silk dress or suit and an afternoon dress in cotton or silk will be required as laboratory work.

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## EDITORIAL

## LET'S THINK AHEAD!

"We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not:  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught."

—To a Skylark.

And so it goes, whether we are at school or at home. At this time of the year in particular everything is in a semi-suspended state. We do not know what we do want, we are not sure what we do not want, and only when we do get something, do we realize that it was something else we wanted all the time. Dr. Beittel told us last week, that we would have to adapt ourselves to a world of transition, a world of changing conditions. Many people have told us so. They tell us that our lifetime will see many drastic changes in the present mode of living. They would make us feel that we are never to be sure, from one day to the next, that our lives, property and standards of living are to be secure. Quite probably this is true. But—why all the fuss about it? Hasn't the world been changing continually for the past hundreds of years? Is life ever a sure and settled thing? And would we want it to be? If we were to know ahead from one day to the next, from one week to the next, from one year to the next, just exactly what we would be doing, life would soon become uninteresting. We would stagnate from lack of anything to stir us up. We would grow dull and lazy; the zest and thrill would go out of living. Finally the whole world would simply petrify from sheer boredom.

Next week marks the beginning of a new term. The break is not as definite as the one between school years, but it is sharp enough to give us a chance to start out anew in many ways. To do some of the things we have not had a chance to do before; to avoid some of the mistakes we have made in the past semester. We can look ahead to things which we know will thrill us, to things we are just a little afraid of, and to other things of which we know nothing as yet. This next semester is much more than just so many paper clips hanging from the ceiling, so many days to be marked off of the calendar, so many more classes and labs to attend. It is an expedition into unexplored regions. It is an adventure, this new term, and there is so much to be done in it, and in the years to come after it that we cannot afford to waste our time in complaints.

G. L. '35.

## AMBITIOUS?—READ THIS!

The HYPHEN staff wishes to extend a most cordial invitation to any girls, who with the beginning of the new semester, would like to work on the HYPHEN. In many cases, we believe, there are girls who now find they have time to give to some outside activity and believe it is too late to apply to the HYPHEN for a position. It is not too late and the staff is hoping to have several new recruits in the reportorial department and among the office assistants. If you are interested, send your name to Gail Lawrence stating what type of work you would like to do.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

And it rained for forty days and forty nights—and just when W.B. girls had decided to grow webbed feet and fins, it decided to snow—then about the time that runners begin to peep through our shoes the snow melts. What next?—wings, I guess.

The snow brought much fun for those who had never seen it before. The ice, a few falls for others. We hear that Mary Lalla likes to roll and roll in it. Crude comedy, we call it! The best yet is the sensational snow-bathers of Pembroke, among them Elaine Buck, Modesta Good, Frances Clements, Elizabeth Pillow, and Joyce Cunningham. We were surprised that they didn't surprise the fish by cutting the ice and going in for a swim.

And have you seen the clever way Nell Jane Kancel and Lou Lou Lawrence, also Louise Pumphy and Phyllis Carr have fixed their suites? They put the two beds in one room and have a bed-room and made a sitting-room out of the other. It really is a fine arrangement.

Have you seen Elizabeth Ann Reed and Charlotte Ann Doughty dance together? They really can cut capers! Practically broke up the Del Ver's tea dance.

And to Jeanne Brigham got the crocheted wash-basin for the longest long-distance call this year. (Last year's record was held by Buford Hayter; we can't imagine why!) Anyway, Miss Brigham's Glen called from St. Louis, unexpectedly, Sunday night and the two conversed only sixteen minutes. Poor Mrs. Tate got so worn out staying outside that she had to come in before it was over.

And you should see Marion Farr in bowling—she plays according to pool principles—trying to hit the opposite side and make an angle toward the pins.

And we welcome Florence Martin Bradford back into our midst. We thought that she was never coming back.

And what about a man's hat being on Rosemary Horstmann's bed? Tsk, tsk! By the way, we would be willing to wager that the "proc" of Senior is going to have a lot of acres to pay off come next semester.

While the old place is rather quiet on account of dead week, exams, etc., we probably will be completely deserted next week-end. Among the lucky girls who are going visiting are: Gilbertine Moore who is taking eight guests; Lattie Miller Graves, who is taking four; Elizabeth Rudolph, who is taking Martha Ann Rogers; Annette Mcullen who is taking some, and Buford Hayter who is planning to go to New York to visit Louise Stanley, a prep here last year.

And we hear that 108 Senior inmates are mourning the death of the pet puppy. Such a shame!

## MISS MAGNOLIA SAYS—

The cold wave brought some bathing suits from out of the moth balls. Probably these girls were among those who had never seen snow before, and thought this was sands from the desert.

Two very talented song birds were warbling "Just a Picture of Life's Other Side" when suddenly out of nowhere down their open mouths came a bucket of water.

Nancyann didn't fool us with that nonchalant pose Monday night when she went backstage to see a gentleman friend of hers. (How'm I doin', Beulah?)

Speaking of being ticklish, Bettie Jayne had to fight with herself to get her feet washed.

Central City, Ky., will certainly get the break of its existence Thursday night when the lovely Ward-Belmont girls make their debut at the President's Ball. Too bad Frank himself can't be there!

## EAGLE FEATHER

## Eunice Mary Bicknell

The following selections have been taken from the book "Wine From These Grapes," by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

## CHILDHOOD IS THE KINGDOM WHERE NOBODY DIES

Childhood is not from birth to a certain age and at a certain age.

The child is grown, and puts away childish things. Childhood is the kingdom where nobody dies.

Nobody that matters, that is. Distant relatives of course die, whom one had never seen or has seen for an hour. And they gave one candy in a pink-and-green striped bag or a jack knife.

And went away, and cannot really be said to have lived at all.

And cats die. They lie on the floor and lash their tails. And their reticent fur is suddenly all in motion. With fleas that one never knew were there, Polished and brown, knowing all there is to know, Trekking off into the living world.

You fetch a shoe-box, but it's much too small, because she won't curl up now.

So you find a bigger box, and bury her in the yard, and weep.

But you do not wake up a month from then, two months. A year from then, two years, in the middle of the night. And weep with your knuckles in your mouth, and say Oh, God! Oh, God!

Childhood is the kingdom where nobody dies that matters—mothers and fathers don't die.

And if you have said, "For heaven's sake, must you always be kissing a person?"

Or, "I do wish to gracious you'd stop tapping on the window with your thimble!"

Tomorrow, or even the day after tomorrow if you're busy having fun.

Is plenty of time to say, "I'm sorry, mother."

To be a grown up is to sit at the table with people who have died, who neither listen nor speak;

Who do not drink their tea, though they always said Tea was such a comfort.

Run down into the cellar and bring up the last jar of raspberries; they are not tempted.

Flatter them, ask them what it was they said exactly That time to the bishop, or to the overseer, or to Mrs. Mason;

They are not taken in.

Shout at them, get red in the face, rise, Drag them out of their chairs by their stiff shoulders

and shake them and yell at them; They are not startled, they are not even embarrassed;

they slide back into their chairs.

Your tea is cold now.

You drink it standing up,

And leave the house.

## AUTUMN DAYBREAK

Cold wind of autumn, blowing loud

At dawn, a fortnight overdue.

Jostling the doors, and tearing through

My bedroom to rejoin the cloud.

I know—for I can hear the hiss

And scrape of leaves along the floor—

How many boughs, lashed bare by this,

Will rake the cluttered sky once more.

Tardy, and somewhat south of east,

The sun will rise at length, made known

More by a meagre light increased

Than by a disk in splendor shown;

When, having but to turn my head,

Through the striped maple I shall see,

Bleak and remembered, patches with red,

The hill that summer hid from me.

## CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

I shall die, but that is all that I shall do for Death.

I hear him leading his horse out of the stall; I hear

the clatter on the barn floor.

He is in haste; he has business in Cuba, business in the

Balkans, many calls to make this morning.

But I will not hold the bridle while he cinches the girth.

And he may mount by himself; I will not give him a leg

up.

Though he flick my shoulders with his whip, I will not

tell him which way the fox ran.

With his hoofs on my breast, I will not tell him where

the black boy hides in the swamp.

I shall die, but that is all that I shall do for Death;

I am not on his pay-roll.

I will not tell him the whereabouts of my friends nor of

my enemies either.

Though he promise me much, I will not map him the route

to my man's door.

Am I a spy in the land of the living that I should de-

liver men to Death?

Brother, the password and the plans of our city are safe

with me; never through me

Shall you be overcome!



## SPORT NOTES

The club basketball games will begin the 6th of February. Most of the teams are showing up nicely and there are some girls who are going to need cheering. For the Del Vers, Sarah Ashley seems to have what it takes. The Agoras—well I guess no one needs to be warned about Winnie—but watch that Emmalou Florey also for she has a wicked eye for the basket. Patsy Schorndorfer, Tri K guard, is going to make it plenty hard for any forward she is guarding, to sink them. It is too bad that Irene Sartor will not be able to be in the X. L. line-up because of her arm as they will miss her. Jane Meyer, T. C. manager, knows her basketball, and maybe she'll confer a little on her team. We'll see! Marion Latta, Triad guard, and Jane Allen, Ariston guard, are both good, and those Ariston forwards!!! But we can't let the Day Students clean up twice—Gilbertine is still going strong when she gets the ball—and how! The A. K.'s are lucky having her. Watch Nancy Brown, Penta Tau, and Betty Rye, Ecovasis—and there are other hoopsters who are coming along fast. All the teams seem about equal now, but in these next two weeks things may change. Who knows what two teams will be playing in the finals on the 27th of February? Lots of people think they know—but again, we will have to wait and see.

The bowling tournament will start February 7, and some one must give last year's champion, Mardie Page, some competition. The finals will be the 28th of February.

Ruth Potts, Alice Williamson, Connie Chase, Janet Pascoe, and Patty Chadwell have the knack in Apparatus, and will have a chance to show their ability in the meet, February 25th.

## P-S-S-T-I

The old brain's refusing to function. Everytime we stop even to think on purpose, the ghostly, gasping, grimacing, gargyle, fact comes before us in the form of an historical dread—examinations. Even this rambling is a mild sort of pleasure when one remembers unrememberable formulas for chemical compounds, psychological theories, irregular French verbs, the history of English literature in a nutshell, and indigestible recipes in home economics!

But enough of this now! Going from the ridiculous to the sublime, isn't—or wasn't by the time you get the HYPHEN—this snow perfect?

Have you noticed Patty's bandaged finger? Since this is basketball season, one would usually pass over such an occurrence—but it wasn't basketball. Patty says she sat on her finger! After that astonishing revelation, we have been trying to figure out where Patty is carrying so much poundage that she can make pulp of fingers! Mary Clark thinks evidently, that we are really snow-bound. Confiden-

tially, we think it's just another excuse for not having had her picture made yet.

Fortified by a new car and riding boots, Sally braved the snow and arrived on the campus. But—those boots almost made you lose your dignity in the middle of the library, didn't they, Sally?

Dot Guy really rates. Mrs. Armstrong ought to start charging her a carrying fee for holding notices. After all, five in one day does sort of top some kind of record.

After the curtain had been rung on "Crabbed Youth and Age," Emmaryne had the audacity to make the remark that "That was the way she felt about her mother!" As if she had any competition from anybody! That would get the Pulitzer prize for uncalled-for remarks.

We hear Alice had quite a time in Lebanon. Maybe that would partially explain her gyrations in club meeting the other day when she was trying to arouse club spirit. At the time, we thought that she was just being energetic, but maybe she was celebrating, or sompin'.

Snow or no snow, we just betcha that Evelyn and Margaret played hockey. Did you have a good time, girls?

We've just found out a way to make Juanita and Helen thoroughly indignant. Just call them Juanita Robertson and Helen Powers, and see what happens!

Alice and Theresa nearly got murdered this morning when a huge icicle suddenly decided to descend via the skylight. The survivors are rather jumpy after such a narrow escape.

Imagine Sally's chagrin when she rather abruptly realized that just the choir was supposed to sing the call to worship!

Another Pulitzer prize award goes to Emmaryne for her astounding discovery that you can actually concentrate on somebody and make him call! We are going to get her to do some concentrating for us. Not a bad idea, eh, girls?

## EXPRESSION NOTES

The Allies Art Club of Franklin, Tennessee, has invited Miss Townsend to speak at their next meeting on Friday, January 25, at four o'clock. Her topic will be "Present Offerings of Music and Plays on the New York Stage."

We are delighted to learn that the first and second-year students in the Expression Department are to start immediately on a number of modern plays under the direction of Miss Townsend. Two of the most outstanding ones which are to be studied and put into actual production are "The Goose Hangs High," and "The Patsy."

The certificate students have begun their work on the making and setting of stages, and have three one-act plays in rehearsal to be presented in the near future.

The high school expression department presented a very amusing and entertaining one-act play in chancel last Friday, January 25. The name was "The Alice Blue Gown," and the cast of characters were as follows:

Alice ..... Betty Williams  
Miss Prescott (the teacher)  
..... Kathryn Pearce  
Patty (little sister)  
..... Charlotte Bridges  
Dodo ..... Dorothy Evans  
Jane ..... Betsy Proctor  
Sue Anne ..... Jean Burk  
Lola ..... Polly Anne Billington  
Celeste ..... Kathryn Edwards  
Dizzy ..... Rachael Farris

## MUSIC NOTES

Last week Prof. E. G. Bugg of the Philosophy and Psychology Department of Vanderbilt University, came over and gave the Glee Club the Seashore Tests. These tests of musical adaptability are given to various groups of musically intelligent and musically non-intelligent people. They are based on consonances, dissonances and the person's likes

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and dislikes. The giving of these tests forms part of a survey to find whether the musically-trained subjects are more or less affected by their likes and dislikes than the musically untrained. After a second test the Glee Club girls will be given their ratings.

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LUNCHES**

## DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

Last-minute practices for tonight's stunts were held at all hours this morning from 6:45 on! We, early risers that we are, heard the Tri K's practicing diligently and lustily over the panting of the "basketballers" on the gym floor.

Dr. Beittel gave a most interesting talk at devotional service this morning.

The final exam schedule was posted today and crowds were huddled at the bulletin boards everytime we passed! (Please note the word "passed"—we're not even interested!)

Well, stunt night at last and the results of a week's hard work on the part of every one! We see the Tri K's energy was well rewarded by the first prize! They deserved it, too! Their stunt was most colorful and well-worked out. Mr. Benedict's announcement that nine clubs tied for second we thought was very impartial and tactfully said!

Thursday—

And a happy birthday, Webbie! Surprise parties are our favorite pastime, and did we have fun tonight! Dinner and the show—Gala evening!

The athletes were rewarded for their efforts, however, and such as they may have been, in chapel this morning. And such athletes!

Friday—

"The weather fit for neither man nor beast but, oh! how the women love it!—anonymous!"

One of the most modern of modern plays was presented by the certificate students of the expression department this morning in chapel. Lou Robinson took her attention from the male division of the actors with the greatest of ease. Howaboutit?

Saturday—

Living for today has been the object of one hundred and eighty-nine (189) fellow lives! Well, here 'tis and kinda wet like! But does that stop our Gaysia? We should say not! He was wonderful and lived up to our every expectation. He raised himself one hundred per cent with the St. Louis girls when he rendered "St. Louis Blues." Hey! Hey!

Back to school and not having had enough of the Lombardos, we turned on the radio and checked up on him again! Well, we have a bone to pick with him now! "Stardust" was part of his second performance and he didn't play it for us! Our pal!

Sunday—

And still it rains! There being no compulsory church because of the weather, most every one stayed at school.

Rain holds a fascination for several and during the afternoon we spied many out paddling. Only hope there's no desperate cases of pneumonia as a result!

A little mildewed by this weather—'night!

Monday—

Dean Burk's chapel talk on "Women I Have Not Known" turned out to be limited to just one—Brangene!

The Sunny South isn't living up to its reputation! Snow fell on Tennessee! Are we reveling in it!

Seen on the campus: snappy coeds having their pictures taken in the snow and being clad in bathing suits and other similar manner of dress! What W.-B. has done for them, such extents of education, and so on!

Tuesday—

And still it snows! Ain't it wonderful? Watched everyone slipping up to breakfast—some fun!

Miss Sisson warned the student body against these north winds. But on your overcoat!

Crescents for lunch—such perfection—

Brrrrr—(northern for goodnight).

## PENSTAFFS HOLD MEETING

The Penstaff members met at the home of Jean Burk, Wednesday, January 16. Several themes written by the new members were read and discussed.

## "Y" NOTES

### Sunday School

An attractive poster in March announced that there would be a sing-song in Sunday school on Sunday morning. Under the leadership of Margaret Louise Boyd the favorite hymns were sung. Anna Wall read a psalm of David and poems—"Kindness," by Edgar Guest, and "Give Me to Bless prayer." The hymn was sung Jeanne Cookson, accompanied Mary Eleanor Clay.

### Vanderbilt Hospital

Laden with magazines, a group of girls under the direction of Cathie Crosswell visited the Vanderbilt Hospital Tuesday night, January 1. An atmosphere of welcome and friendliness prevailed everywhere. In the medical ward Margaret Young and Mary Ellen Stokes made the rounds of the patients. When they left, the various beds, came warm invitation to them to return. Cathie Crosswell, Alice Webb, and others visited in the surgical ward, and a particularly good time with the children from the Junior League Home, whom they had discovered among the patients.

### Tennessee Children's Home

"We've been in the house for 7 days, and we're so tired of the place," came from the children of the Tennessee Children's Home last Sunday afternoon, as they gave an unusual warm welcome to the group of girls from Ward-Belmont. Quickly the news of the week was told to the visitors, then a little knot of mothers gathered about the piano singing their favorite songs. With A. Adams surrounded by a group of girls, Mildred Sartor entertaining a group of boys, and Patricia Gibbs and Mary Ann Foley here, there, everywhere the play hour sped rapidly.

### ATHLETIC TROPHIES

(Continued from page 1)

to their teams. The hockey varsity letters were also presented. This trophy has been published before. The president of the Angkors received the trophy won by her club.

At this time the girls who passed their Life Saving tests also received their emblems.

New Active members of the Athletic Association were announced: Evelyn Braden, Laura Butler, Winnie Coffee, Elizabeth O'neilus, Catherine Crosswell, Marie Fisher, Modesta Good, Margaret Greene, Arlene Hershey, Marion Laeta, Irene Sartor, Patsy Schorndorfer, Fay Stipp, Marion Weber and Sara Womack.

The club standing for the year to now is as follows:

Tri K, 174; Angkor, 168 1/2; Del Vers, 166 1/2; F. F., 143; Agora, 14; A. K., 142; X. L., 137; Osiron, 131; Penta Tau, 119; Eccowasin, 111; Ariston, 114 1/2; Triad, 109 1/2; Anti-Pan, 95; T. C., 24.

Life Saving points are:  
Del Vers, 30; Tri K, 23; F. F., 28; Agora, 15; Penta Tau, 10; Osiron, 10; A. K., 10; Anti-Pan, 8; T. C., 7.

Tennis standings are:  
Ariston, 31 1/2; X. L., 28 1/2; Angkor, 24 1/2; F. F., 18; Eccowasin, 13; Triad, 10 1/2; Del Vers, 6 1/2; Agora, 4; T. K., 4; A. K., 3; Penta Tau, 2.

Riding standings are:  
Osiron, 35; Tri K, 32; Del Vers, 31; Agora, 23; F. F., 21; A. K., 20; T. C., 18; Penta Tau, 16; X. L., 15; Angkor, 7; Anti-Pan, 6.

The hockey points are:  
Angkor, 137; Tri K, 115; A. K., 103; Eccowasin, 102; Agora, 101; Triad, 99; Del Vers, 99; X. L., 93 1/2; Penta Tau, 91; Osiron, 86; F. F., 83; Ariston, 83; Anti-Pan, 81.

February 2, 1935  
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# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, February, 9, 1935

Number 16

## ROBERT CASADESUS TO GIVE CONCERT

Continuing the annual artists' series, Ward-Belmont will present Robert Casadesus, the distinguished French pianist, on Tuesday evening, February 12, at 8 p.m. Mr. Casadesus, who is making his first American tour, is well known not only as a pianist but also as a composer.

His brilliant career has taken him to almost every part of the world, the length and breadth of Europe as well as North Africa and South America. Mr. Casadesus comes of a family of musicians of wide musical reputation. After studying with his aunt and Mlle. Marie Simon, the talented boy was admitted at the age of thirteen to the Paris Conservatoire into the class of the pianist, Louis Diemer, who was himself a pupil of Liszt. During his studies there he won several prizes and proved himself to be a young man of great talent and musicianship.

Conductors find him a virtuosic and musically soloist. He has played with the foremost orchestras of Europe and has appeared under most of the outstanding conductors. He has also been intimately associated with the outstanding modern French composers and he is acknowledged one of the foremost exponents of the music of such composers as Gabriel Faure, Paul Dukas, Maurice Ravel, Florent Schmitt, Guy Ropartz and others.

## VESPERS IN REC HALL

"There is much of richness and beauty in human relationships," said Miss Martha Ordway, speaker at the vesper's program given Sunday evening in Rec Hall. Preceding Miss Ordway's talk, every one sang "Day is Dying in the West," and then joined in saying the twenty-third Psalm.

Miss Ordway opened her talk by saying that the beauty of human relationships is often more easily expressed in poetry than would be possible in prose. She reminded her hearers that there may be many reasons for misunderstanding between people, such as differences in age, geographical location and personal character; and she stated that poetry can be a beautiful and comprehensive means toward bridging such gaps.

Miss Ordway referred to Eugene O'Neill's work, "The Great God Brown," as a means of getting behind people's masks and seeing them as they really are. She read "Angelina" and "Baltimore," by Paul Laurence Dunbar, and "The Apple and the Rose," by Carl Wilson Baker. Miss Ordway also recited other short poems to demonstrate how poetry may reveal one's soul.

At the conclusion of Miss Ordway's talk, the hymn "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," was sung.

## DR. BARTON RECEIVES HONORS

Dr. Barton, as Ward-Belmont girls know, is in great demand as a speaker for many occasions. This time the American Association of Junior Colleges, meeting in Washington, D. C., will have him as a speaker on February 22. Dr. Barton's subject will be the "Evolution of the Junior College Curriculum," of which subject he is making a very thorough and careful survey with the help of the faculty committee on curriculum in Ward-Belmont.

Another honor which has come to Ward-Belmont's president is that he has been named a member of the Committee on Special Studies of the Commission on Higher Institutions of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

## MAGICIAN ENTERTAINS

T. J. Crawford, amateur magician, and member of the Nashville Association of Magicians, entertained Ward-Belmont at chapel Monday, February 4th.

Mr. Crawford gave the minds of students and faculty a rest from examination worries by means of puzzling experiments with numbers, disappearing coins, and large silver rings of which he formed chains. Silks changed colors, and cut rope and torn papers were restored to normal.

Several students participated in the various tricks when the magician called for assistants from the audience.

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY—O', MY FLUTTERING HEART!

February fourteenth has been St. Valentine's Day for many years and legends have formed around it. It was most famous as a lovers' festival, although this has no connection with the saint after which it was called, and as a saint's day is perhaps the survival of an old festival, of a similar nature, in the Roman Lucercalia. It was observed particularly in England, but to a certain extent on the Continent also. Peppys and Chaucer both refer to the celebration in their works.

The custom in the old days was to place the names of young men and women in a box and draw them out on St. Valentine's Eve. Those whose names were drawn together had to exchange gifts and be each other's Valentines throughout the ensuing year. Later only the men gave gifts.

Today there are many kinds of Valentines. The youngsters get great pleasure out of making cunningly crude Valentines to send to their little friends. There are the humorous variety and the sweet and sentimental ones.

In grandmother's day the more frills and lace, red hearts and cupids, blue bows and tender rhymes, the more acceptable it was to the young lady in question. The Valentines of today are not quite as fluffy and frilly, but the spirit behind the plainer and less sentimental still betrays the beating heart. Young ladies are now happy recipients of candy in red heart-shaped boxes and lovely flowers from the interested young men. And Ward-Belmont turns into a veritable flower and candy delivery bureau of this eventful day.

The evening of the Valentine's Day is the time of the traditional formal Valentine dinner with the Y.W.C.A. as hostesses. It is a fine old custom and we know the new girls will enjoy it as much as have girls of the past.

## FORMER STUDENT, CHAPEL SPEAKER

"Living most and serving best," was the theme of the chapel talk of Jane Briggs, Ward-Belmont honor graduate of last year. In clear-cut, decisive sentences, Jane gave her definition of "living most" and further showed the cycle made by living deeply and through service.

"Living most" comes through the courage to act followed by peace and contentment with an occasional ascent above the world. Most of all, it comes through filling a great need and, in exchange for self, receiving a richness of living.

Taking for her illustration the much-talked-of "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" Jane pointed out how Gabriel, the Armenian, who resisted the Turks' decision to force out the Armenians, found himself living for the first time. Food and sleep were not so important to him as the love of his people around him, and what he could do for them, and a definite ideal to live and die for. Gabriel found happiness also, in fulfilling a need of his people with the highest and best within him.

## WORDSMITHS URGE GIRLS TO TRY OUT

The Wordsmiths are sponsoring their second contest for the selection of new members. All girls are invited to submit any original work or poetry, essay or imaginative writing. President Judy Ackerson expresses the wish that many will try out at this time. The dead-line for entries is February 15.

## TWENTY STU- DENTS ENTER FOR NEW SEMESTER

The old girls at Ward-Belmont have before them the pleasant task of getting acquainted with twenty new girls who have just entered school for the second semester. The HYPHEN takes this opportunity of welcoming these girls to the campus.

The three incoming Seniors have been here in past years. They are Evelyn Cooper of Kankakee, Illinois; Frances Warmath of Humboldt, Tennessee, and Sue Swinford of Lexington, Kentucky.

New Senior-Middles are: Jane Barrett of Lakewood, Ohio; Mildred Hulcy, Rosemont, Texas; Jean McEwan, Port Arthur, Texas; Betty McHenry, Dallas, Texas; Elsie Sabin, Greenwood, Mississippi; Billie Frank Smith, Clarksville, Tennessee, and Corinne Durand, Hobart, Oklahoma, all residing in Pembroke. In Seniors are Bettie Jayne Reed, Marshalltown, Iowa, and Florence Hirschberg, Detroit, Michigan. The two new day students are Ruth Godwin and Jane Cooke.

In the high school are Boneva Bancroft, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Marjorie Weber, McAllen, Texas; Doris Kaplan, Ft. Wayne, Indiana; Gretchen Coleman, Boston, Massachusetts, and Dorothy Elliott, Lexington, Kentucky.

## STUDENTS ELECT NEW HALL PROCTORS

Student Council elections of hall proctors for the second semester were held Monday evening in hall meetings. The choice was a hard one in every case and every election a close one. The new hall proctors are: Seniors, Margaret Young; Pembroke, Mariot Weber; Heron, Ann Turney; Founders, Barbara Lee Reed; North Front, Edwin Schmid.

The election of chapel proctor was held Friday, but the returns came in too late to appear in this edition. Next Tuesday evening at the regular meeting of Student Council the new members will take their places.

## TO CALUMNY AND ALUMNÆ

Word has been received at Ward-Belmont of the serious illness of Mrs. Charlie McComb, who was for many years hostess of Pembroke and then of Senior Hall. "Mrs. Charlie" is now at the following address: Care of Mrs. Crockett, 323 South East Second Street, Evansville, Indiana.

No doubt there will be many of the old girls who will want the above information so that they may write.

## TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Birthday dinner featured by spring blooms.

The Penta Tau's used cross-word puzzles as decorations for their dance.

Our favorite day of the week is Monday—the day when we don our little black hats and board the car for Church Street.

New play—"Aaron Boggs, Freshman," that is the title, the Anti-

Pans will be the producers, stunt night will be the motive.

How to pass exams (valuable scientific formula discovered):

- 1 ton of purpose
- 1 bushel of time
- 1 bushel of concentration
- 10 gallons of midnight oil (per week)

Highly season with inspiration. Bake in the oven of intelligence and

serve with Recreational Sauce. Eat daily.

"Pete" and "Repeat," darling little gold fish of Jenny and Sally, felt winter's hoary finger, stiffened their caudal fins, and died. Ellen, who had been teaching "Pete" and "Repeat" advanced strokes and dives, said in a sad voice, "And to think, 'Pete' could almost do the breast stroke and 'Repeat' was get-

ting along so beautifully with the back jack."

We wish to say in behalf of the HYPHEN that we extend to the suite of 201 and 200 Senior, our deepest sympathy.

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—Back in the days of yore we had classes only five days a week and instead of conveniently having Saturday for our holiday we went to school that day and "played" on Monday.



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## CLUB CHATTER

### Anti-Pan

Latest Anti-Pan report in regard to frat pins: Martha Claire has a Phi Delta pin which she won't wear, but which she has on exhibition in her jewel-box; Sara Joyce talked a Phi Psi out of his and is mighty proud of it; and Frances Ethridge got an S. A. E. pin for Christmas, but we understand that this particular Santy lives at Auburn University.

Well, now that exams are over, what say we little Anti-Pans start studying?

And then there's the Louisville Lover who sends gardenias to Martha Carson every Sunday morning! Incidentally, we hear he's coming up this week-end and that they are planning a gay time at the Senior-Mid dance.

Puzzle: Unravel Christine White's very complicated love problem. To the winner goes the jilted boy friend. Seems that Christine dropped number A like a hot potato the minute she saw number B. Then she decided B was merely a passing fancy, so she put back poor little A's picture on the dresser and now all she has to do is to notify him of her change of heart, and win him back from her best girl friend. Well, they tell us that it's a woman's privilege. . . .

### X. L.

The X. L. club has learned in detail how to make a formal motion, even though the practice motion had no effect. Mary Frances Lanius had to go home for an operation, appendicitis by the way. We are missing Maxine Laird, too, as she decided to go home. Here's hoping she is having as good a time there as we think we would. Georganna, what's this we hear about fourteen couples at the X. L. house one night? If Lattie Graves, Elizabeth Rudolph, and Mary Jane Foulston have not had good times over the week-end it is not because they have lacked opportunities.

### Penta Tau

Mary Alice Paine, Kathryn Hyde, Virginia Shaw, Carolyn Bryant, Martha Fisher, Virginia Grotz and Virginia Reed entertained with a surprise waffle supper at the Penta Tau house, celebrating Frankie Marbury's 7-2-2? birthday.

Frankie really knows a well-made cake when she sees it—she was cutting into her chocolate cake and remarked, "Look what a fine weave." After the supper the children enjoyed indoor games, due to the bad weather.

We notice that Patty Brown Harvey goes to Jackson an awfully lot—Catty! What are the attractions there? Buford Hayter really went to New York!

Fotts and Buck have been enjoying themselves—their mothers have been here.

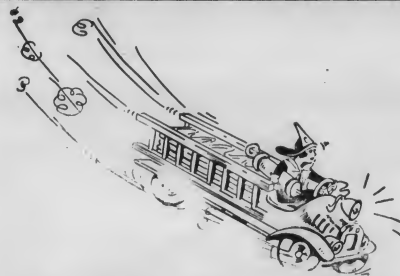
Kathryn Hyde says she enjoyed a nice week-end on third floor Senior—sounds like sarcasm to me.

### F. F.

Among the F. F.'s who were lucky enough to spend their week-end at home were Alice Adams, who, by the way, says she will never get over it (some week-end, I'd say!); Ruth Davis was another one of the fortunate souls. We were afraid for awhile that she might decide to leave us permanently, but we are glad to see her smiling countenance about once more. The F. F.'s have lost one of their good basketball players in the form of Barbara Hart, who believes that there is no place like home.

Did you, by any chance, happen to see the grease-spot that "Huggins" left in the gym the other day, after she decided to sit down rather abruptly?

Eula and Pony got a little rough with one another the other day while trying to recover the same ball. Eula



## WHERE'S THE FIRE?

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### Agora

Welcome back, clubbers! Annie, Nell, Mary, and Jane disappeared last week-end and left us lonely but happy in the peaceful quiet which somehow reigned over all. Saturday, Fay and a gang had a humdinger of a brawl at the club, dancing and carding. I guess they didn't get home until morning—like the rest of us—these late hours are going to be the death of me. Why, only last night, Lida kept me up till ten o'clock talking, so I'm worn out today. Hot dog! didn't we have fun though, at the prom?? I guess we all found some prospects for our future open house. The basketball team worked hard Friday and played their best. Let's hope they have a successful week of games and do come out and cheer them. Keep up the bowling there, Keyport—hot stuff! I's sure we're all a bit weak-hearted after exams but pep up, there aren't any more for five months, so let's get some good grades. Adios, señoritas.

### A. K.

I think that most of us went home or visiting this week-end, and have come back all "ready to ride" on the new term. Isn't it a fine feeling to know that everything is all fresh and we can start all over again? I imagine that most of us need it.

Gilbertine took eight home with her, and they all reported a perfectly marvelous time. When she and Richey came back they decided that they needed a change in atmosphere, and you should see the effect they have produced in their room. It really gives you the headache to look at it—much less live in it. By the way, we wonder if Richey ever got that wholesome food she wanted.

Virginia Shaw says that she needs another A. K. emblem to wear on the other pocket of her coat. Task, task, can't some one do something for her?

Elizabeth Tipton and Betsy Jones, between them, managed to take most of Pembroke home with them to visit back and forth. You had a big, huge time, didn't you, girls?

In another week or more the A. K.'s are going to burst forth in the social whirl. Every one is in a dither now trying to get things ready; and if things work out as it seems now that they will, "a good time will be enjoyed by all."



*Lovemans*

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## DANCE COLUMN

Ted Shawn Talks to the Dancing  
Department

A celebrity in Ward-Belmont—a dancer—none other than Ted Shawn! Poised, tall and brunet, hands that constantly move to express the dancer, flowing conversation, holding the dancing department in a trance through his entire talk—thus is Mr. Shawn as he appeared at the Osiron House Tuesday afternoon.

"I never have any notes," he informed us as he sat down in the big chair for an informal talk. "I just turn on the faucet, and let it run." Following his introduction he gave a resumé of his conception of the bigness of dancing of which he says, "The art of dancing is too big to be encompassed by one system, but it encompasses all systems." By this statement he explained his intensive research into the dancing of all countries. Having traveled throughout the entire world, he has found many systems of dances. With weaving of motions and word-forming with his hands, he revealed the type of East Indian dancing to us which is done exclusively with gestures of the hands.

"The dance is a language and the entire body is the instrument," he stated. "Dancing steps are only a small part."

Two essentials which Mr. Shawn says all dancers must know are the relation of movement and music, which comes "as two halves from a perfect whole." The second essential is a knowledge of dramatic value of dancing. He does not approve of public appearance for children under fifteen or sixteen years through forcing precocious performances. "This ability must come slowly and reach unforced maturity," he explained.

Crossing his famous legs, he launched into a criticism of American dancing as it is today. Emphatically he stated, "Tap-dancing is a creation of the devil." Ballroom dancing received his fullest attention, however. Its low state he attributed to lack of space and standardized music. The only forms, such as the waltz and tango, have been crowded out. "Social means mixing together—such as the quadrille or the square dance. They had beauty, variety, and pattern. Modern dancing is like a drop of dirty water under a microscope, with all the little amoeba pushing each other around and the jazz bands make noises no self-respecting savage tribe would tolerate."

To correct this situation of the modern ballroom dancing, he offered putting the positive in place of the negative by creating better forms and better conditions. He believes that this dancing can be improved through spreading such seeds as he scattered among his Ward-Belmont audience.

To satisfy our questions concerning the marked advance of women's dancing over men's dancing, he explained, "Dancing is like a big tree which has put out a lot of branches on one side (the feminine side). I represent one of the twigs on the other side." To restore male dancing to the position that it occupied before dancing was separated from the church by the Puritan swing, he organized his troop entirely of men. It is for the health of the dance that masculine dancing be brought to the attention of the public, he believes.

Three-fourths of the religious ceremonies were dancing 2,000 years ago. When looseness and abuse crept into the Christian church, the Puritan swing tried to obliterate all the pagan arts; dancing was banished and was only restored in the Italian courts

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during the Renaissance in the form of pageant balls. When Catherine de Medici came to the French throne, she and her husband, founded the Academy of Music and Dancing. Instead of the deep and serious themes dancing formerly had, the only themes available now were lyrical, romantic, and light, quite suitable for women who eventually over-shadowed the men in the art. "Great-minded men were attracted to other arts." Now there are no boundaries to limit the types and themes of dancing. Working with his men, Mr. Shawn is show-

ing the country what masculine dancing embodies.

How did you know whether you are a real dancer? "If you love it so much you are willing to starve for it, dream about it, bore everybody within a thousand miles of you talking about it, if you are willing to sacrifice anything else, then you belong. But if you love it any less than that, you'd better stay out." He left us with this final remark—just as he had come—quietly, well groomed, his brown eyes filled with unbounded enthusiasm for his art—the Dance.

## WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of  
Ward-Belmont.

For advertising information, address Bennett Russell, Sr., Advertising Manager, 122 4th Avenue, North, Presbyterian Building, Phone 6-1171.



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## EDITORIAL

## "A MAN THAT MATCHED THE MOUNTAINS"

It has been a great many more than "four-score and seven years" since, in the humblest of Kentucky cabins, a man-child was born who was one of the children of destiny. A great many years have passed, yes! but it has been only a short time to the thousands of "warm hearts who mark his grave." To these and to the growing number of those who are only now realizing the extent of his great worth his life is an example that has been most inspiring.

Lincoln was a "self-made" man who chose the right mold in which to make himself. His life was one hardship after another and his term in the office of the President of the United States was the tumultuous and unstable peak of a rocky climb. Seldom has any President come from such a long way, but never has anyone held as difficult a position after assuming office. But under the strains, prejudices, and bitter hates of one country torn by civil war, Abraham Lincoln so conducted himself and his duties that veterans of the army against which he directed the forces of the Union have been known to admire him and to believe that had he lived, the South would not have known the horrors of the Reconstruction Era.

These, then, are the qualities of Lincoln that were his greatest—a staunch fairness in times of war as well as peace, mingled with a love for humanity and a gentleness seldom seen in a man. He was, in Edwin Markham's own words:

"A man that matched the mountains, and compelled  
The stars to look our way and honor us." M. G., '36.

## "THEY'RE OFF!"

You have all witnessed some sort of horse race, I imagine, whether in reality, or one reproduced with the aid of a motion picture camera. Have you ever noticed how the winner always seems to gain more zest and vigor as he enters the last lap of his race? It is as though he has sensed that his goal is near and soon to be attained. He knows that this is his last chance to make a showing, spurred on by his rider, he comes down the "home stretch" with colors flying!

The "last lap" is just beginning for every student. The goal is not far distant. Will the knowledge of that fact not spur us on, invigorate us, and renew our zest? Some of our colleagues may attempt to "nose" us out as we make the hazardous turns through which our courses lead us, but we know that competition tends to increase our efforts. We may see others stumble, fall, and become disqualified, but we shall try harder to stay on our feet, and if we stumble once, shall pick ourselves up and speed on to the tape at the finish—a derby winner! J. W., '35.

## ENTER MADAME

Ladies and gentlemen! Pardon me, I meant ladies and ladies, and even more ladies. I'd like to introduce to you the most daring, the most fearless, young rider in the Ward-Belmont ring. She takes the highest jumps with the greatest of ease and manages to keep her poise and her equilibrium while so doing. Miss

"Pony" Irwin, the girl with all the blue ribbons and the perfect form! You know, good form is always an asset to be reckoned with. I guess I reckon as how it must be a great life so long as you can keep your footing. Not only does Miss Irwin keep her footing, but she's in good standing also. Plenty good!

"Pony" comes from Detroit, and, odd, though it undoubtedly is, she doesn't drive a Ford. What an opportunity to pass by! Eleanor says

## CAMPUS COLUMN

Cheerio, and a heigh-ho!

We're all wonderin' why the beds in 105 Senior weren't made all day last Monday! Whata matter, gals?—you'd think you were lazy!

By the way, have you heard how many cousins "Tinky" Timberman has to her credit? (Or are they a detriment to the titian beauty?) At any rate, inquire of Mrs. Charlton.

Annie Lou has again triumphed and brought forth a new "pretty and sweet." 'Tis said that she has fallen "hook, line, and sinker." "Wire Fletcher" . . .

Bettie Jayne's bathroom has become a regular "Thermae" (what ho, my friends! I'm referin' to the Roman baths in "Art Through the Ages!") Don't tell me I don't apply my learnin' to every phase of my work!

Leora's new theme song is, "Burrp it, burp it, again." (Tune, "Kiss Me Again.") Sad, but true!

There are quite a number of industrious people in Founders who are in the depths of knitting, and when I say depths, I mean it in the true sense of the word! As Leora and Gilly would state it—"Just a Picture of Life's Other Side."

Now to turn our attention to Pembroke. They had a g—u—rand party last Monday eve, and did those first-floor gals knock their jokes! The "Guess a Proverb" group from the second floor put in their bit of originality, too. On top of all that, they had "cokes" and sandwiches, which all spells indigestion the next morning!

Congratulations are certainly due to Barbara Lee Reed, "Porgie" Young, Edwina Schmid, Ann Turney, and Marion Weber on their recent election to the proctorship of their respective halls. (We don't envy you gals!)

Those lucky individuals who were able to go "behind the scenes" and meet Ted Shawn after his marvelous performance! Poor Frankie almost rose up into the air when she witnessed that Spanish dance!

Old news, but good news! Eugenia Vick, the lucky "la Femme" who won the car since our last edition, had a good-looking chap come to take it home for her. Whether it was Clark Gable (as she claimed) or her brother we're not sure—anyway, we hope he got there!

Buster ("Her Old Flame"—still is burnin', I guess) came to visit Martha Carson Wednesday night. You know he's the one who sends a garden a day to keep "Love in Bloom"—and a letter a day to keep romance alive—ah, life, you funny thing!

"Tilly" has given up all hope of a letter from "Bob"—Don't cry, little girl! If I were you, I'd send a telegram thus: "You're not the only oyster in the sea." That ought to simply alay him.

If you ever want a nice uplifting book, simply ask Betty Heck what she has from the library. No wonder she gets all those "B's!" They do say that reading is "Broadening"—somehow it affects me the wrong way—ketch?

Crockett's got a new name! It's a bit personal, but it does fit the gal to perfection.

You Senior-Mids are perhaps ga-ga over some member of the stronger sex by now. Here's luck to all of you!

Gotta go now—see you next week!

P. S.: No puppy's death was mourned in Senior as stated in the last edition—he was a guppy!

her big aim in life is to live in New Mexico and have a riding school. A right noble ambition, I should say! Just by way of mentioning it, "Pony" taking a course in interior decorating so's she can design stalls to suit the temperament of each and every horse—for no other good reason, but she's really good at it. No doubt when she sets up housekeeping, she can be of use to herself, which is, indeed, something.

"Pony" likes most anything that

## EAGLE FEATHER

Eunicemary Bicknell

## GUESS THE FAVORITE

When Mother writes, she just writes reams,  
And tells me everything, it seems,

'Bout how the town is simply humming  
Because the murder trial is coming;

'Bout what my brothers got for grades,  
And all about her laundry maids.

How Dad is going to drill a well  
To get some oil, which would be swell.

'Bout what my friends are each one doing,  
And 'bout the mess the kids are brewing

With chemicals out in the shop;  
And how the rain just doesn't stop.

How Bobby tried to skate, and slid,  
And got his lip all cut, poor kid.

And how Doc took some cat-gut thread  
And sewed it up, and Bob's in bed.

How all the streets are slick with ice;  
'Bout how the High School play was nice.

How Betty got initiated,  
And Mother went with her and waited.

Just everything my kitties did:  
How Sweetie ran from Punk and hid.

And then how they each chased each other  
Until they both got chased by Mother.

And how our dogs just bark and bark,  
And scare folks passing in the dark.

'Bout what the family had to eat;  
The show she saw that was a treat.

And always, just before the end,  
About the love the family sends.

It seems when Mother writes a letter,  
There's no one that can do much better.

And if I chance to have the blues,  
I just add one with the news.

But then I'll say this for my Dad:  
His letters aren't so very bad.

Of course, it's most beyond belief  
That one would write a note so brief.

He simply says, "Hello, my dear,  
Hope you are well, we all are here."

Just that, but I don't mind a speck,  
'Cause then he says, "Enclosed find check."

I'm glad that I don't have to choose  
'Twixt letters filled with checks and news,

'Cause I can have both kinds, you see,  
When Dad and Mother write to me.

My Mother's letters are so nice,  
I often want to read one twice.

But I'm so glad that Daddy's came,  
'Cause just before he signed his name,

He said that "This has not much news;  
Enclosed find check that you can use."

Now maybe you have different views  
'Bout which is best, the check or news.

But this is what I've thought about:  
I could get on, the news without—

Whereas, if Dad forgot the check—  
I'd simply have to starve, by heck!

H. K., '36.

hasn't come in close contact with coconut. There seem to be about three other exceptions that come under the general heading of unpleasant subjects: grits, cats, and outside reading of any sort, type or description. The lady likes Pilot the best of anything around the school, has a fond affection for cars that wear their tops down, and uses Frostilla. Guess as how those are about all the salient facts, Miss Irwin, so on with the good work! Heigh ho, and off to the chase!

## SPORT NOTES

After weeks of practicing, the club basketball tournament is well under way. Teams have drilled faithfully, have planned plays, and their clubs are cheering them on in special meetings. By today several of the games will have already been played off and there will be victorious teams and losing teams, but Ward-Belmont teams as usual will have shown their traditional sportsmanship and the fun of the game will be the victorious spirit throughout.

## Basketball Game Schedule

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6  
Game 1—A. vs. Td.—3:00.  
Game 2—Ec. vs. T.C.—3:15.  
Game 3—A.K. vs. F.F.—4:40.  
Game 4—A.P. vs. X.L.—4:55.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8  
Game 5—Ang. vs. P.T.—3:00.  
Game 6—T.K. vs. O.—4:20.  
Game 7—Ag. vs. D.V.—4:35.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11  
Game 8—A. vs. Ang.—3:00.  
Game 9—D.V. vs. Td.—3:15.  
Game 10—P.T. vs. F.F.—4:10.  
Game 11—A.K. vs. O.—4:25.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12  
Game 12—T.K. vs. Ec.—3:00.  
Game 13—Ag. vs. A.P.—3:15.  
Game 14—X.L. vs. T.C.—4:50.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18  
Game 15—D.V. vs. Ec.—3:00.  
Game 16—A. vs. P.T.—3:15.  
Game 17—F.F. vs. A.P.—4:10.  
Game 18—T.K. vs. X.L.—4:25.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19  
Game 19—T.C. vs. Td.—3:00.  
Game 20—Ang. vs. A.K.—3:15.  
Game 21—Ag. vs. O.—4:50.

## P-S-S-T-I

"Glory, glory, hallelujah" and aren't we glad that one of those sets of examinations is passed and we are nearing the long sought goal!

And while we're writing this column the knowledge revisits us that Mary Ann and Kathryn are having a simply splendid time at the Sewanee dances. Why must some of the people have all of the luck!

To Dot Guy goes the cake for being able to get out of town quickest when her last exam was finished. She lost no time in making her way for Chattanooga. From what we've heard, there must be some attraction.

Emmeryne didn't do so badly, herself for evacuating the territory. However, her feat seems to be one of endurance. We know she's having a swell time. Who wouldn't?

Virginia practically endangered the lives of three other people the other day when she tore madly over town in search of a hidden character. She and Kitty are walking on air. Some sort of a fancy week-end jaunt has ruined them for any serious thoughts for awhile.

You should have seen Patty translating rules to her proteges of the basketball squad! It was "all on account of because" she is used to having to explain everything to her Sunday school class of six-year-old boys. Somehow we don't get much of a connection, but we suppose there is one.

In the near future we expect Ann and Alice to be conducting a class in the art of magic. Instruction in the ability to mask one's chagrin at not being able to "catch on" might be more beneficial. Oh, well, we've all been more or less "hacked" at one time or another!

You've heard of the big, bad wolf who huffed and puffed to blow the house down? Well, now Dr. Hollinshead can boast of having three girls who could pass in the qualifications of huffing and puffing. You should have seen Evelyn, Margaret and Elizabeth trying to blow out the nicest fire that was spreading all over the desk but not burning it up. Now figure that out (we haven't yet)!



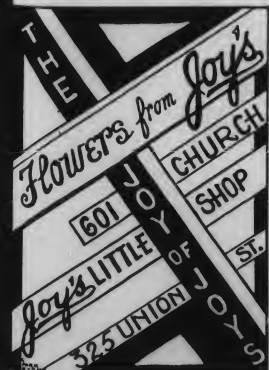
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11:00 A.M. to 2:00 P.M.

DINNER

2:00 P.M. to 8:00 P.M.

Whoopa has got the gag beat about the poor husband who has to take the darling dog out for a walk. She

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### DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Exam week—

'Nuff said!

Saturday—

Ah! a breathing spell at last! Such  
a glorious feeling to know that exams  
are over for another four months!  
And that glorious announcement that  
we can sleep tomorrow! Life is worth  
living!

Since hours don't count over the  
week-end, everyone hied herself into  
town for a grand spree!

School seems an awfully empty  
place since Gilbertine moved about  
half our attendance to dear ol' Frank-  
lin! (Not the president, you dope!)

Sunday—  
Sleep! You know it! Tattered down  
to dinner with everyone except Janet  
Pascoe and Dot Jaeger, who were evi-  
dently waiting for a private call! Don't  
forget, girls—you're not at home!

The campus looked similar to an  
amateur photographer's club this  
afternoon—what with everyone shout-  
ing, "Hold that pose, please!"

Vespers was informally held in Rec  
Hall this evening, and we got our first  
good glimpse of all the new girls.  
Welcome! We hope you like us—and  
the HYPHEN is only one dollar, we  
thank you!

Such a week-end!

Monday—

Ah! School again! Gilbertine and  
the rest of her week-enders came to  
breakfast this morning with rosy  
cheeks and wide eyes! Nice place,  
Franklin!

The little blue books of last week  
(exams, remember?) are still haunt-  
ing us, only today they had funny  
little red marks on them! Funny?  
Oh, yeah?

The hall meetings tonight ended a  
great day of discussion when proctors  
were elected. If there were any stuff-  
ing of the ballot boxes, it was un-  
known to us!—and to all appearances  
the election went off with a bang!

Tuesday—  
This morning was a series of "con-  
gratulations!" And while we're about  
it, we'll congratulate, too.

Then there's always the fellow who  
decides at the last minute to go to Ted  
Shawn! We are unbiably speaking  
of ourself! Ah! Me! He was won-  
derful. We sighed with envy whilst  
the dancing students fled to the  
Osiron house this afternoon to meet  
him. Such stuff!

Back to school to dream of those  
tidy bits of masculinity that danced  
on the Ryman stage! Heigho!

### EXPRESSION NOTES

Sunday afternoon, February 3, Miss  
Townsend was invited to speak at  
the Open Forum, held in Watkins  
Hall. From time to time, the very  
best of men speakers have been asked  
to lecture on current questions of in-  
terest; however, to Miss Townsend  
was extended the honor of being the  
only woman to appear on these pro-  
grams. Her topic was, "Why Every-  
body Loves Drama," and she used, as  
an illustration, a group of business  
men and girls under her direction,  
who worked out and presented a bibli-  
cal story, with but two rehearsals.

The new class in Expression, which  
was organized at the beginning of  
the second semester, and which in-  
cludes only new girls, met together  
for the first time on Monday, Febru-  
ary 4. It is a very enthusiastic group,  
and they plan to accomplish much in  
the next four months. There is still  
an opening in this class for a few  
more students, and it is not yet too  
late to enroll.

Miss Townsend has arranged an  
original drama to be given in chapel  
on George Washington's birthday. It  
is taken from the short story, "High-  
way Number 1," and it deals with the  
present-day question of the bonus.



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# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, February, 16, 1935

Number 17

## CASADESUS INCLUDES WARD-BELMONT IN AMERICAN TOUR

By SYDNEY DALTON  
Ward-Belmont introduced a new pianist to Nashville music lovers on Tuesday evening, when Robert Casadesus appeared in recital. This Frenchman is totally new in these parts, and is, as yet, a comparative stranger to American audiences, as he is making his first American tour.

It is safe to predict that he will become a favorite with our concert-goers. In many respects, he ranks with the greatest pianists of the day. There is little, if anything, for him to add to his technical equipment. His playing throughout showed extraordinary mastery of his instrument. In every conceivable variety of pianistic difficulty, his playing was so sure, so brilliant, so clean-cut, that it might have been a musical etching in steel. It was exactly the kind of technique needed to set forth the tremendous sweep and vigor of his style, and to give voice to his obvious sense of the dramatic.

For Casadesus builds climaxes that are almost breath-taking in their intensity. His remarkable performance of Liszt's highly-colored "Mephisto" Waltz was an outstanding example, later in the evening to be duplicated with the more recent and extremely difficult Toccata, by Ravel.

And back of this combination of technique and drama, there appears to be a very well-balanced mind—the French are said to be a logical race—and keen musicianship.

For those anachronous individuals, like myself, who, without being sentimentalists, yet yearn for a modicum of warmth and humaneness in music, Casadesus had little to offer. His playing is too straightforward, too cerebral, perhaps, to be poetic—unless it be one with the poetry of a Sandburg. It might be compared to the beauty of moonlight on an iceberg. And while, that is very beautiful indeed, it does not exactly warm the cockles of one's heart.

Casadesus' tone is of excellent quality and is graduated from a delicate pianissimo to a thunderous fortissimo that occasionally threatens the vital organs of the instrument. At all times, however, it is under perfect control.

His program ranged from Beethoven to Ravel, opening with the 32 Variations, in which Beethoven, for all his mastery of material, goes on a bit too long. But they were so brilliantly handled that they held the interest. Schumann's "Papillons" were full of humor and life. The Chopin (Continued on page 5)

## NEW GIRLS CHOOSE CLUBS

Following an informal rushing season the various social clubs on the campus extended invitations to the new girls on Tuesday, February 12. Formal initiation was held the following Wednesday.

The new members and their clubs are: Boneva, Banquet, A.K.; Jane Ellen Barrett, Anti-Pan; Gretchen Coleman, K.K.K.; Corinne Durand, X.L.; Dorothy Elliot, F.F.; Florence Hirschberg, Agora; Hope Hoffman, Del Ver; Mildred Hulcy, F. F.; Dorys Kaplan, A.K.; Jean McEwan, Del Ver; Betty McHenry, F.F.; Betty Wayne Hamer, Agora; Elsie, Sabin; Paula Tate; Billie Frank Smith, X.L.; and Marjorie Weber, T.C.

The old girls who have returned for the second semester are: Evelyn Cooper, Osiron; Sue Swinford, T.C.; and Frances Warmath, A.K.

## RACIAL DIFFERENCES. SUBJECT OF TALK

The Reverend T. Grady Timmons was the Wednesday chapel speaker last week. He took as his opening sentence a remark made by a famous Negro preacher in which he says, "that he is not responsible for his skin; that it was designed by the Divine Order of Things and that as long as he kept his soul pure within him, he could hold his head up with the best."

"A problem of living in a world of conglomerate human beings confronts us," said Rev. Timmons. Our flag has been called a statistical table and our nation a melting pot, and so it is. We draw a horizontal line of color in an effort to create racial pride, racial distinction and racial interest, but the line should be perpendicular with no different levels and with equal opportunities.

"In this world of ours, we need a racial understanding and friendship as well as a new kind of idealism. This world, that we hand over to you, the youth, is a played-out and a wrong one. It is for you to save us and to repair our blunders. We have become too temperate. During the past decade of boom years, we ostracized the Ten Commandments, we tried to laugh our way through life, we've found that it doesn't work. Now, we need to learn that love is won through spiritual affinity and reality is preserved through sacrifice."

He then used a story of a California missionary of the 18th century to illustrate the point—that contentment comes through renunciation and that this is the prophecy of Christmastic fulfilled on Good Friday.

## DOROTHY COLMERY, DAY STUDENT PROCTOR

The election of the Day Student proctor was held Friday, February 8, in Senior Hall basement from 8:15 to 2:00. Dorothy Colmery was chosen and will serve on Day Student council for the second semester. Evelyn Braden was the other candidate.

In connection with the Day Student governing body is a new rule which has just gone into effect. This rule is in regard to the wearing of lipstick. According to the amendment, lipstick may be put on in either of the two rest-rooms only, and just before leaving the campus. This rule was passed to remove the necessity for day students to apply make-up off the grounds and is not a privilege allowing them to wear it to their last period class. Because of the possibility for misunderstanding, this announcement has been made a great many times and the monitors and council wish to take this opportunity to state that from now on, the rule will be strictly enforced.

## "WHEN MEN WERE BRAVE AND LADIES FAIR, THEY DANCED THE MINUET"

'Tis Thursday, the 22nd of February, 1935. A stately colonial gentleman bows to a dainty lady as they meet on the stairway landing in Recreation Hall. They descend, followed by their court—ladies in snowy white wigs, billowing skirts of soft blue, emerald green, and sun-glow yellow—their partners in shining satin knee-breeches, fitted coats and massive wigs. As the strains of the minuet echo through the hall, the stately group passes to the dining-rooms below, where they preside over the evening's festivities. After dinner, the entire group proceeds to the gym, where "George" and "Martha" are escorted to seats of honor with great ceremony. A military drill and the minuet—danced by a group of Seniors—complete the program. Representative of the dignity and prestige of the Senior class, of the beauty and tradition of Ward-Belmont, is this stately minuet, in which the couples wheel, bow and create graceful figures. This year, Jean Stewart and Louise Robinson have been chosen by the student body to symbolize the distinguished couple and to preside.

## DRAMATIC CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

Approximately 75 girls came to the Agora Club house on Friday, February 8, from seven till eight o'clock, for the first meeting of the new Dramatic club.

Officers were elected as follows: Arlene Hershey, president; Winifred Marsh, Vice-president; Marian Colvester, Secretary; Winifred Coffee, Treasurer; Barbara Dratz, HYPHEN reporter. Standing committees, which may be supplemented for various plays, were chosen.

Members decided on three plays, and try-outs began that evening and were continued Monday and Wednesday afternoons and Monday evening. The plays are *The Ghost Story*, by Booth Tarkington; *Pink and Patches*, by Margaret Bland; *The Ghostly Lover*, by Beulah King, and will be produced for the public at an evening performance in about a month. The plays will be cast, and rehearsals commence next week.

Money from the one dollar club dues will cover royalties, make-up, and other expenses.

Miss Orday, of the High school English department; and Mrs. Millring of the Expression department are sponsors of the club and directors of the plays.

## "Y" CARRIES OUT VALENTINE TRADITION

The mystery and enjoyment of the day of heart-shaped candy boxes, telegrams and flowers reached its climax Thursday evening at six o'clock, when the annual Valentine dinner took place. The red crepe paper decorations carried out each detail of the occasion, and made the dining room an appropriate scene for the Valentine celebration.

The dances by Frankie Marbury, Evelyn Norton, and Mary Alice Paine were delightful, and the songs of Mary Eleanor and Stanley Elizabeth Clay completed an enjoyable program. Dancing continued after the dinner until eight-thirty, and each girl seemed pleased with this feature. The Y.W.C.A. should be sincerely thanked for a lovely party. Frances Graham presided.

## VESPER SERVICE MUSIC

The Vesper services of Sunday evening, February 10, were led by Martha Jane Chatin. The main theme of the evening was music in relation to the soul. Lady Corrine Meyers sang "Jesus Wills." Mr. Henkel then played several very lovely organ selections. His numbers included:

"Assyrian Shepherd," by Shure, "Descending Dove," by Shure, and "Pilgrims' Chorus," from the Opera "Tannhauser," by Wagner.

## FORMER STUDENT TALKS ON TAOS, AND PAINTINGS

In a most delightfully informal style, Miss Alene Wharton told of her summer in the artist colony of Taos, New Mexico, in chapel Monday. Miss Wharton is well-known among the younger artists and a display of her pictures is now on exhibit at Ward-Belmont. She is a graduate of the high school class of 1926.

Miss Wharton described vividly her trip to Taos, her stay there, the people she met, and the atmosphere. Some of the charm of the southwest lies in the mountains which assume all colors of the rainbow, the desert dotted with juniper, and the gorgeous gardens which bloom amazingly on a very small amount of water once a week.

The architecture of Taos is most interesting. Most of the buildings are built of native adobe, colored blue, purple, white, yellow and orange. With the distinctly vivid coloring peculiar to the country, the picturesque Indians and old ruins, it is an ideal place to paint.

Some of Miss Wharton's paintings are on display now in the east corridor of the third floor of Academic Building, and will be there for another week. After having heard this delightful talk, it is most interesting to view them and see these places, colors, and types of architecture about which she talked.

There are eight oils hung in the exhibit and six lithographs. Her lithographs are the best part of the showing and in this field Miss Wharton has a distinct future. She is recognized as being among the first in lithography. Most of the type which there is not the printing of the human figure as such. Many of her lithographs that have been sold are in some of the best collections in the country. All of the ones in this exhibit are priced and are for sale.

The composition and the graphic quality of her lithographs are unusually good. Her oils did not appeal to us as much as the other, but are decidedly colorful and appealing. Miss Wharton is well on her way to becoming a renowned artist. She has studied for years to great advantage and has exhibited in the Institute of Graphic Arts in New York, the Washington Art Alliance, the Philadelphia Print Club, and the Northwestern Print Makers of Seattle.

The girls are urged to view this exhibit, as it is one of interest to every girl who heard Miss Wharton's talk.

## HALLS HONOR NEW PROCTORS

Pembroke, Senior, and Founder's Halls have all honored their new proctors with hall parties.

Senior Hall, with Margaret Young as its new head, gave a party Monday night. The girls in the hall were introduced to the new proctor by their particular feasts, or ways of getting into Monitors' meeting. Stunts were given by each floor of the hall, and then were followed by refreshments, dancing, and singing.

Founder's Hall, honoring Barbara Lee Reed, had its party Friday night of last week. The girls in the hall were introduced to the new proctor by their particular feasts, or ways of getting into Monitors' meeting. Stunts were given by each floor of the hall, and then were followed by refreshments, dancing, and singing. Pembroke gave its party the night the new proctor, Marion Weber, was elected. Stunts were given here also, and refreshments were served.

## BASKETBALL CLAIMS SPORTS' SPOTLIGHT

Wednesday, February 6, saw the beginning of the 1935 basketball season. The Aristons won the first game of the season from the Triads, 63-2. It certainly is a thrill to watch the teamwork and playing of the Aristons. Those forwards! By the way, Patty Chadwell made only seventeen baskets! A shame, isn't it? The game really was better than the score indicated and the Triads showed up well against the Aristons, finalists of last year. It looks as if the Boarding student clubs are going to have to get up pretty early to keep ahead of the day students.

Did you know that every member of the Ecocwasin team is a high school girl? And they beat the T. C.'s 23-14. Jane Meyers tossed them in for the T. C.'s, and Polly Ann Billington had the most baskets for the Ecocwasins, although the playing honors were pretty evenly divided. The F. F.'s upset the dope and beat the A. K.'s 27-22. It was close and exciting and seemed to be anybody's game up until the very end. Both teams were inclined to bunch. Gilbertine Moore was the A. K.'s highest scorer and Eleanor Irwin starred for the F. F.'s.

The X. L.'s beat the Anti-Pans 16-9. Neither team was playing as well as they have, and it was rather a slow game.

Penta Taus were downed by the Angkors 27-17. Shirley Caldwell played well for the Angkors. The Angkor guards were also right in there. Edwine Schmidt and Ruth Potts worked hard and well for the honor of the Penta Tau's.

Mozelle Worsley and Janet Pascoe took turns sinking them in the Tri K. Osiron game until the score was 47-4. Helen Jones and Helen Tibbets are to be praised for their floor work in the Osiron's behalf.

Winnie's knee had the Agoras ter-

ribly worried, but they worked hard and held the Del Vers to a 25-25 tie. Emmalou Florey just seems to place the ball through the ring. "Active" Ashley, and "Blocking Barb" Reed, Del Ver's forward and guard, know their basketball.

It looked for awhile as if there was to be another surprise in the Ariston-Angkor game. This class was the best game so far this year, and was closely fought from start to finish.

Forwards and guards played exceptionally well. The final score was 25-21. This Aristons missed Patty Chadwell. These athletes and their knees!

Del Vers, 36—Triads, 7. Three first-year high school girls on the team. I don't believe the Del Vers will want to play the Triads when these girls become first-year college girls!

F. F.'s beat the Penta Taus 30-18. Eleanor Irwin was again star player for the F. F.'s. Every member of the F. F. team played good basketball. It was Boots Bradley's first game and she really made the Penta Taus proud of her.

Gilbertine Moore made baskets from any place on the floor in the A.K.-Osiron game. The final score was 32-6. Helen Jones, Osiron guard, played a very fast game.

Tri K's rang up their second victory, downing the Ecocwasins 18-12. It was rather a loosely played game with the Tri K's not up to their usual form.

Anti-Pans, even though defeated by the Agoras' 21-16, displayed better team organization than heretofore.

## MR. HENKEL GIVES ANNUAL RECITAL

On February 19, the Ward-Belmont Music Department will present Mr. F. Arthur Henkel in his annual organ recital. He will be assisted by Mr. Roy Underwood at the piano. The program will consist of the following numbers:

Grande Piece Symphonique,	op. 17	.....Frank
Legend op. 141 no. 1	.....Karp-Elert	
Sketch op. 58 no. 3	.....Schumann	
Invocations	.....Dallier	
(a) Stella Matutina (Morning Star)		
(b) O Clemens! Opia! (O gentle, O holy one)		
(c) Electa ut sal (Majestic as the Sun)		
Concerto Gregoriana	.....Yon	
Organ and Piano		
Andante Mystico—Allegro		
Adagio		
Scherzo		
Finale		

With the exception of the "Sketch op. 58 no. 3 by Schumann" none of these pieces have been played here before.

## BOWLING TEAMS BATTLE FOR POINTS

First Round	Second Round
Thursday, Feb. 7	Wed., Feb. 13
Ang. .... 447	Ang. .... 377
A. .... 370	A. .... 370
Ecco. .... 293	Ecco. .... 320
Td. .... 370	Td. .... 303
Ag. .... 328	Ag. .... 305
A.K. .... 355	T.K. .... 416
A.P. .... 388	F.F. .... 347
D.V. .... 422	A.P. .... 429
F.F. .... 344	A.P. .... 344
O. .... 294	X.L. .... 307
P.T. .... 360	O. .... 319
T.C. .... 371	P.T. .... 310
I.K. .... 446	D.V. .... 385
X.L. .... 363	T.C. .... 369

Semi-finals (8 teams), Wednesday, February 20—3:00.  
Finals (4 teams), Tuesday, February 26—3:00.

High scores at the end of the first round were:  
Evelyn Braden (Ang.) ..... 155  
Marguerite Page (D.V.) ..... 143  
Jean Stewart (D.V.) ..... 140

## SENIOR-MID DANCE. HUGE SUCCESS

The Senior-Middle dance was given by the school for the class on Thursday, February 7. The dining room, the scene of the party, was decorated in green foliage and potted palms.

In the receiving line were Mrs. J. W. Barton, Mrs. A. B. Benedict, Miss Alene Ransom, sponsor of the class; Antoinette Treadway, president of the class, and Ellen Bowers, vice-president. Members of the floor committee met the boys in Rec Hall and brought them downstairs and, after taking them through the receiving line, introduced them to girls on the floor.

At ten o'clock supper was served and there was a short intermission.

Dancing was over at eleven, but Rec Hall was not emptied until much, much later!

The dance was veritably a fashion show. There were various manners of garb, such as lovely blue and gold brocade crepe worn by Miss Ransom. She was carrying the evening bag given to her by the Senior-Mid class for Christmas.

Tony Treadway was in changeable taffeta which was dropped off of the shoulders. She wore silver slippers and no jewelry.

Ellen Bowers wore black crepe with turquoise flowers at the waistline. Her accessories were black.

Jeanne Brigham was in black crepe with a rhinestone trim. Her shoes were black and silver and she wore no jewelry.

Not far from Jeanne we discovered Sarah Ashley in rainbow satin and wearing silver sandals. Sarah's jewelry was of pearls and rhinestones.

Edwine Schmid wore a yellow-brown velvet with gold shoes and accessories.

Patsy Burgher was in pink crepe with flowers at the waist.

Mary Stevens wore a quilted silk in peach with shoes of a matching color.

Catherine Kilty was in light blue with rhinestone jewelry and silver shoes.

Tib Carruth wore black crepe with a trimming of black sequins and black accessories.

Evelyn McCall was in eggshell satin trimmed in crystal beads and pearls.

Mary Donnan Wilson wore red moire taffeta with matching shoes.

Moselle Worsley wore pink crepe with wine-colored sash and amethyst accessories.

Libby Siegmund was in bright green, rough crepe with gold accessories.

## MUSIC NOTES

All Ward-Belmont is anxiously looking forward to the concerts of Mr. Henkel, the head of the Organ Department, and of Mr. Rose, head of the Violin Department. It is the custom for the heads of each of the departments to give a personal concert. They are always greatly enjoyed by all who attend. Both of these concerts will be given the latter part of this month.

Tuesday afternoon, February 12, Mr. Dalton and a group of students will present a program for the Kiwanis Club. Miss Myrtle Mooney, soprano, and Mr. James Aswell, baritone, will present vocal selections. Roberta Lincoln will present some violin numbers. Mr. Dalton will give a talk on "Existing Musical Conditions in Nashville."

Every one surely appreciated Mr. Underwood's wonderful explanation and demonstration of the forthcoming concert of the pianist, Casadesu. It helped to know a bit about what was to come. We are in hopes we may have such an introduction to every important concert.

Mr. Underwood is going to make another trip. This time he is to accompany Wilbur Evans, American baritone, whom Ward-Belmont had the pleasure of hearing last year. This trip will include several concerts.

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On Wednesday afternoon, February 20, from 2:30 to 5 o'clock

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author of "The Phantom Crown" (the romance and tragedy of Maximilian and Carlota of Mexico) will be our guest.

Ward-Belmont girls are cordially invited to come to meet Mrs. Harding from 3:30 to 4:30, which, we hope, you will make a "Ward-Belmont Hour."

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## COMPANY

## Let's Go Shopping--

with Donna Baird

When I used to have to get special permission to go to town shopping, and rush madly around from store to store, then back to Ward-Belmont in time for dinner, little did I dream that some day I would be connected with a store in the capacity of Personal Shopper, and help get College girls ready for school, or fill in with certain date dresses, or a New Spring outfit. And, you know, girls away at school have an awful way of putting on extra poundage, and I have had in several cases to buy even the necessities of school life, because they had simply outgrown everything they started from home with. Terrible, isn't it, but it has been known to happen, and that reminds me to ask--

How firm is your foundation? You can't step into one of the slick new frocks or suits which Spring is introducing if you have been letting nature take its course. As far as hips and tummy go--slim, smooth and completely lacking in bulges is the word, and it needn't be painful, either. Lastex, brocade and satin, and you're a new woman when you step into a "Sensation" or a "Smoothie" two way stretch garment. A lot of new words have been added to our foundation vocabulary, such as "Nips" -- "Peeks" -- "Pats" -- "Pets" -- "Minx" -- "Pouff" and "Yourselt," but you girls know what those words mean, and it's a lot more interesting to call for a garment by name than by a certain stock number, isn't it?

Are you tired of a Winter Wonderland? Then take a little time off and look at the just-before Spring dresses we have collected for you--each one boasting of some characteristic which is new enough to make your Winter coat take a new lease on life, and your Winter spirits revive correspondingly. Gay prints, very new crisp tulle, soft sheer crepes are all very convincing that Spring is coming.

Where are the coats of yesterday? Not in our Spring collection, you may be sure! Remember how last year's coats went in for bulging sleeves and bumpy shoulders? This year you'll find us gloating over the smoothest little models you ever saw--nice sleek shoulders, some of them all the smoother because of a cape, back flares, bell sleeves. They're new and smart. Who said Spring suits weren't news? Paris is apparently full of designers who have ideas about Spring suits and doing swell things. Little short coats for the young and frisky, slits in coats as well as skirts, three-quarter and seven-eighth length coats for Mammies and Aunties. Luscious dressmaker types for feminine gals and everywhere bold Manish tailored little suits for the less feminine types. And they are all at Cain-Sloan's.

DONNA BAIRD  
Personal Shopper

Cain-Sloan Co.

## CLUB CHATTER

## Agora

The Agora's are a busy club these days, winning games and what-have-you. We tied the D. V.'s 25-25 a week ago yesterday, won over the A. P.'s 21-16 Tuesday, and hope to beat the Osirons next Tuesday. We scored 328 points in the first round of Bowling on Thursday, February 7.

Business over, we can turn to the pleasure. Mary Sudhoff sang for us, Olga Vanta played the piano for us, and Annie Lou Wall read poems and verses for us, the week before St. Valentine's day. We drew names and exchanged gifts. "A la ten cent store" at a Valentine's dinner party in the club house at 6:00 last Wednesday night.

And we're all deploring the temporary Ras of our tea-time manager and reporter, Winnie, and hoping she'll be back soon.

## A. K.

Last week we didn't mention the return of our old friend "Fanny" Warmath. It seems so natural to have her here that we hardly realize she hasn't been with us all the time. Anyway, we're certainly glad you're back.

And we have two new girls to welcome as A. K.'s, too--Doris Kaplan Boneva, Bancroft. Welcome! Hope you enjoy being A. K.'s as much as we all do.

A week ago we had Annie Lou Wall over to read some poetry to us. It was so cute--made us feel that maybe we could do something about all those things we're missing. Thanks a lot!

After all our labors, the big social affair of our year is tonight. Every one has decorated, hung, cut, etc., but it's been fun. And we hope it'll be fun. (WE are also glad these functions are only once a year!) Committee heads include: Gilbertine Moore, general chairman; Jane Ludwig, invitations; Leona Hill and Mary Ann Foley, decorations; Nancyann Schmid, special; Louise Anderson, refreshments, and Mary Smith, orchestra.

So far we've lost a game and won a game in basketball. And we are looking forward to a big game in another day or two. If everyone would come over for us, I have an inkling we'd do right well. It wouldn't hurt to try anyway.

## Anti-Pan

The Anti-Pans are glad to welcome Jane Barrett into their club and want to help in making her year here an enjoyable one. We're mighty proud to have you, Jane.

Hear ye! Hear ye! Dickson, Tennessee took it upon itself to pick out a few of its most beautiful gals, and none other than our own Sara Joyce got one of the prizes. Well, well, a Bessley Beauty!

Gales of laughter, clinking of glasses, and shuffling of feet to simply devious music which issued from the Anti-Pan house Friday night, caused those who were industriously studying to prick up their ears and listen. A private dance with twenty-five girls and heaven-only-knows how many boys was staged with none other than Johnnie Miller's orchestra furnishing the music.

Rosemary Horstmann, Mary Ellen Peach, Marian Collette and Jane Barrett asked their escorts down to the Anti-Pan club house Thursday night after the Valentine dinner, and seem's if they had a good time.

## F. F.

The F. F.'s are very glad to receive their new members: Betty McHenry and Mildred Huley from Dallas, Texas, and Dorothy Elliott from Lexington, Kentucky. Greetings, girls!

Jean, Rosemary, Mary Ellen and Pony entertained some of their friends

in the F. F. house last Saturday night. Hamburgers and Michigan poker were the main events of the evening. (I wonder why!) Jean Moroney sure did look like she had a good time in Louisville last week-end.

## Angkor

We open up today with a lot of new love affairs. Heigh, Ho! Love is wonderful! We hear that after a date with Edwin, Judy's theme song is "Little Hands, You've Had A Busy Day." Anyway, if Judy doesn't start getting her geometry and stop thinking about Edwin, something will happen. Miss Major is getting rather disgusted with Judy who sits and looks out of the window sadly.

Madame President, I hear that things might have been different with you, and, by the by, who is the dark horse you are going to the Beta with? The Beta dance seems to have caused plenty of trouble. Susan is lamenting over the fact that Florida loomed up to prevent her from going with Wilson. Mary Ann, we wonder if absence makes the heart grow fonder, of somebody else? So long! More news next week.

## Osiron

It has been a little hard getting back to work again after finals. Helen Jones, Louise Fosgate, Nell McDavid, and Modesta Good went home with friends for a grand vacation. Gail, we hear, had a grand time in Minneapolis. Ho hum--such people!

Now that things have calmed down, we decided to stir up a little excitement by giving our tea dance on Valentine's Day. It was quite a lovely affair and a good time was had by all. The T. C.'s were honor guests.

Catherine Kilty's mother and grandmother were over here on the week-end, and Gretchen's folks were here, too.

Congratulations to Helen Jones as our new chapel proctor, and Porgie Young, proctor of Senior! Proud of you, girls!

Congratulations also to Catherine Kilty, who is our new vice-president! We are expecting great things, Catherine.

## X. L.

Last Wednesday was the recreation meeting of the club; Elsie Sante delighted the club by a musical number. This should have been followed by a game, but the pencils for it "were conspicuous by their absence."

Our ingenious president felt duty-bound to get rid of the prize and "made-up" the novel game of guessing a number between one and 500; the member guessing the closest to the number was to receive the prize. This Honor went to Mary Jane Foulston who won a huge apple. Sh!! We'll tell you a secret: Mary Jane had had two apples that day and didn't exactly need a third one.

Billie Frank Smith and Jane Barrett were new girls who visited the club at their regular meeting.

We beg to correct our statement that Mary Frances Lannius will not be back at Ward-Belmont; instead, she is recovering beautifully and will be back very soon.

X. L. is quite elated over the club sports and is making a fine beginning. Of course, little mishaps like Sario's cut lip and Chase's broken glasses and cut nose all must come for the sake of the club. None of these accidents seemed to worry the girls at the Senior-Mid dance!

Saturday night quite a crowd had a grand time at the club house. Jane Barrett, Betty Jayne Reed, and Florence Hirschberg were the new girls who visited the club.

## Penta Tau

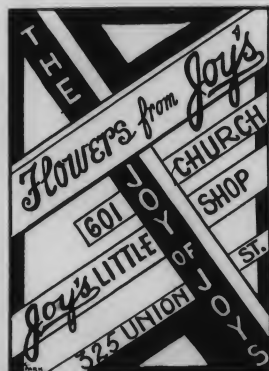
The Penta Taus certainly are proud to have another Maryland Washington in their club. It's getting to be an old Penta Tau tradition--we really like (Continued on page 5)

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## EDITORIAL

## HONOR . . . ACHIEVEMENT

There were some surprised faces in the audience Friday, when Dr. Barton read the Honor Roll and the Dean's Achievement List, but not among the girls whose names appear on the Honor Roll. You have worked hard for your A's and B's. Congratulations on your honor standing! The college Honor Roll for the first semester includes:

*Freshmen*—Jean Bailey, Sally Bateman, Jane Berger, Evelyn Braden, Phyllis Carr, Margaret Greene, Ruth Jones, Royena Kipp, Jane Latz, Roberta Lincoln, Jana Longnecker, Evelyn McCall, Elizabeth Noe, Elizabeth Ann Reed, Betty Sue Roberson, Helen Tibbets, Annie Lou Wall, Charlotte Watkins.

*Sophomores*—Lida Allene Brown, Mary Lalla Byrn, Patty Chadwell, Martha Jane Chattin, Mildred Clements, Jean Dayton, Lattie Miller Graves, Elizabeth Gray, Arlene Hershey, Edwina Holland, Anna Katherine Howard, Kathryn Hyde, Mary Jean Kirwan, Gail Lawrence, Nell McDavid, Virginia Richey, Jean Stewart, Pauline Tucker.

On the Dean's Achievement List appear the names of the college students whose grades show the greatest improvement since fall mid-semester reports were given out. This list includes ten per cent of the total college enrollment. To be on this list is an honor, even higher than to be on the honor roll. These students have made real progress in the last few months. This is the first time that such a list has been published. Congratulations are due these girls for their achievement.

Louise Anderson, Betty Armstrong, Gretchen Beckman, Judith Berry, Evelyn Boyd, Evelyn Braden, Mary Lalla Byrn, Martha Jane Chattin, Virginia Chisolm, Jane Claybrooke, Allie George Collier, Martha Fisher, Mary Wilson Gillespie, Mary Ellen Hudgins, Mamie Jones, Theodora Krauss, Jana Longnecker, Elizabeth Mastin, Jeanne Morgan, Elizabeth Noe, Mildred Parker, Ruth Porter, Louise Robinson, Anne Shepard, Mary Smith, Annie Lou Wall, Mary Norman West.

## TEN YEARS AGO

Athletic Club basketball has started. Members of the Student Council for the spring term were elected.

X. L.'s rival Cupid in Valentine dance.

Ruth Gallup of Indianapolis will impersonate Martha; Margaret Francis of Crowley, La., will represent the "Father of Our Country." The Kentucky Club gave its annual state dance.

All new girls take heed—if you are not a "physical ed" do not attempt to be one of the first one out of the dining-room, because, as yet, you are too tender and timid to try to hold your own in this mad rush.

The HYPHEN gave the names of all girls having a lung capacity over 200!

T. C. Club's new sponsor is Miss Rosa Nourse.

Tri K's heard Miss Theodora Scruggs talk on the Holy Land.

College Special Class gives annual Valentine party for Seniors.

The Del Vers had a grand time at Belle Meade.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

Greetings! It's been raining again and is a bit dreary, but are we letting that get us down? After all, exams are over, rushing is over, spring is coming and, after that—well, is there any need to go on?

The Seniors had "much fun" at their party the other night! If prizes had been given for the most original costumes, Hershey, suites 108 and 109, and Cresset would certainly have been given some recognition, to say nothing of Irene Sartor, who appeared draped in towels.

Of all things, Georganna! At any rate, here's a bit of news to all you gals: She met him at the Senior-Mid dance, she's been hearing from him almost too often, and he invited her to his fraternity dance, of which he is president. She couldn't come on the particular date, so he postpones the dance so that she can come. And is she going—what do you think? Marian Farr and Edith Manly are also the other gals who "made good."

And then there's another fortunate person. Edwina Holland was given ten days' leave to journey to New York—all because she is one of Ward-Belmont's "brilliantest"!

Weren't the A. K. invitations cute? The dance promises to be one of the highlights of the year, 'cause you can always depend on "those thar" enthusiasts to bring forth something new and different.

"Willy's Wildcats," the elegant orchestra of Senior Hall, will fill any engagements at any time. Nancynann should be given recognition for her "Cab Calloway" activity on the saxophone.

Entertainment and refreshments served in the HYPHEN office most anytime Wednesday afternoons! Between the "delicious" Valentines the staff receives, and the backwards-upside-round-the-heart epistle which came addressed to the "Lawrencebird," it will be a wonder if you are reading a HYPHEN today.

Once a journalist, always a journalist! In spite of her graduation from the realms of copy and "heads" to council, Barbara Lee just can't keep away. We'd miss her sadly if she did.

Congratulations to Louise Robinson and Jean Stewart on being chosen as "Martha and George" for next Thursday's celebration!

—So far, honors to "Huggins," with four boxes of candy to her very own credit. And tonight is only Wednesday!

## MISS MAGNOLIA SAYS—

Saturday night proved to be a sleepless night for the new proctor and monitors in Founders. Well, children will be children!

Did you know that Annie Lou finally got a letter from Barrie, and then he made a very dirty crack at her? Woe is her! Men are such beasts!

Ray called Bettie Jayne, and they talked so silly that it was time to hang up before they got to the subject of a date. (That's all right. He will call again.)

Naughty, naughty, Edwina! Gene Beck is Concklin's property. You wouldn't try to cut in, would you?

In spite of exams, Vanderbilt turned out for the Senior-Mid dance, and did we breathe sighs of relief when they started pouring in! Wasn't it grand? Here's to more just like it!

Have you noticed the number of telephone calls received since the dance?

We wonder what kind of hair grower the girls use here to grow their hair for dinner every night.

## EAGLE FEATHER

Eunice Mary Bicknell

We wish to correct a mistake appearing in last week's Eagle Feather. The poem "Guess the Favorite" was not written by Helen Kirkbride, but by her mother. The following selections are from Dorothy Parker's book called "Sunset Gun":

## INTERIOR

Her mind lives in a quiet room,  
A narrow room, and tall,  
With pretty lamps to quench the gloom  
And mottoes on the wall.

There all the things are waxen neat  
And set in decorous lines;  
And there are posies round and sweet,  
And little, straightened vines.

Her mind lives tidily apart  
From cold and noise and pain,  
And bolts the door against her heart,  
Out walling in the rain.

## INCURABLE

And if my heart be scarred and burned,  
The safer, I, for all I learned;  
The calmer, I, to see it true  
The ways of love are never new—  
The love that sets you dazed and dazed  
Is every love that ever blazed;  
The happier, I, to fathom this:  
A kiss is every other-kiss,  
The reckless wove, the lovely name,  
When Helen walked, were spoke the same;  
The weighted breast, the grinding woe,  
When Phaon fled, were ever so.  
Oh, it is sure as it is sad  
That any love is every lad,  
And what's a girl, to dare implore  
Her dear be hers forevermore?  
Though he tried and he be bold,  
And swearing death should be the cold,  
He'll run the path the others went . . .  
But you, my sweet, are different.

## PENELOPE

In the pathway of the sun,  
In the footsteps of the breeze,  
Where the world and sky are one,  
He shall ride the silver seas,  
He shall cut the glittering wave.  
I shall sit at home and rock:  
Rise, to heed my neighbor's knock;  
Brew my tea, and snip my thread;  
Bleach the linen for my bed.  
They will call him brave.

## FULFILLMENT

For this my mother wrapped me warm,  
And called me home against the storm,  
And coaxed my infant nights to quiet,  
And gave me roughage in my diet,  
And tucked me in bed at eight,  
And clipped my hair, and marked my weight,  
And watched me as I sat and stood:  
That I might grow to womanhood  
To hear a whistle and drop my wits,  
And break my heart to clattering bits.

## SWAN SONG

First you are hot,  
Then you are cold;  
And the best you have got  
Is the fact you are old.  
Labor and hoard,  
Worry and wed,  
And the biggest reward  
Is to die in bed.  
A long time to sweat,  
A little while to shiver;  
It's all you'll get—  
Where's the nearest river?

## SECOND LOVE

"So surely is she mine," you say, and turn  
Your quick and steady mind to harder things—  
To bills and bonds and talk of what men earn—  
And whistle up the stair, of evenings;  
Or do you see a dream behind my eyes,  
And ask a simple question twice of me—  
"Thus women are," you say; for men are wise  
And tolerant in their security.

And shall I count the midnights I have known  
When calm you turn to me, nor feel me start,  
To find my easy lips upon your own,  
And know my breast beneath your rhythmic heart;  
You god defer the day I tell you this:  
My lad, my lad, it is not you I kiss!



## "Y" ACTIVITIES

### "Y"—Student Industrial Commission

Ward-Belmont was host to the Student Industrial Commission Friday evening, February 8. Mary Alice Paine, Mary Jane Dulaney and Leora Hill, members of the Commission, with Eunicemary Bicknell and Judy Acheson, members of the Public Affairs Committee, greeted the visitors at the Penta Tau club house. Soon the entire group was having dinner and rapidly becoming better acquainted. Since the college campuses as well as the business and industrial sections of Nashville were represented, there were many topics of interest to be discussed. Mary Alice, president of the Commission, presided, and introduced the speaker, Miss Elizabeth Jones, Industrial Secretary of the "Y," who led the discussion on the topic, "Industry Under the NRA." For their next meeting, the Commission decided to invite a member of the State Legislature to discuss the social legislation which is now before the Legislature.

### "Y"—At the Tennessee Children's Home

The members of the Tennessee Children's Home Committee were formally invited to a Valentine party on Sunday afternoon, February 10, and it was with great anticipation that ten members started out to the Home. First, a Valentine program was given by the children; and the program centered around the poems of Robert Louis Stevenson. Then, in great excitement, the older members of the group served refreshments carrying out the Valentine motif. After this the entire group joined in playing games until late in the afternoon. The members of the committee who were present were: Mary Jane Bass, Helen Hall, Nell Watkins, Mary Smith, Mary Patterson, Louise Longworth, Mildred Sartor, Joyce Cunningham, and Betsy Jones who accompanied the songs for the program.

### "Y"—At the Junior League Home

When Frances Street, Helen Jones, Katherine Biederharn, and Kitty Hood arrived at the Junior League Home and the door was opened, such shouts of fun greeted the visitors that one would never have known that it was a hospital. One of the girls, four years old, came running down the hall with the proud announcement "I can walk! Look at me walk!" Margaret, who is only three years old, was rejoicing in the same activity. Kitty and Frances went to the little girls' ward where they were unable to satisfy all the children who wanted them to come to each of them separately. Helen and Katherine were kept extremely busy in the boys' ward the entire afternoon. However, before they left, many gathered together and sang all their favorite songs.

### "Y"—At Sunday School

The subject, "Living Above the Average," was chosen by Charlotte Watkins for her talk in Sunday School on Sunday, February 10. She said that there are two groups of people: the majority, who live on the average, and the minority, who live above the average. Those who would live above the average must have a goal clearly in mind and they must have ideals and principles by which to live. Every day this progress toward the goal must be checked, and those desiring to live above the average must

have a determination never to lower the goal. This thought, "Living Above the Average," was again brought out in the poems, "Song of Victory" and Orenham's "The Highway," which were read by Carolyn Bryant, and the worship service was closed by the hymn, "Something for Jesus," sung by Arlene Hershey.

### CLUB CHATTER

(Continued from page 3)  
to keep a Martha in the Robinson family, though—Lou's sister was Mrs. Washington in 1934.

Just ask these Penta Tau's about their candy-pulling affair after the program last Wednesday night at the Elub. They all entered into it wholeheartedly, and I mean wholeheartedly. Joyce Cunningham's hands are still out of commission from exercising them so much pulling and tugging, trying to make a batch of sticky substance into something she could get a taste of, without it dripping down her chin.

Katherine Hyde decided that we'd have to have a cooling system installed if we expect to have success with pull-candy.

We're glad to welcome our new member, Elsie Sabin, into the club. Elsie, you have entered just in time—we're planning to have "open house" the 21st of February.

Boy! Doesn't Ruth Potts rate? Mike sent her a whole batch of new records. He must have been in a musical mood lately, Ruth!

### Triad

Tournaments are on! Our bowling team made an excellent showing Thursday. Miss Chambers really knows how.

Our basketball team was beaten by Ariston's, but they make a good showing against those who were "quite a bit" larger than themselves.

Here and there:  
Emmarvne looking rather sleepy but reporting a perfect time in Sewanee.

Juanita usually has something to rave about. Now it's Knoxville and the dances.

Miss Ordway dashing home to spend Saturday night with her sister.

Dinkie H. going home to give the boys hearts a chance to skip a beat.

### Tri K

The Tri K's were royally entertained at their meeting Wednesday night by Winnie Marsh who read to us short stories from "After Such Pleasures," by Dorothy Parker.

Arlene Hershey sang "Sylvia" and every one was sorry that the club period was too short to hear more.

The Tri K's had had their share of the many meetings which have been called recently. Note the results in our winning basketball games. They're always hard-fought contests—and after all, isn't that half the fun of the game—keen competition?

### Del Ver

We are all so thrilled to have Hope Hoofman and Jean McEwan as new members. Welcome, girls!

We're still recovering from the surprise June Weeks gave us. An appendix operation is a surprise anytime. June is up and around now, and before long we'll have her back with us.

Open house was held Sunday to welcome the new girls.

Our basketball team is doing grand work and they ought to with the support from all you Del Ver cheer leaders.

Congratulations to Jean Stewart and Mardie Page for their fine bowling record!

### CASADESUS INCLUDES WARD-BELMONT IN TOUR

(Continued from page 1)

Polonaise, Op. 44, had a massive beginning and ending, connected with a less interesting middle part, under the performer's treatment. The same composer's "Berceuse" was a clear-cut gem that well illustrated Casadesus'

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straightforward style. The "Taran-telle" was an exciting whirl of notes.

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## DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

*Wednesday—*  
It's always a thrill to hear a former  
Ward-Belmont student speak in chapel  
and this morning Jane Briggs spoke.

There is a great clamoring of the  
various clubs over the new girls and  
tonight was a big night at all of the  
houses.

The hospitality of the Anti-Pans is  
remarkable. They not only asked the  
rushes in, but the two active Del Vers  
escorting her! Good old Southern  
hospitality! No, the actives didn't  
accept the invitation—but the rushes  
did!

*Thursday—*  
Found—one HYPHEN editor re-  
turned from the wilds of Minnesota.  
Reward—a readable HYPHEN next  
week!

The big day at last! Days of star-  
vation are over for the majority of  
Senior-Mids, and once out of that for-  
mal they can start eating again! It  
might have been a task to wiggle into  
the dress, but once into it—well, the  
party was a success!

All of the W.-B. traditions were  
present and made themselves apparent  
on the dance floor from Hal Gibson  
on up or down which ever way you  
want to look at it!

"Finder's keepers!" So it's a rela-  
tive is it, Elizabeth Ann?

We hear some of the Seniors in  
Founder's made themselves more or  
less present at their inferior class-  
mates' dance! Where there's a will  
there's a way—even if it is by the fire  
escape! Even succeeded in luring  
some of the cuter boys away! Heigho,  
there's something about a Senior!

*Friday—*

The morning after the night before!  
You'd never know there had been dis-  
sipation on the campus last night—  
not much! What a way to start the  
day! Praise be to Allah for the un-  
derstanding teachers—we can handle  
the rest!

Mr. Underwood played sketches  
from some of the compositions Robert  
Casadesus is to play in his concert,  
Tuesday. It was an interesting syn-  
opsis and will aid Mr. Casadesus' au-  
dience in understanding his pieces.

The tearoom, this afternoon, was  
the scene of more rushing of the new  
girls! Poor things, they have just  
about three times as many hounding  
them than did those at the beginning  
of the fall term!

We feel as though we'd been up 'til  
three o'clock in the morning—but  
well, you know better!

'Night!

*Saturday—*

More rain! Catherine Kilty's  
mother has decided there is no such  
thing as the Sunny South! It has  
been wettest everytime she has been  
at Ward-Belmont!

Out tonight and a glorious time—  
despite the weather!

Back to school and bed!

*Sunday—* To church, and so on! You  
know it as well as we do!

Coffee at the club for the new girls  
—only some way or other the com-  
mittee kind of slipped up and forgot  
to get food so—we sat by the fire!  
Cozy?

The library sheltered us all after-  
noon! Such stuff!

The new students make that great  
decision tonight—clubs! "Don't for-  
get us!" followed them clear into the  
chapel!

To Vandy tonight to hear some for-  
eigner. May sound 'disrespectful but  
the accent was worse!

'Night!

*Monday—*

Another former Ward-Belmontian  
spoke in chapel this morning: Alene  
Wharton who gave us an interesting  
account of her summer spent in New  
Mexico.

And still the basketball tournament  
goes on! Such a scene of activity as  
that gym floor is! And such a hag-  
gard bunch of *femmes* as the players  
are! Ah, us! This athletic life! Get

a lift with a—you fill it in, Ward-  
Belmont!

*Tuesday—*  
Miss Sisson made announcements  
in chapel this morning and after  
Mardie presented the new members of  
Student Council, Miss Morrison an-  
nounced that the student body would  
elect Martha and George Washington  
to preside over the traditional George  
Washington birthday dinner. Elected  
they were! And congratulations to  
George, Jean Stewart; and Martha,  
Lou Robinson!

Casadesus gave his concert tonight  
to a "full house." His playing was  
wonderful but had not Tib been so  
engrossed in her new love we, per-  
haps, would have enjoyed it even  
more!

'Night!

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LOVE MAN'S

### PARAMOUNT BEGINNING MONDAY

"Student  
Tour"

### KNICKERBOCKER

Beginning Friday

"Sweet Adeline"  
with IRENE DUNN

JAMES CAGNEY in  
"Devil Dogs of the Air"

# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, February, 23, 1935

Number 18

## "GEORGE AND MARTHA" PRESIDE OVER ANNUAL BALL

As Martha and George Washington descended the staircase in Recreation Hall on Friday, February 22, the love-liness and charm of the 1760's was reinstated at Ward-Belmont. Two pages preceded the court of powdered-haired ladies and gentlemen down the stairs, and the couples dressed in the attire of the Revolutionary era marched in to dinner.

The red, white, and blue paper decorations, and the flags which formed the centerpieces for each table further accentuated the spirit of the occasion, and the guests at this dinner given in honor of our national hero enthusiastically joined the court in singing the National Anthem.

After the dinner the gymnasium became the setting for the grand entrance of George and Martha, the military tap drill and the dancing of the minut, in which the court took part. Jean Stewart was quite impressive as "George," and Louise Robinson made a charming "Martha" as they sat upon the dais and watched the dance. Johnny Miller's orchestra furnished the music for both the dinner and the dance which followed the minut.

February 22 marks the date of one of Ward-Belmont's lowest entertainments, and one that will never be forgotten by its students.

## WORDSMITHS CHOOSE FOUR NEW MEMBERS

Wordsmiths, the college honorary literary society of Ward-Belmont, held the second try-out of the year, for all girls, both old and new. Fourteen contributions were handed in, and four girls out of this group were accepted into the organization. The new members are Lida Alene Brown, Rosemary Horstmann, Barbara Dratz, and Phyllis Hudson.

Monday evening, February 25, a special meeting will be held to formally welcome the new members. Additional guests will be: Miss Louise Herron, Miss Ellene Ransom, and Miss Riley, instructor in Modern Poetry at Peabody.

Wordsmiths are now on the second phase of the year's work: that of drama, and short stories. The first semester's work was taken up with the study of all phases of poetry.

## VESPER HOUR PRESENTS VARIETY OF POETRY

In Vespers last Sunday, Dr. Edwin Mims was the speaker. He showed us that men find the beauty of the world and express their emotions with poetry. Among the widely varied poems these ideas were brought out: Even a donkey, out of spirit with the universe, has his great moments in life; the spirit of true motherhood is so great that to the two mothers, Mary and the mother of Iscariot, their sons were equal in fineness; the world is so full of things to make us happy, that Edna St. Vincent Millay felt her heart was not big enough to take in all of it; the magnificence of the world is such that no mind is large enough to comprehend it; one can carry off with him all the beauty he wants without causing it to be missed at all. In Dr. Mims' selections, he touched upon music, and the expression seemed apropos after we had just heard a solo on the violin by Roberta Lincoln. The leader of Vespers was Virginia Shaw.

## SCHOOL PARTIES WILL MAKE SPRING TOURS

### Ward-Belmont Plans to Resume European Trip

Dr. Barton made announcements in chapel, Friday, February 15, concerning a series of trips to be sponsored by the school. These range in price and place from ten to twelve dollar trips of one day to local points of interest to a one thousand two hundred and fifty dollar trip abroad, lasting for ten weeks. Three other trips, means of the aforementioned extremes, were also announced. They include a trip to Washington, D. C., one to Natchez, Mississippi, and one to Niagara Falls. The time required for each is about four days.

The European tour to be taken this summer will include all of the main points of interest in the continent. Miss Ellene Ransom and Miss Merivether, members of the faculty and household, will act as chaperones. A maximum of twenty girls may be taken and the tour cannot be conducted for less than twelve. The cost of \$1,250 provides for all expenses, except personal purchases and the customs duties, from the time that the group leaves New York until their return to that city. Travelling accommodations will be first class throughout.

The Washington trip will be taken, the latter part of March or the early part of April, in cherry blossom time. Stops enroute will be made at the Natural Bridge and Virginia Military Institute. The trip will last for about four days, and its cost will be about seventy-five dollars.

The trip to Niagara Falls will be made very soon in order to see the Falls while they are still frozen. Short stops will be made in Buffalo and Detroit. The time required will be the same as for the Washington trip but will cost only sixty-five dollars.

A trip of unusual interest to all, but more especially to girls from the north or east is the three-day trip to Natchez, Mississippi. The trip will be made during a festival, a part of the observance of which includes the opening of about twenty ante-bellum homes to the public. Expenses amount to about fifty dollars including all items except personal expenditures.

All of these latter trips will be made for not less than fifteen girls. Dates have not been definitely settled, but costs mentioned are fairly accurate.

## ROSE PRESENTED IN ANNUAL CONCERT

Continuing the series of concerts given each year by the heads of the departments of the Conservatory of Music, Kenneth Rose, head of the violin department, will appear in concert on Tuesday evening, February 26, at 8:15 o'clock. Mr. Rose will be assisted by Miss Mary Douthit, a member of the piano department here.

Mr. Rose has selected an interesting program including representative numbers from the classical, romantic, and modern school of composition. Of especial interest is the Sonata by Richard Strauss, Opus 18, composed in 1887. This was composed when Strauss was only 23 years of age and in freshness and vitality is unsurpassed. Because of its very great technical and musical problems, this master work has not been given the prominence it deserves, until recently, when its New York revival by Jascha Heifetz made a tremendous impression both on critics and the public.

Ward-Belmont heard Mr. Heifetz in this sonata in 1933, when he appeared here. Mr. Rose will have the assistance of Miss Douthit in this number. Other numbers of interest include the second movement of the recently discovered and published "Adelaide Concerto" of Mozart's composed, remarkably, at the age of twelve, and the "Dance of Terror" of de Falla, one of the late Paul Kochanski's last arrangements for the violin. This last number will be played for the first time in Nashville. Mr. Rose will conclude his program with the first movement of the famous concerto for the violin by the Russian composer, Tschaiowsky.

## MRS. BLANTON RETURNS

All Ward-Belmont is happy to have Mrs. Blanton back with them again. She returned to school Sunday afternoon, from the east where she has been a guest of her daughter, Mrs. Landon Townsend of Montclair, N. J., since the beginning of the Christmas holidays.

## ORGAN RECITAL DELIGHTS AUDIENCE

Lovers of fine pipe organ music were afforded a rare opportunity to indulge themselves in the program offered by F. Arthur Henkel, head of the organ department, at Ward-Belmont, Tuesday evening. Mr. Henkel chose his numbers with an eye toward showing the almost symphonic possibilities of his instrument to full advantage.

First came a "Grande Piece Symphonique," by Cesar Franck, the Belgian composer whose posthumous reputation, like that of Johann Sebastian Bach, has gained ground every year since his death, in 1890. The "Grande Piece Symphonique," throughout its six movements, was marked by characteristic Franck chromatics and breaks—for emphasis, "Legend," Karg-Elert, and "Sketch," by Robert Schumann, followed. A set of three "invocations" was the work of Henri Daller, who, according to the program notes, was for thirty years organist at the Madeleine, in Paris.

In "Concerto Gregoriana," based on Gregorian modes, Mr. Henkel was joined by Roy Underwood, director of the department of piano. Piano and organ were tuned together perfectly; pianist and organist displayed no less accord in their playing. The "Concerto Gregoriana," with its Andante mystico-Allegro, Adagio, Scherzo, and Finale, would have in itself been sufficient recompense to the concert-goer. The audience demanded two encores.

—Nashville Banner.

## ODD FELLOWS CELEBRATE

The Odd Fellows' Club entertained about twenty of its members from many states with a delightful banquet at the Del Ver Club, Monday, night of the eighteenth.

After the banquet the Odd Fellows went in a party to the picture show, "Sweet Adelaide" at the Knickerbocker Theatre. Participants in the social affair state a good time was had by all and many more entertainments are planned for the future.

## ANGKORS WIN SCHOLARSHIP CUP FOR FIRST SEMESTER

With a club average of 1.78 the Angkors won the Scholarship Cup for the first semester 1934-35. The school average for the semester is 1.38. This is a gain of .03 over the average for the first semester last year which was 1.55. Of the girls on the college honor roll, which was announced last week, Jean Stewart was the only one making A's in all her academic subjects.

The club rankings are:

Club	Hour	Quality Credits	Average
1. Angkor	521	925.16	1.78
2. Del Ver	379	595.3	1.58
3. Azora	493.5	616	1.52
4. Anti-Pandora	421.5	611	1.45
5. K	495	572	1.487
6. Tri K	394.5	567.15	1.487
7. Osborn	391	555.06	1.42
8. Recovasin	515	724.45	1.40
9. X	409.5	569	1.39
10. Arletia	522	707	1.35
11. Pentia Tau	433	561.5	1.30
12. Triad	535	653	1.22
13. T	381.5	379.5	.99
14. T. C.	330	281.85	.84
Ward-Belmont	6,037	8,322	1.38
W-B 1st Sem.			
1933-34	6,093.5	8,273.45	1.35

## WASHINGTON PLAY GIVEN BY SENIORS

On Friday, February 22, Miss Pauline Townsend presented in the chapel, "The Highway to Washington," in honor of George Washington's birthday. The play was arranged by Miss Townsend for the Senior Expression class, and was representative of the true Washington.

The cast of characters, including the girls portraying the portraits, were:

The Spirit of the Past... Helen Pillow  
The Ex-serviceman... Marion Farr  
George Washington... Marion Farr  
Nancyann Schmidt  
The Woodman... Marian Truett  
Crossing the Delaware...  
Jean Stewart, Carolyn Bryant,  
Mary Elizabeth Oman, Mary Lee Wilson.

At Valley Forge...  
Arlyene Milligan, Evelyn Cooper,  
Mildred Pratt.

## "BAGGAGE." SUBJECT OF CHAPEL TALK

The Reverend Howard I. Kerr of the Hillsboro Presbyterian Church spoke in chapel Wednesday on "Baggage, the Problem of Human Society and of Family Life." He discussed the baggage of the world—it's social problems; and the baggage of the individual—the useless prejudices.

A study of the history of the word "Baggage" and of its significance shows that the progress of the world may be measured by the way in which its "baggage problems" have been settled. The Roman word for baggage "Impedimenta" suggests their idea on the subject, while the Union leader, Sherman, said, "An army is efficient in action and motion in proportion inversely to its 'Impedimenta.'" The baggage of the world is the real problem of human life and living.

The world's baggage may be said to be its social ills: as former treatment of women, slavery, liquor, and war, which will be a burden for generations to come.

In managing the baggage problem, one must discard as junk all worthless ideas and opinions, check all baggage which may be useful in the future and make the best use possible of the baggage which must serve en route.

## SPORT NOTES

The club competition in basketball began again on Monday with the first game Del Vers vs. Eccowasin. On the whole this was not a good game. The Eccowasins displayed far better team-work than their opponents. However, they made many personal fouls. The Del Ver team did not get together until the game was nearly over, and when the whistle blew the score was 28-15 with a victory for the Eccowasins.

The Aristons won their third straight victory of the season, defeating the Penta Tau's by the score of 41 to 13. It was a run-away affair for the Aristons and even with the loss of Alice Williamson and Patty Chadwell they demonstrated their superiority.

The Anti-Pans were ahead of the

F.F.'s at the quarter, 6-0. The F.F.'s then took a brace and steadily gained until the end of the game. The final score was F.F. 21 and Anti-Pan 8. Thus the F.F.'s remain as contenders for the title. Mamie Jones, Anti-Pan guard, put up a hard game and is a grand guard. Eleanor Irwin was again high-scorer for the F.F.'s.

Tri K's not to be outdone won their third victory on Monday also, downing the X. L.'s 20-10. Mary Beth Caton played an active game for the X. L.'s. The Tri K forwards displayed some very fast playing but seemed a little careless.

The T. C.'s won the opening tilt of the afternoon, 34-10.

The Angkor-A.K. game was a fast and exciting one. The Angkors gave a fine exhibition of all-around work. They showed that they knew their

signals and throughout the game the passing and floor work was to be commended. The A.K.'s again disappointed their supporters by failing to get together. The guards played a hard game but did not click. The forwards never seemed near enough to the baskets to take shots. The final score was Angkors 26, A.K.'s 19. The Angkors are to be congratulated on their team, even if they will not be in the finals because of a defeat by the Aristons.

In spite of the fact the Osirons didn't score in the game against the Agoras, they showed a marked development. With the exception of one player none of the team had ever before played basketball until this December. The Agoras have not been beaten this season but as they tied one game they are eliminated from the semi-finals. They deserve praise for having established such a splendid record without their star and "moving spirit," Winnie.

The three teams left now for the semi-finals are the F.F.'s, the Tri K's and the Aristons. The Aristons drew a by, so the semi-final will be between the F.F.'s and the Tri K's on Thursday afternoon at 3:40. The Aristons and the Osirons I don't know, will play the finals, it is hoped, next Wednesday.

The scores at the end of the third round in the bowling tournament are:

Agora	905
A.K.	1156
Anti-Pan	1049
Del Vers	1204
F.F.	1012
Osiron	899
Penta Tau	1084
T.C.	1094
Tri K	1222
X.L.	901
Angkor	1282
Ariston	1117
Eccowasin	965
Triad	1061

The girls with the highest bowling scores at the end of the third round are:

Ellen Bowers	387
Marguerite Page	380
Jean Stewart	342

The Apparatus Meet is scheduled for Monday, February 25. There will be a variety of interest to say the least with aspiring "apparatus-ites" doing strange things with ropes, "horses," "booms" and "boxes."

LONG-AGO VALENTINES  
FEATURED BY A. K.'S

The A. K. Club held its gym dance Saturday night, February 16. The gym was beautifully decorated with hearts and cupids and provided a very attractive background for the many lovely dresses worn by the guests, who were received by the club president, Virginia Richey, the club sponsor, Miss Linda Rhea, Betty Heck, Carolyn Bryant and Nancyann Schmid.

One of the most interesting features of the dance was the "special." Joan Butterfield, acting as page, presented three generations of Valentines. Early colonial Valentines were picturesquely presented by Virginia Richey and Carolyn Bryant, who stepped out of their frame and danced the minuet. The Valentine of the Gay Nineties was cleverly enacted by Mary Ann Foley and Mary Smith, who came to life and danced a "nineties" waltz. The present-day Valentine was very well represented by Nancyann Schmid and Virginia Shaw, who did an exhibition waltz.

The entire "special" was planned and directed by Nancyann Schmid, who was assisted by Mary Lee Wilson at the piano and Roberta Lincoln playing the violin.

Punch was served throughout the evening, and Johnny Miller's orchestra provided the music. It was one of the nicest dances of the year and from the looks of things every one got a big rush and enjoyed it immensely.

## BURK &amp; COMPANY

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## DANCE COLUMN

## What's Going on in Our Studio

"Strum, strum, strum!" The advanced tap students are playing their banjos as they attempt to combine music and tapping in one stroke. Feverish counting—again and again! "Is it tap and strum or tap and two strums?" This banjo tap routine is only one of the interesting compositions being taught by Miss Jeter in the dancing department.

The ballet classes have gone continental with a variety of dances ranging from an Indian ceremonial to the Beethoven Sonata. Among the dances many countries are represented—the lively Russian would nod in approval to see us whirl and stomp in true Russian style. But our latest attempt is a Greek number, or Greek game, which brings out all the strength and leaping, typical of Greek athletes.

Interpretive work has been a major part of the ballet work, as well as character dancing. More serious than the lively character dances is the number which is called "Black Moth." With wings of transparent gauze we create the spirit of the moth in flight—now a pause—a whirling of wings—as Miss Smith plays a series of runs. Another interesting movement is called the "water movement," depicting the ripple of the waves by body sequences. To the music of the Beethoven Sonata, the group as a whole works in interpreting the sonata.

In the other classes which are held from day to day there is a great deal of work being done. The "baby" class of four and five-year-old children has mastered the difference in rhythms and now learns steps in combination. As soldiers they stand straight and salute crisply. As birds they fly around the room with outstretched arms. They love their work—every minute of it from their stretching at the bar, which precedes all floor work, to their final "patting time" on the floor.

In all the classes—toe, acrobatic, tap, and ballroom—hard work is being done both by the pupils and by Miss Jeter. There are so many things she wants to teach us and there is so much we want to learn in our swiftly passing class hours.

## P-S-S-T-!

Of course, we realize that in reality the Senior-Mid dance is a past event, but since this column was too long last week to get in the much-crowded Valentine Hyphen, we must tell you of a few choice bits.

Imagine, if you can, Louise's chagrin when, upon asking a boy if she might introduce him to some girl, the said male smiled and answered, "Yes, ma'am, I'd love to!"

This boner is the best yet. A boarder took a boy up to Miss Sisson to introduce him, got frustrated—evidently—and said, "Miss Sisson, may I produce—?"

Another unknown boarder was considerably confused when she found out that she had just introduced a boy to his day student steady.

"Was reported that Mary Wilson Gillespie went in for the hop in a big way. In fact, she founced around in all sorts of frills and furbelows.

To conclude late reports of the dance, Juliette was so completely overcome when she received a gorgeous gardenia corsage from a certain Titian-haired youth that she became inarticulate to the point of gasping over the telephone.

The recent bomb dropped by

"Don't Quote Me" has certainly created quite a stir. Who is the girl to whom the column referred as "one of the prettiest day students" who is going to announce her engagement at the end of this semester? There are several candidates, but which?

From all indications, Lillian is going to compile a Walter's Encyclopedia of Unusual Pronunciations. Ask her how to pronounce phenolphthalein. (Hope it's spelled correctly!)

Wonder if this following information seems as incoherent to you as it does to us? Evelyn Boyd complained in Psych that, "in her younger days" she used to be picked on by bigger children. But just the day after that statement she came to school with a bad crick in her neck, and that afternoon we saw her walking with a boy who had a bandage on one of his eyes! Circumstantial evidence?

Who is the person from whom Alie George is so hopeful of receiving mail that she is loathe to come to school before the postman arrives?

If you want to see the school's funniest, just come to the pool and watch Betty do the breast stroke. When we saw Frances Bratton just nearly dying from laughter, we thought the poor girl had gone crazy, but, when we saw Betty's hips going up and down like a porpoise—then we understood. Also, if Frances should ask you where her best hat is, she means friend. It's reasonable to suppose that, if these words are synonymous in French, they are in English.

Mary Ann is down on Sigma Nus, but she has a pretty good-looking souvenir.

Margaret and Evelyn are the world's worst! Margaret burns, raises window, then Evelyn freezes. Very disgustingly Margaret sheds one sweater which Evelyn gratefully accepts to put around her shoulders. Evelyn is still cold, so Margaret takes off another sweater in which Grandma Braden swaths her trembling limbs. We frankly believe that Margaret would have taken off more if she had not thought of the rest of the Chemistry class. (What's the point of wearing all your wardrobe, anyhow?)

The industrious looking girl who is seen on the campus is none other than Kitty, who hides behind the glasses for protection.

## 34 MAKE HIGH SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

The high school honor roll for the first semester includes:

**First-Year Class**—Jean Caldwell, Sue Perkins Craig, Polly Barr Edwards, Ann Ganier, Ann Hardeman, Harriet Orr.

**Second-Year Class**—Jean Burk, Betty Blackman, Susan Cheek, Judith Davis, Nelle Edwards, Ann Carolyn Gillespie, Llewellyn Granbery, Elaine Haila (4 A's), Virginia McClellan, Jeannette Oliver, Jane Vance.

**Third-Year Class**—Grace Benedict, Jeanne Cookson, Peggy Dickinson, Marion Hill (4 A's), Lucile Johnson, Mickie Perry, Carmencita Torrey.

**Fourth-Year Class**—Nancy Brown, Sylvia Cobb, Lyabeth Fitzpatrick, Elizabeth Love, Josephine Neil, Jean Reinhardt, Frances Rose, Betsy Strain, Cynthia Tompkins, Ann Turney.

## DRAMATIC CLUB CASTS ANNOUNCED

Casts for the plays to be given by the Dramatic Club are as follows:

**Pink and Patches**, by Margaret Bland; Texie, Jane Bagley; Rexie, Betsy Jones; Ma, Becky Hall; Mrs. Allen, Betty Penick.

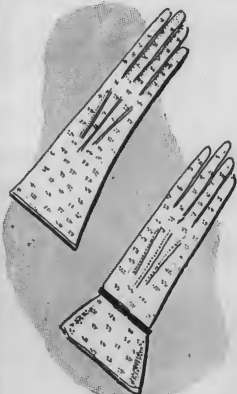
**Ghostly Lovers**, by Beulah King; Brandt, Mary Louise Henderson; Judith, Bettie Jane Reed; Mrs. Brandt, Elizabeth Cornilust; Mrs. Caswell, Mary Clark Crimm; Lesby, Dorothy Elliott.

**Short Story**, by Booth Tarkington; Anna, Elizabeth Ann Reed; George,

## TINSLEY'S ★★

## Pigskins

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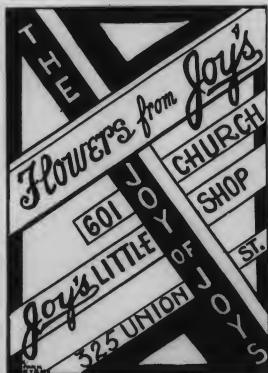
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NOTE: Pigskins have appeared 4 to 1 at all early spring hunts and racing meets on the Atlantic Seaboard.

## TINSLEY'S



Tony Treadway; Mary, Lawrence Butler; Grace, Joyce Cunningham; Lennie, Shirley Leake; Tom, Polly Anne Billington; Floyd, Lyrabeth Fitzpatrick; Lynn, Charlotte Ann Doughty; Fred, Pauline Tucker; Housemaid, Frances Bratton.

The plays will be given the evening of Saturday, March 23, at eight o'clock.

*Lovemans*

PHOENIX

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O Lastest tops hold up these new Bobbed Hosies by Phoenix. They're so comfortable! And smart, too—in fine Phoenix chiffon. Ask for Bobbed Hosies, in the new Phoenix Raging Colors.

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Published every Saturday by the students of  
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JUDITH BERRY, ALICE OVERTON, CHARLOTTE ANN BRIDGE,  
MARY NORMAN WEST, FRANCES GRAHAM, WINNIE COFFEE,  
FLORENCE MARTIN BRADFORD, BARBARA LEE REED.

## OFFICE ASSISTANTS

BETTY CARLISLE, MARY JANE BASS.

## EDITORIAL

## CITIZENSHIP

February is a good time to discuss citizenship because of the two great citizens who were born in this month. Washington was a leader of men and was set up by them as a model citizen—the really “first citizen” of the country. He symbolizes the dignity and prestige which sometimes come with citizenship. Lincoln was ever a man of the people. Born in a log cabin and brought up among plain hard-working people, he was as much a “first citizen” as was Washington, though in a different sense. He went ahead and did what he thought right in the face of great odds. Faced by seemingly insurmountable problems he did not lose hope, nor what is almost as important, did he lose his sense of humor.

Every spring at the All-Club Banquet the name of the girl who has been adjudged the best citizen throughout the year is announced. She is not the prettiest girl, nor the most brilliant girl, nor the girl who has held the most honors. But, she is a friendly girl, a girl who has been willing to do what was asked of her with the least amount of fuss and fretting. She has not sought personal glory or achievement for herself. You may not find her name on the varsity list, but you may be assured that she was among those who attended practices and who did her best for the club record.

Some honors are automatically above the reach of the average person. All may be attractive, all cannot be beautiful; all may have friends and be charming, although personality is the gods' gift to a favored few. A certain standard of grades may be achieved and kept by hard work; to go above this requires unusual mental ability. But, citizenship is within the reach of all. One of the highest honors which can come to a person, it is to be won by living up to your own highest ideals.

G. L., '35.

## DIRTY COPY

“Dirty copy” is a journalistic term, and is applied to an article that needs rewriting, one that looks “dirty” from the quantity of correction marks on the paper. It is the result either of haste or carelessness, but does not necessarily mean a poor article. The most sensational, most interesting, or most inspiring article you ever have read may have evolved from “dirty copy.”

Now that there is a hint of spring in the air, and we have what sometimes seems to be more studies and activities to look after than we can manage, we seem to dash from one thing to the next, hurrying to finish all of what must be done, in a short time; our results often have an appearance of carelessness. This haste and carelessness, enforced though it may be, will bring forth a flood of criticism that we must float above. We must not let it submerge us; there must be no despair.

Criticisms are the correction marks that give a dirty appearance to a page, and make it possible for an interesting and inspiring result to be evolved. It is not necessary to work so hard that we tire ourselves with trying to keep up; but we must keep our balance, keep our chin up, and find in the criticisms a buoy to lift rather than a rock to drown.

B. D., '36.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

Welcome, Miss Coffee! Glad you are back in our midst again. We missed you, friend!

Congratulations to the new Word-smiths! We're mighty proud of you!

Poor Moselle Worsley is blamed for everything—particularly the noise in Founders. How about that, Moselle?

We do wish some aspiring sleuth would solve the mystery of “who gave Ruthie Potts two dozen talisman roses on her birthday Tuesday?” There was no card and at least seven people have told the “poor child” they sent them!

We hear that life is never dull any more in Pembroke. Lights going out at odd moments, salt and water in beds, frogs in beds, etc., help to add vim and vigor. Some fun!

Barbara Lee Reed, Margaret Louise Boyd, and Marian Farr have been recipients of long-distance phone calls from their O. A. O.'s. And speaking of long distance calls, Mardie Page and Jean Stewart had a surprise call the other night from Cack Brown, Marj Jacobson, and Ruthie Nehls.

Also, have you heard that “Thely” Martin is going all the way home to Fort Worth, Texas, the first week in March? Going to be right up-state and airplane it, eh “Thely”?

Mrs. Handley requests that suggestions be handed in to her for the “Thought of the Week” board in the book room. All thoughts will be gladly received and credit duly acknowledged.

This is sorta late, but there's nothing like digging a nice juicy morsel out of the past. We hear that Arlyne Milligan doesn't like chocolate cigarettes; how 'bout it, Arlyne?

It certainly is fine having you back, Edwina, after your New York jaunt—and also, June Weeks, after a surprise appendicitis operation.

Martha Lou Lawrence's Arizona Bill finally broke down after five weeks and wrote our little gal a nice big “special.” Should we warn him that he shouldn't be so lax or his Tennessee rival will soon have an edge on him, or not?

Fran Graham certainly makes an A-1 radio announcer, doesn't she?

Things seen here and there that we covet:

Hope Hoofman's sunny disposition.  
Virginia Shaw's heavenly blue bag-herra tunic.

Elsie Sabin's delicate manner.  
Jean Stewart's straight A's.

Mary Lee Wilson's ivory-teasing ability.

Nelle Jane Ranck's young grocery store.

Patsy Burger's rhinestone earrings.

Gilbertine Moore's masculine basketball technique.

Bufoed Hayter's stunning black velvet formal.

Edwine Schmid's poise.

Boots Bradley's unique sense of humor.

Mary Eleanor Clay's beautiful look at the organ.

Phyllis Carr's skates.

Frankie Marbury's supreme joy of living.

Elizabeth Ann Reed's intensity.

Gretchen Coleman's cuteness.

Judy Acheson's sweaters.

Betty Ridley's knitting ability.

Ginny Richey's quaintness.

Marty Kiger's complexion.

Didn't Lou and Jean make a fine Martha and George? And wasn't the minut lovely? So many men at dinners lately, we're about getting used to hearing masculine voices in the dining room again.

Well, friends, I must go into a strange interlude as here comes Glen Gray and Annette Hanshaw. I'll be out by next week, so g'bye till then.

## EAGLE FEATHER

By Eunice Mary Bicknell

## ALONE

Tonight as I sit down to write this  
To ease a torturing soul,  
I'm alone in a world of millions  
My life seems without a goal.

I feel as a piece of driftwood  
Tossed on a stormy sea,  
Alone—yea and tired and weary,  
And my life's a burden to me.

I'm alone in a crowded household  
And left as a babe in the wood,  
Helpless and frightened and senseless,  
Oh to die, if I only could!

To have them wait at their losses;  
To feel them peer down in my face;  
To hear all the things I had done well,  
The hurt I'd borne with disgrace.

To have him weeping step forward  
And tell of his love as he said,  
“Oh, why did I ever leave you?  
For now you are gone and dead!”

And they'd carry me to a wooded country  
Where the brooks and birds always sing,  
And I'd have no more earthly worry,  
In my face sweet earth would they fling.

But no, I'm alive and young yet,  
And have my cares to bear.  
I don't think I'd mind if my thinking ceased  
When memories in my face wouldn't stare.

But those you are bound to meet up with  
And have them received in your heart,  
That this was where something happened,  
The place you decided to part.

Oh, the trials of being alone  
In mind, and soul and all!  
To never have someone beside you  
To catch you whenever you fall.

But this is just youth's longing  
For comfort, protection and love,  
In time, I'll too get over my weakness  
And look toward the sun up above.

My life lies ahead, before me,  
And down it I'll travel alone,  
But the depths of my soul are broken  
And I walk it with feet of stone.

Nancyann Schmid, '35.

## A PRAYER

Oh God, look down and speak to me;  
Open my eyes and let me see;  
Show me all things full of beauty;  
Guide me each day in daily duty;  
Give me faith and hope and courage;  
All my self-conceits discourage;  
Help me to live like those above,  
That I may walk with You in love.

Winnie Coffee, '36.

## CANDLE FLAME

You came  
A candle flame—  
To the organ.  
And though you leave—  
It still will be  
Warm  
In my heart.

Betty Roberson, '36.

## POEM

Time throbs so loud I cannot hear what you say.  
And people press so close I cannot see your face.  
But once I felt you laugh—it was so gay—  
That others turned to catch its loveliness.  
The heart of Time grew quiet and still.  
The people reveled thin until—  
I touched your hand, and saw your face—  
And knew a sudden sense of loneliness.

Betty Roberson, '36.

## CLUB CHATTER

## Agora

Florence Hirschberg and Bettie Jayne Reed are our new members. They were initiated immediately following the Valentine dinner party; each girl was dressed in white, and given flowers.

At the business meeting following the initiation, the club divided into three groups, each one to present a stunt for the next meeting. The stunts turned out to be a lot of fun.

We are happy also in having defeated the Osirons 33-0 in basketball, on Tuesday afternoon; having three members, Phyllis Hudson, Lida Allene Brown and Barbara Dratz, accepted into the Wordsmith Club, and being rated third place for scholarship.

And Wednesday, Winnie came down! Sure is nice to see her out again.

All in all, this is a week of thanksgiving for the Agoras.

## A. K.

We're mighty proud of Nellie and the rest of our bowlers. Now that we are this far along, we ought to really get somewhere in the bowling world. And now that we are so far up, here's hoping we do right by ourselves in the final tournaments.

The A. K.'s are very proud of their dance and the way it worked out. If every one there had as good a time as they seemed to have and as we all did have, it was a success.

And we weren't proud of our A. K.'s on the Honor Roll? Three of them on the Honor Roll and four on the Achievement List! If more of us were only of this type, whatta club!

## Anti-Pan

The Anti-Pan president is finding it a little difficult to get back to studying after spending the week-end with her parents. Don't you know she had a good time!

Another Anti-Pan makes good! Mary Lee has now fulfilled her life-long ambition—that of directing an orchestra. In fact, their reception at chapel was so encouraging that they have condescended to give up their many engagements and take the W. European trip at the ship's orchestra; that is, if Mary Lee can make the steamship agents come to her terms!

Charlotte Louise—ain'tcha' got no sense? Don'tcha' know these Sioux City bozos are real treacherous-like, and especially those named Darrel? Oh, me, and it all came from a measly little New Year date. . . .

## F. F.

The F. F.'s are quite proud of their basketball record. They have won all of their games so far. Next week will tell the tale. Here's praying for them.

Concklin, Mozellie and Pony decided to recreate at the game Monday, so they took their hamburgers and went to the club for dinner. 'Tis said that eggs are rather difficult to eat with the fingers (especially fried ones).

## Tri K

Valentine Day is here again and how! We, the Tri K's, entertained our sister club, the X. L.'s, at an impromptu party last Wednesday night. Jigsaw puzzles are still favorites and we spent the first five or ten minutes trying to fix red paper together to form hearts. You should have heard the poems that were read next! One girl wrote a line, passed the paper on and the next wrote a line to rhyme. She turned the paper down and passed it on. Red hearts were the favorite because we then scrambled madly about looking for the mate to the half of a heart we held. If you were lucky, you got a dance or two in before refreshments of heart ice cream and small boxes of heart-candy. We certainly enjoyed

the evening and hope the X. L.'s will prove they did by coming back again.

Our new member, Gretchen Coleman, will be formally initiated this Wednesday night. We're certainly glad to have her.

## Angkor

Well, we're so puffed up over ourselves that we don't know what to do. We now have three cups, enough to balance our mantel. We just added the Scholarship Cup to our collection and are we proud! Also, we're doing rather well in bowling. "We're the Top." The fast-moving Aristons were a little too much for us, but nobody can say that we didn't try. "Woopa" has gone around all week with a fanatical gleam in her eyes muttering basketball signals.

The dark horse we referred to last week has been discovered. If you will refer to the Friday Banner, it'll let you in on the secret. Mary Ann refuses to answer our questions from last time. All she'll do is demand to know who is the source of our information. Well, our guess is that the answer will be "no." This brings to a close another report. See you next Monday.

## X. L.

The X.L. club is heartily in favor of the sister clubs since Wednesday night when the Tri K Club entertained us with a Valentine party. Connie Chase and Winifred Marsh managed to patch up their hearts most rapidly and so won another heart. We all turned poets and afterwards matched more hearts and found partners to dance with. The delicious refreshments were awfully clever too. Tri K, just in case you haven't heard, we had a delightful time, in fact, the bestest in some time.

Going back into history a little, we find that the Tri K club and X.L. Club first started being sister clubs; then the other clubs found just how nice it really was to have a sister club and promptly adopted sisters.

## Eccowasin

Congrats to our basketball team for their team work in the Tri K game; even though they didn't win we are certainly proud of them. More honors went to the team when a tea was given for them, Monday afternoon after the Del Ver game which they won 28 to 15.

We certainly are glad to see so many Eccowasins taking interest in the Dramatic Club. We notice that a good many already have gotten parts in the first plays. For all we know, there may be a Garbo in our midst.

## Penta Tau

Last Club meeting, we had a fine talk by Miss Scruggs who told us much about Mary, Queen of Scots. Mary was some gal and that's no joke!

I see where our social butterfly, Edwina Holland, has flown back to us from New York. She missed only ten days of school. We certainly feel awfully sorry for her. One consolation, W.-B. gals, we don't have to make up the week.

Our best basketball game of the season is coming Monday. Boots certainly hopes all the regular team is well and ready to go. She says she's terribly tired of falling on that "football." She ought to be; she only fell a dozen times. Wish us luck! We play the Aristons. They only beat one club 63-3. If the Penta Tau Club is a bit out of whack Tuesday, don't dare ask why, just guess.

WILLY'S WILDCATS  
RECEIVE OVATION

Willy's Wildcats, inimitable musicians of Senior Hall, made their initial public appearance Monday morning in Chapel. This smoothest of smooth jazz orchestras under the capable direction of Miss Mary Lee Wilson,

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also pianist for the orchestra, rendered several of the most popular tunes of the day and also some of the jazz classics. The organization of this orchestra shows highly developed technique and musical ability of the members, and perfect coordination of all parts towards producing the finished number. The Wildcats have been acclaimed by Ward-Belmont as unexcelled by any other young producers of undulating dance rhythms.

The personnel of this band includes the Misses Nancyann Schmid, Marian Colletter, Jane Keyport, Jean Stewart, Mary Lalla Byrn, and its con-

ductor-pianist. The program offered several popular selections and special numbers of note included an entirely original rendition of "St. Louis Blues" with Miss Schmid at the saxophone, a vocal duet by Miss Schmid and Miss Wilson, and a piano number "If I Could Be With You," by Miss Wilson.

The students and faculty of Ward-Belmont consider that they have been privileged to hear the premier performance of a group of great artists who will go far in the world of music and they are enthusiastically awaiting another appearance of Miss Wilson and the Wildcats.



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## DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

Reverend Timmons spoke in chapel  
this morning while we let our thoughts  
and hopes wander towards St. Valentine's Day.

Tonight we all donned our little  
white frocks and held initiation for  
the new gals! Now they're just one  
of us minus the experience of Fag  
Day. Such extreme luck is not fair!

Thursday—

We had oodles of company while  
haunting the mail boxes today! It  
was not only a very busy day for  
Cupid but for the mail man as well!

Such a day of flowers, specials,  
packages, and wires! Ain't love  
grand? The boys didn't fail Mo-Re  
and the hut looked like a veritable  
(we just love that word!) flower garden!

Wasn't the Osiron tea dance fun?  
And the food, well, we almost left our  
appetite there when we left for dinner!

The dinner was wonderful and the  
floor show a wow! Some night club  
is sure to snap Francois up, just like  
thata!

'Night!

Friday—

Ooh! Such a time getting up!  
The Honor Roll was read in chapel  
this morning and the scholarship cup  
was presented to the Angkors. Our  
bravos and three cheers to you!

Dr. Barton then made the startling  
announcement that the school would  
again sponsor a European trip this  
summer! Heigho! When do we leave?

Saturday—

We took in our last Vandy lecture  
and then to town where we sighed  
and sighed over "Wings in the Dark." We  
pine for the life of an aviatrix!

The week's crowning glory was the  
A. K. dance! And we stepped right  
in the heart of it! It was one swell  
dance, believe you us! The stunt was  
especially reminiscent!

We danced a blister on our heel and,  
taking no for an answer, retired (you  
know it!) to our room!

'Night!

Sunday—

Took a little diversion tonight and  
went "toddling" at the Toddle House!  
Such food!

Back in time to hear Joe Penner  
and for a quiet (?) evening of study  
—and life goes on!

'Night!

Monday—

"Willy's Wildcats" made their debut  
on the Ward-Belmont stage this morning  
at 11:30 A.M. In regard to tone  
quality and rhythm they are unsurpassed.  
They declined to encore and it is our  
firm belief that they didn't know any  
more numbers—but that is mere hearsay!  
Incidentally, they are entirely and  
"unobstructably" open for further engagements!  
Line forms on the left!

This week marks the end of the  
successful, or unsuccessful, as the case  
may be, basketball and bowling tournaments!  
The W.-B. athletes can begin their rest  
cure until Miss Morrison gives further notice!

'Night!

Tuesday—

Congratulations to the new members  
of Wordsmith! May you all be second  
Walt Whitmans—or something!

And to another concert! They're  
getting to be a habit with us! Again,  
we had to put up another struggle  
with Tib! Music doesn't do much  
towards soothing her soul! Ah!—the  
unconventionalities of youth!

'Night!

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## PARAMOUNT

STARTING FRIDAY

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— IN —

"Gilded Lily"

— IN —

"Gilded Lily"

— IN —

"Gilded Lily"

— IN —

"Gilded Lily"

— IN —

"Gilded Lily"

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## WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, March 2, 1935

Number 19

MR. ROSE GIVES  
SPLENDID CONCERT  
WITH FAMOUS VIOLIN

The Ward-Belmont conservatory of music presented Kenneth Rose, head of the violin department, in recital on Tuesday evening. The program proved to be one of the most enjoyable ones that this popular artist has given.

Local concert-goers have long since learned to respect Mr. Rose's ability as a violinist, but on this occasion he was in particularly fine form and surpassed anything I have heard him do in the past. There was a noticeable freedom and verve about his playing that lent added interest, and his naturally good tone was enhanced by the (Continued on page 8)

CORNELIUS WINS  
SWIMMING MEET

The annual Ward-Belmont Swimming Meet was held on Thursday afternoon, February 28, in the school pool. The swimming meet closed the season of swimming in which strokes, dives, plunges, and endurance is trained preparatory for this event. A fair crowd attended in the balcony and the girls were profuse in their applause of the various individuals and teams.

The individual winner of this year's (Continued on page 6)

DR. CAMPBELL SPEAKS  
FOR SUNDAY CHAPEL

The subject of the unusual and inspiring talk of Dr. Campbell in Sunday morning chapel, February 24, was "The Making of the American Mind."

Every organization, institution, state and nation has a mind, as well as every individual. Of what are these different minds made up? Some of the fundamentals we inherit, some are influenced by environment and some we acquire by association. The American mind, according to Dr. Campbell, is composed of twelve elements.

They are: the Puritan element, the Cavalier culture, the Roman Catholic contribution, the firm character of William Penn and his associates, the contributions of the skeptic, the workman, the scientist, and the scholar. Politicians, poets, apostles of revolts and prominent national characters as Franklin Roosevelt and Francis O'Sherry also play a part in the making of the mind of the nation.

Dr. Campbell closed his talk with the prayer that we would follow the making of the American mind by the greatest contribution possible to woman, that of motherhood.

WORDSMITHS DISCUSS  
POETRY AT INITIATION

"There are two kinds of poetry," Miss Riley, instructor in Modern Poetry at Peabody College, told Wordsmiths Monday night: Poetry which is written for publication and poetry which is written for pleasure. Everyone may write the latter type whether he has a great amount of talent or not. The writing of real poetry is a science as well as an art and requires a wide background and a great deal of hard work. After poetry is written, allow it to cool, then condense it, make it universal in appeal, see that the rhythm is in keeping with the subject, and polish it. Don't use the first word which pops into your head, as it has very likely popped into a great many other heads. An informal discussion followed, and Miss Riley read from some of the modern poets.

The dinner was in honor of the four recently elected Wordsmiths, and Miss Louise Herron and Miss Ellene Ransom were additional guests.

## CHANGE IN STAFF

Due to the fact that two of its staff members have been elected to Student Council, the Milestones has had two changes in its executive group. Mo-selle Worsley has succeeded Edwin Schmid as feature editor and Anne Turney was replaced by Beverly Lack as high school representative.

CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL GAME FULFILLS  
ALL EXPECTATIONS

A capacity crowd of shrieking students attended the thrilling basketball finals in the gym Wednesday evening. The game proved to be the best seen in several years. The playing of both teams was spectacular, with speed personified in the fast passes and lightning-quick basket shots.

The Aristons gained a good lead in the first quarter only to be caught off-guard by the marvelous shooting of the Tri K's in the next period which gave them (Tri K's) a two-point lead at the half with the score 23 to 21.

But the Aristons were not daunted! Virginia Smith commenced an accurate volley of shots which carried the defenders to a 38 to 27 lead in the third quarter. However, accidents will happen and the last quarter was no exception. Libby had two personals and the Tri K's were afraid she might be put out. This fear renewed their determination and Janet placed the ball time and again through the hoop. To add to the excitement Patsy fell as did Jayne, but nothing could keep them from playing. The climax occurred when Evelyn was taken out on fouls. The Aristons placed Patty at guard and Janet McFadden substituted as as forward. The defenders' score remained at a standstill during the last three minutes while the Tri K's gradually crept up on them. The Ariston guards clamped down, though, in the nick of time, for the final whistle ended the game with last year's winners once again victorious by a score of 40 to 38.

It was a hard-won battle, but the best team always wins, and so it goes! Congratulations, Aristons! The Tri K challengers are to be commended for their excellent playing, and for keeping that practically all-star team of the Aristons to a two-point victory.

The figures on the game are as follows:

Aristons	Points	Made	Tri K's
Collier F. ....	14	18	Pascoe F.
Chadwell F. ....	14	12	Worsley F.
Smith F. ....	12	8	Cookson F.
Allen G. ....			Schorndorfer G.
Boyd G. ....			Crossan G.
Lutz G. ....			Siegmund G.
	40	38	

Substitution: McFadden. Referee: O'Donnell. Umpire: Cayce. Scorers: Graham, Coffee. Timers: Page; Concklin.

ANGKORS WIN  
BOWLING HONORS

The Bowling finals were played off Tuesday, February 26. The four contenders were: Angkors, Tri K's, A. K.'s and Del Vers. The tournament was well attended and each club had its supporters who shrieked with joy when a member of their team succeeded in knocking down all the pins with one shot.

Winners of the finals were: Angkors, first with a score of 444, Tri K's second with 419, and Del Vers third with 363. The high scorers for the day were: Marion Hill, Angkor—140; Catherine Lanham, Tri K—134.

(Continued on page 7)

SENIORS-SENIOR-  
MIDS BATTLE  
APRIL 13TH IN NEW  
TYPE CONTEST

The date of Senior-Senior-Middle Day has been set for April thirteenth. This year, for the first time, the hockey, basketball and bowling will have been played off before the actual Senior-Senior-Middle Day. Baseball, archery and tennis will be played off in the morning, and the afternoon (Continued on page 7)

RUSSIAN VIOLINIST  
TO WARD-BELMONT  
ON MARCH 7TH

Nathan Milstein, brilliant Russian violinist, who returned in January, 1935, for his sixth consecutive American tour, is the sensation of three continents. Not yet thirty, this dark, slim youth is already a hardened globe-trotter. The veteran of packed, triumphant tours in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Europe, and South America, Milstein's last American tour was "sold-out." He will (Continued on page 7)

CAMPUS ACTIVI-  
TIES FILL CALENDAR  
MARCH TO JUNE

Old girls have remarked and new girls have wondered why time flies so fast after the first of March. But now that it is really spring, we have for you a calendar for the rest of the year that you may see for yourselves. A few of these dates may be subject to change.

Tonight, March second, we will see (Continued on page 7)

VARSITIES NAMED FOR  
PAST SPORT SEASON

With the close of each sports season, Ward-Belmont names on the first and second varsities those girls who have excelled in the game. This rating is arrived at by the physical education department by weighing the effectiveness, the correctness, ability to work with a team, and knowledge of the game. This is particularly true in the picking of the basketball varsity. In bowling, form and accuracy count, and they are shown in the (Continued on page 6)

PRESIDENTS DISCUSS  
"LEISURE TIME"

A question of leisure time has recently come up in faculty discussion. This subject was taken up in President's council meeting Monday night, February 11. The discussion was headed by Irene Sartor who showed that most students have the wrong interpretation of the term, "leisure time." She suggested that we count as leisure time activities not only the time spent in the tea-room or in town, but also clubs, gym classes and optional courses as: music, art and expression.

The problem which was discussed from all sides by the council is: To obtain for some girls a more limited number of hours in outside organizations and for every girl a certain number of hours in such organizations.

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## MUSIC STUDENTS PRESENTED IN RECITAL

A student recital was held in the school auditorium on Friday afternoon, March 1. There was an interested audience in attendance and the performance of the music students gave evidence of their excellent training and hard work.

The program was as follows:

1. Voice—  
Lullaby ..... Cyril Scott  
RUTH PORTER
2. Piano—  
Andalucia ..... Lecuona  
MARY JANE DULANEY
3. Violin—  
Czardas ..... Monti  
CATHERINE CROSSAN
4. Voice—  
(a) Care Selve ..... Handel  
(b) Hol Mr. Piper ..... Curran  
FLORENCE LILYAN POWER
5. Organ—  
Chant d'Amour ..... Gillette  
MARY ELIZABETH HERDER
6. Violin—  
(a) Serenade ..... Pierné  
(b) Obertass ..... Wieniawski  
JOHN HOWARD WISE
7. Voice  
(a) None but the Lonely  
Heart ..... Tchaikovsky  
(b) J'ai pleure en reve ..... Hue  
ARLENE HERSHEY
8. Piano—  
First Arabesque ..... Debussy  
HELEN TIBBETS

## BIRTHDAY DINNERS HONOR MANY

Girls with birthdays in February have been honored with an unusual number of celebrations whether in honor of their own or other birthdays, but among the loveliest parties of the month were the two dinners given for Ward-Belmont's February birthday girls. One the twelfth of February and one the twenty-eighth.

For the first, the valentine theme was carried out in a French dinner. The table was decorated with pink and blue ribbons, a silver basket of pink roses formed the central ornament, and valentines were placed at each girl's plate. Mr. and Mrs. Benedict acted as hosts.

On the last day of February a spring theme was carried out. Pink tulips were used for table decorations and spring was apparent in every detail of the menu. Dr. and Mrs. Barton were hosts.

Guests at the first dinner were: Charlotte Bridge, Virginia Richey, Frankie Marbury, Marjorie Wells, Winifred Thomas, Helen Tibbets, Mozelle Trout, Janie Ruth Huey, Martha Ann Rogers, Marion Kemp, Jean McEwen, Annette McMullen, Jean McKibben, Mary Eleanor Clay, Judy Acheson and Mary Norman West.

Guests on February 28 were: Fay Stipp, Jeanne Roland, Elizabeth Smith, Alice Buchanan, Mary Anderson, Louise Lillard, Betty Moroney, Pauline Myers, Elaine Buck, Royena Kipp, Betty Lou Pfeiffer, Ruth Potts, Nell McDavid, Janet Pascoe, Marjorie Crume, Corinne Durand, Doris Kaplan, and Salanie Sherman.

## "Y" REPRESENTED AT STUDENT CONFERENCE

At the Tennessee Student Christian Conference held in Cookeville, February 15-17, Ward-Belmont was represented by Miss Van Hoosier, Charlotte Watkins, Mildred Sartor, Martha Jane Chattin, Kay Crosswell, Alice Adams, Mary Lou Henderson, and Jane Flannigan. The meeting was the first of its kind and proved very successful. Plans were made for a permanent Tennessee White Student Christian Association. The various lectures and forums which the girls attended dealt with problems of current interest as: "The Problem of the Poor Tenant Farmer," "The

Value of the N. R. A.," "Developing One's Personality," "Finding a Satisfying Philosophy of Life." Outstanding speakers were: Dr. Jas. Workman of Fayetteville, Arkansas; Ted Schultz, a former secretary of the Y.M.C.A., now connected with the T. V. A.; Dr. Farr of the T. P. I. and Dr. E. L. Stockton, president of Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tenn., and James W. May of Emory University, Atlanta, Ga. Student leaders included Martha Hort, Henry Hort, and Mary Elizabeth Dale from Vanderbilt.

One of the most enjoyable events was the lovely banquet given Saturday evening in the T. P. I. cafeteria. The T. P. I. students proved very hospitable to the Ward-Belmont girls, especially after the banquet. Miss Van and the girls have concluded that it was a most enjoyable and profitable week-end.

## "TEMPTATION," SUBJECT OF CHAPEL SPEAKER

Reverend Thomas C. Barr, associate pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, spoke in chapel on Wednesday, February 27, on the temptations that faced Jesus at the beginning of His career.

Reverend Barr said that one of the greatest injustices ever done to Jesus is thinking of Him only as divine and forgetting His humanity. Jesus had no special advantages; He had the same disappointments, sufferings, and frustrations as we; and He had to make His great decisions just as we make ours. A saint hasn't the same temptations as a thief, and time, social, political and religious conditions brought Him some temptations that we don't have to face. However, many of His are the same as ours. They were, in number, three:

(1) Jesus refused to use a material instead of a spiritual objective. Now, especially this is difficult. All the advertisements and like aspects of modern life make it almost impossible to "seek first the kingdom of God."

"The great thing to do today is to better the material conditions," said Reverend Barr. Jesus did not overlook material healings, but he remembered there is something deeper than that; and so must we.

Our bodies and material civilization have gone ahead so fast and so far that our souls have been left behind. We should pause to let them catch up; we should see that the material serves the spiritual end.

(2) Jesus was told to cast himself from the pinnacle of the temple, by the people who wanted Him to fit in with their apocalyptic idea. And people now say that it isn't necessary to work for the Kingdom of God; all that is necessary is to sit and wait; God will do whatever is to be done. Jesus told us that the Kingdom of God is to come in by hard work, and it will only come by hard work. None of us are the pets of God. The only way to a real character is through hard work—God makes no short cuts. There is nothing which can be achieved through magic instead of hard work.

(3) The biggest temptation of all is to go the way of the world—to compromise.

"These three temptations will follow all the way through your life," stated Reverend Barr. "Evil is forever on the job. Remember Jesus' 'get thee behind me, Satan.'"

"But if you are true you will have the deepest, highest, and the only satisfying and lasting joy that life can give us."

## MUSIC NOTES

The Old Harp Singers, directed by Sydney Dalton, will present the first concert of their spring tour in Murfreesboro on Thursday, February 28. The Harp Singers are a group of eight singers, including Mrs. Roy Underwood. They will present groups of old American Folk Songs.

*Mitchells*

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"LIVING ON VELVET"

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BROADWAY BILL

## TEN YEARS \$ AGO

By means of the HYPHEN, the members of the various classes in Ward-Belmont, and the faculty wish to extend to the Freshman class their appreciation for the picture show given in the auditorium, Saturday. The name of the show was the "Prodigal Daughter," featuring Gloria Swanson and Ralph Graves.

The new equipment having arrived and been installed, our gym takes its place in the foremost rank of modern and well-equipped gyms of the South.

The members of the senior class were hostesses at open house on Friday evening, February 20, from eight to eleven.

The F. F.'s entertained Saturday with an Artist's ball, one of the most charming and original dances ever given at Ward-Belmont.

The Park Bench's Lament: "Putting one hundred and seventy boys and one hundred eighty girls together, I concluded last Friday evening that it must be the eve of the Senior 'open house.'" Well, well, "Then two girls climbed from a window and came running and stumbling across the pebble-strewn roof to me," the Bench sighs. "More followed. When the twelfth girl jumped upon me, my old legs collapsed in somewhat the same manner as did the famous 'one-hoss shay.'" I lapsed into a semi-conscious state but, nevertheless, I heard the screams and yells of my torturers. I hope Mrs. Davis caught them!"

(NOTE: We wonder what the descendants of that particular Park Bench thought on the night of the Senior-Mid's open house—1935.)

## ENTER MADAME

Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye, ladies! A call to arms! Now is the time to follow the leader! It doesn't really make much difference what leader, but a pretty good one is Miss Nita Bogue, of high rank in the F. F. Club, and also of athletic superiority. One could not go amiss. Miss Bogue is the girl with the blasé look on her face. That is, she is when she is, but there are quite a few times when she isn't, or rather doesn't. The point is that sometimes you can look everywhere for the bored expression and sure nuf, it won't be there. Remember this slogan: If you want to be nonchalant, don't smoke a Murad; look like Nita Bogue. Follow the leader.

You'd like a few other reasons why you should follow, I'm quite sure, and I will try to give them to you. Not, of course, that one should find that difficult. Quite on the contrary, my friends, it is easy, very easy. First and foremost, Nita is an executive power; she's president of the F. F.'s. Then, too, she wears her hair in a rather unusual coiffure. But maybe you'd better not try to copy that. It fits Miss Bogue perfectly and it might be rather hard on anyone else. Next, Nita has what is known as a classic profile. Beautiful complexion, clear-cut features; quite something, I should say. Do you choose to follow? The eyes have it, and really the eyes do have it. They are one of Nita's outstanding features. Those eyes would be an asset to anyone, and what with the lashes that go with them, they can't be beat. A campaign secret. Did you know that Nita has to cut the lashes off periodically? They get so long that they are an impediment. In other words, they get in her way. Yup, that's the story.

Miss Bogue comes from Dallas, Texas, and is thoroughly qualified to be anything and everything that she may want to. She is taking a secretarial course here, and may have a business career, although she wants a happy home and husband somewhere along the line. Miss Bogue is very

active in the sports world and possesses unusual skill in that direction. Basketball, baseball, riding, swimming, apparatus, anything. With this, I again advise you to agree that it would be the thing to do to follow. Thanking you for your time and soliciting your vote of approval, *tra-las!*

## SPORT COMMENTS

With basketball and bowling finals, swimming and apparatus meets, the winter gym season closed this week.

Monday, the fencing exhibition and apparatus meet drew a large crowd of interested onlookers. The fencers in their white plastrons demonstrated parries and thrusts with military precision. This class began in January and will continue this spring.

The apparatus meet provided thrills and spills. The Tri K's had the high average of 76½ points gained by Janet Pascoe and Catherine Crossan. The A. K.'s were second with 49½. Individual honors went to Peggy Wrenne, with 100 points. Connie Chase was second, with 91, and Nita Bogue and Ruth Potts tied for third, with 87 points apiece. The class was taught by Miss O'Donnell, to whom credit is due for valuable instruction on the ropes, boom, horse, box and traveling rings.

The semi-final basketball game was quite a disappointment to the thrill-seeking onlookers. Both the F. F.'s and the Tri K's were excited and neither team played its best. The purple lacked their usual calmness and with the excellent Tri K guard work, just couldn't get down to their basket to do the usual shooting. The score at the whistle was 39 to 5 in favor of the invincible Tri K's.

Monday will mark the event of the winter sport season—the Senior-Senior-Middle basketball game. Both classes had a large selection of excellent players from which to organize their respective teams. We can't imagine what the outcome will be, but we do know that of the undergrads, Moselle, Allie George, Janet, Helen, Barbara Lee, and Libby are going to do their best to keep the five-point lead gained by the Senior-Mids in hockey.

## EXPRESSION NOTES

Miss Pauline Townsend is presenting a group of Ward-Belmont girls in a program at the West End Business Men's club, Thursday evening, March seventh. The program will consist of a play, "Crabbed Youth" which includes Louise Robinson, Frances Graham, Jean Weis, Annie Lou Wall, Nancyann Schmid, Mary Lou Henderson, and Theresa Howley, several songs to be sung in costume by Mary Eleanor and Stanley Elizabeth Clay, and the newly-formed Ward-Belmont Band "Willy's Wildcats," which consists of Jane Keyport, Nancyann Schmid, Marian Colester, Mary Lalla Byrn, Jean Stewart, and its leader-pianist, Mary Lee Wilson.

## "Y" NOTES

"Y"—at Sunday School

Margaret Louise Boyd was in charge of Sunday school February 17 and led the singing. She introduced Marion Farr who read poetry. Through the lines of poetry, she revealed the courage that faith brings to a person; and she closed with the well-known poem, "Invictus," by William Ernest Henley, ending with the courage which came from the faith:

"It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul."

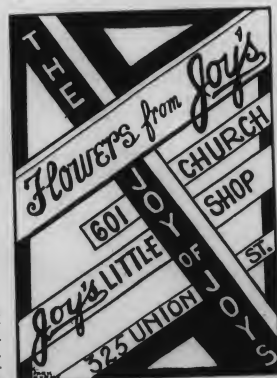
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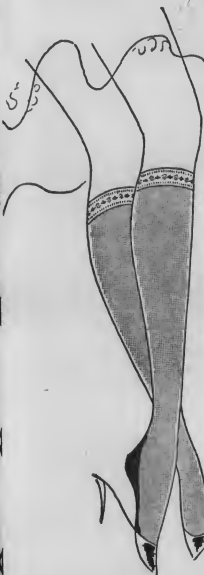
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## EDITORIAL

## LEISURE TIME

Recently the question of leisure time has come up for discussion in Council and faculty groups. According to statistics, we should have about four and one-half hours a day of leisure time. But according to our own estimate, we have very little, if any. Where is the discrepancy? . . . the figures shouldn't be wrong, yet on the other hand we have the evidence of our own eyes and lives.

The answer is in what we consider as leisure time. If we were not in school and took part in concerts, clubs, athletics and plays, we would consider them as leisure-time activities. But, because they are a part of our rather highly organized school life we think of them as more things which have to be done, and worry and fret until much of the pleasure is gone. We do not get the full joy out of much of our time because we feel that there is always something hurrying us on. Some things we do not like; it is a part of our education to do these things as well as as gracefully as possible, anyway. But the others—wouldn't we enjoy them more if we felt that we had the time?

A certain amount of scheduling is necessary in order to get everything in . . . not a rigid schedule which would probably be more exhausting than the actual hit-and-run method, but a pliable, fairly adjustable one. And—don't bribe yourself to let things slip "just for today." The policy of *Manana* may work very nicely in Mexico, but there it is a national policy; here it is not.

G. L., '35.

## IDEALISM—AND BASKETBALL

"Be it jewel or toy,  
Not the prize gives the joy,  
But the striving to win the prize."  
—Caxton—"The Boatman."

It sounds preachy and overly idealistic, doesn't it? I thought so, too, and probably will still have lapses of thinking it far too high-minded to be practical, but just the other day I realized for awhile this thing which so many writers have tried to express: That there is more to success than the winning of it.

I happen to have been, if not a regular member, at least a regular "rooter" of a "fair" basketball team. Early in the season we realized that we were going to run up against one team which was much better than ours. From that moment we devoted time to practice and playing of basketball as a team, which we would ordinarily have spent in individual pursuits. We made up signals together, we practiced signals together, we threw goals and jumped, and struggled and sweated together. When the day came to meet our rivals on the court, we had worked the entire squad up to a point of excellency which was proof of the technical good evolved from our striving. But there was an even more significant result: the six actual players and the rest of the squad were united in spirit and action to a peak of team-work and self-denial which was unusual for the individuals in question at least.

And after all that, the score said that we had lost. We knew better. The total lack of feeling of failure was our proof. We knew that we had gotten something better than success from our trying.

M. G., '36.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

Greetings and salutations!

Let's start off our weekly conversation with a few remarks about the weather, as usual. We're still wondering how those very well-developed cases of spring fever we noticed Sunday felt when they looked out of their windows on Tuesday! Did any of you chance to see the graceful spring dance going on in front of Pembroke late Sunday afternoon? Some of these Senior-Mids are really grace personified!

Word comes from our friend, Miss Carling, that the "balmy breezes of the southland" aren't particularly balmy at present, but we'll take a dose of Florida sunshine any time!

You southern girls mustn't let the ones from above the "Mason and Dixon" tell you that you can't "take it"! Some of our most Northern friends were doing quite nicely with some good old-fashioned shivering the other day—Tony Treadway, for instance! And Lawrence Butler was heard to say that she "was going to go home to get warm"!!

Flash!! Marion Weber went off her record-breaking diet the other day. She ate a package of raisins!

An orchid to Mary Jac for the kindest deed of the week! While on a road ride recently, Mary Jac decided that perhaps the horse was tired, so she took him for a walk!

"Crockett" really fell for Leora Hill in the Tea Room Tuesday! And I speak literally! Nice flower game, Crockett!

How do you like that late song hit, Miss Carson? It seems quite appropriate—"I Bring a Little White Gardenia."

How glad we are that the Psych papers are over with! For whether we take the course or not, we feel that we have learned enough about it for awhile. The Seniors surely did agonize over them, and they tell me that even the knitting was laid aside last week-end! My, what a sacrifice! By the way, one thing we learned from Psych was that "punning" is an eight-year-old accomplishment. How 'bout that, "Huggins"?

Have any of you rated an invitation to the "Fourth-at-Bridge Club" which has been formed on the third floor of Senior? Contract seems to be putting up a good fight against knitting as the fad of the day. You'll never get that skirt finished now, Marg!

Wonder if the cold weather will keep any of the "week-enders" home? We fear that it will look like the week-end between semesters if everyone leaves that has planned to! Judy and Bicky have an awakened interest in the Tennessee mountains. It couldn't be that there are really "mountaineers" in them, could it?

We certainly do miss Mr. Berry's smiling face and outstretched arm these cold mornings when we scarcely get to breakfast on time! He spoiled us when he played mailman for awhile!

We are improving in our reading of the many expressive actions that some people have developed this year. What could have a more deadening effect than the rapid knock of the monitor just when you are trying a little night-journalizing? And have you noticed all the little eyebrows hopping up and down to express indignation, sophisticated

(Continued on page 8)

## EAGLE FEATHER

## "GONE"

Some one said—"She's gone away—"  
Her room and home lies bare,  
But her love and warmth and gracious way  
Will always linger there—

"She has gone," you say?  
Ah—but for awhile,  
For I still can see her  
As she lifts her head in smile.

Her winning warmth of life itself,  
Her joy of just plain living,  
Her love and warmth and joy—it seems  
That she was always giving.

She wandered in and out her life  
And stooped to kiss a child,  
Who held up small and dirty hands  
To her was—"Patty child!"

"She has gone," you say?  
And left us here alone;  
Us, for when we live we wander,  
And in dying, go back home.

N. S., '35

## TREES

Trees—standing in the rain  
At night—leaves dripping  
Bring a calm—and all the pain  
Of life is smoothed away.

Trees—making an enchanted land  
At night—all shadows  
Shut out care—and all the bands of time  
Just drift away.

Trees—looming tall and black  
At night—all masses  
Give peace—and all man lacks is forgotten.  
Strife fades away.

R. M. H., '35

## NIGHT—ON A TRAIN

Short, sharp whistles,  
Red lights, left and right;  
Someone's baby crying all night.  
Rumblings, shakings,  
Grumbings, quakings,  
That's night on a railroad train.

M. L., '35

## DARK

There is a calm that comes with evening,  
In the dusk when the sun has gone,  
And one stops in a cool dim corner,  
Just as the lights come on.

Lights that gleam only dully,  
And make a circular glow,  
In the misty dark of the evening,  
Stirred by the winds that blow.

Winds that are fresh and cleansing,  
Blending the dark with light,  
To smooth away the glare of day,  
And issue in the peace of night.

R. M. H., '35

## AFTER IT'S OVER

Come back, come back, oh, truant mind,  
Back to work, to the long, hard grind.  
Delve into those piles of neglected books;  
Forget the charms of a longslashed look;  
Forget those golden curls piled high;  
Forget the shades in that winter sky.  
Come back to work and settle down,  
But keep that memory like a crown.

M. L., '35



## CLUB CHATTER

### A. K.

No club this week so everyone could see the great basketball finals between the Tri K's and the Aristons. It was worth missing any club for.

Some of our fond members had families here this week. Carolyn's Mother came and brought the one and only Joe with her. It must be nice to have a week-end "two-in-one." Florence Martin was lucky enough to get her mother here and stay out here at the school with her. That was fun, I know.

We had only a few at Vespers the other night, but it was awfully good. Jane's programs are always good, and this time we especially enjoyed Tony's story. Wish we had programs at the club more often.

Needless to ask if you had a good time over the week-end, isn't it, Jonny? More power to you!

### Anti Pan

We're all excited over the great sensation of the year—the forming of the "Campus Queen's Club" which is to be very exclusive. So exclusive, in fact, that all their meetings are to be held right on the campus, where all members are sure to be found any time of day or night. For further details, see Martha Anne Rogers.

Congrats to Charlotte Watkins and Jana Longnecker, who are week-enders at Lindenwood for a short visit with a friend.

'Tis rumored that Frankie Marbury, Margie Wells, and Marian Collesher have been getting kinda' high up in the world. So high, we hear, that Marian lost her—ah, uh, shall we say, equilibrium?

Who would have thought that a measly little Senior Hall orchestra would have risen to such heights of popularity! "Willy's Wildcats," since their brilliant debut of last week, have played at the Florence Crittenton Home, a day-student club meeting, and the Old Ladies' Home.

### Angkor

We certainly held our breath over the bowling finals. And are we thrilled over that cup! We are awfully proud of our bowling squad and of Ellen Bowers who is individual winner of the tournament. Of course, we are all wondering about the basketball finals, and don't quite know who to put our bet on there. We're getting all set for spring and we're going to keep that baseball cup.

Martha Wade admiring a certain young man's sketches on her notebook. He'll probably be an artist when he gets older.

Nancy Houghland and Shirley Caldwell doing their best to break their necks sliding all over the ice. They really took some spills.

So long!

### Agora

Wednesday we discovered miraculous dramatic acts among our members as they performed in three skits: "Will Tell," "Pa at the Station," and "Crazy Words." Great fun was had by all as the audience boomed—I mean cheered—lustily! At last the date has been set for the Open House! April eleventh marks the fatal event and already we are planning what we will wear and who we'll ask. Really Vanderbilt doesn't or at least can't imagine the excitement and thrills it causes! Sunday ended uneventfully with ham and cheese, but only after a delightful vespers service led by Virginia Lee. Study hard now, "Chill'en, till next week!

### Del Vers

We're all glad to see little Junie Weeks running around again. We certainly miss her.

Guess what? Judy A. and Bicky are spending their week-end in the

mountains. They're the ones that have to board the bus at Dixie Junction. What a place!

Now for the big news. We're in the bowling finals. More power to D. V. bowlers!

Tillie's parents were here over the week-end. And Mary Ann Wirtz went home. Such luck!

### Penta Tau

At the club meeting last Wednesday night, we held the formal initiation for Elsie Sabin.

Our open house last Thursday night was really a success. Carolyn Whited was in charge of the dance and those of her committee were Betty Brown Harvey, Helen Pillon, Nancy Brown, Buford Hayter and Louise Robinson. There wasn't even standing room in the Penta Tau house, much less dancing room.

It seems that there aren't any too few calls coming in to all the Halls for the Penta Taus—must have been a right good dance.

### Eccowasin

Nice going, Eccowasin! The Hon-or Roll showed that Sewanee had not effected our girls MUCH. I guess Carroll Cole will be marching down the mountain soon with HER company A. Our Freshmen are still holding valiantly to the title of the worst class in school. They must have a mountain trip in prospect, for they were spied the other day practicing their Alpine skill in the Belfrey. An excellent basketball season for the Eccowasin came to a thrilling climax at the Eccowasin club house when the Aristons joined with us in an informal tea the other afternoon. Well, heigh-ho! I'm out for a scoop, and on the snoop—so watch out.

### F. F.

Our sympathy this week goes to Francis Clements, who tried to get the best of an argument with an iron fence. Playful, I'd say!

"Huggins," Rosemary, Jean, and Pony and their "friends" had breakfast at the club Sunday morning. Commemorate us, we heard something about a shortage of sausages. Could it be that the government has cut down the supply of pigs?

The Tri K's sort of took us down a notch or two, but we did get five points, which, after all, is something. Better luck next year! At least, we were well represented on the Senior team. That's also something.

Did you see all of the tears at the concert the other night when Mr. Rose played the F. F. club song? That's just a sample of what you find at the All-Club Banquet in June.

### Osiron

At club meeting, last Wednesday, we talked about the big dance, trying to get some ideas for the main theme. It was decided that we should have it the second Saturday in April, if possible, instead of during Homecoming, as we first planned. Most of the meeting was given over to learning the club songs. Sunday evening Vespers consisted of songs and a story of an imaginary visit of Jesus to New York today. The Sleep Sunday week-end inspired two parties at the Osiron house. One was a hamburger fry given Saturday, by Helen K., and the other was a breakfast, Sunday, with Thelma, Mildred, and several others entertaining themselves. Among the many Osirons who so industriously make the needles click at club gatherings are Gail, Rosella Lee, Pauline, and Porgy with knitted suits, Catherine and Jeanne with needle-point, Gretchen, the lucky thing, had her folks here again this week-end. Helen Tibbels returned with her sunny spirits after a week in that popular (?) infirmary. Two of our members have kept things going this week, and how! Pauline had a long-dis-

tance call from that certain him. Pauline and Rosella both went to the Toddle House with Miss Reuf, Sunday, for breakfast, and both went out to dinner with Mary Jane Bass and her brother, Saturday.

### Tri K

Last Wednesday night the Tri K's held formal initiation for Gretchen Coleman. We certainly did look cute in all white and most of us, after putting on summer clothes, decided to diet right then and there.

Honestly we're all a jitter over our game Wednesday night! I hear they're having it during clubs, so you can all come and watch—and incidentally—root for us. We had a grand game against the F. F.'s last week and we're proud of winning from such a worthy opponent.

Our dances are coming right along now, and if you could hear the plans discussed "recussed" and "uncussed," you'd really wonder.

Wasn't that sleep over Sunday heavenly? Marion Weber certainly does a good job of "keeping house" for us. Her management and supervision of our meals is done splendidly. Beverly Lack led our services during fireside hour. The subject was most interesting and added a final touch to a beautiful spring day.

### X. L.

The lovely traditional X. L. initiation service occupied the whole of Wednesday's program. Mary Jane Foulston, Cookie Durand and Billie Frank Smith were the girls whom we welcomed so cordially into the club. With them and with all of us, the initiation services will always be the picture that comes into our minds when we think of the X. L. ideals. We were rather startled to find that Mary Jane had not been initiated; it was a good thing she didn't miss it.

Our fireside service was most challenging. Mildred makes a very good story teller.

X. L. seems to be going entirely social from all the chattering. The house committee found the remains of a healthy Sunday breakfast at any rate. Here's hoping Lattie, Porgy, Mary Ellen, M. Barbee (Lattie's sister) and Porgy's aunt had a good time.

One of the girls turned in a list of twenty-five she wants asked to our open house, and still another finds a Vanderbilt directory most useful. But we aren't the ones to criticize, so long as these lucky girls remember their club sisters.

Mary Jane Bass' brother was here this week-end. From all I hear, Mary Jane and her brother, Alice Buchanan, Frances Street and Edith Kennedy had one big time at the Hermitage Hotel, around 11:30, Sunday morning.

### T. C.

Had Vespers at the club this week. Dawn Chiarenza and Louise Longworth read a religious story. Missed Peggy Nye—her parents were week-ending in Nashville—and, say, Peg, what kind of perfume does your mother wear?

Gwen King is anticipating a visit home, Lima, Ohio, in two weeks. We're having a time keeping her tame in North Front.

Flash! Dottie Smith isn't in the tea room????

I know a couple gals in Herron that had better mend their ways and make their livelihood more pleasant. This roommate rumble is the nutz, eh, Frazier?

Then there is the Pfeiffer girl, who nonchalantly walks to the mailbox and pulls out two specials! Does this gal rate or does she rate?

Helen Hall has a corsage for Valentine sentiment—come now, Helen, who really sent it?

## CAIN-SLOAN COMPANY

# Let's Go Shopping--

with Donna Baird

When I used to have to get special permission to go to town shopping, and rush madly around from store to store, then back to Ward-Belmont in time for dinner, little did I dream that some day I would be connected with a store in the capacity of Personal Shopper, and help get College girls ready for school, or fill in with certain date dresses, or a New Spring outfit. And, you know, girls away at school have an awful way of putting on extra poundage, and I have had in several cases to buy even the necessities of school life, because they had simply outgrown everything they started from home with. Terrible, isn't it, but it has been known to happen, and that reminds me to ask—

How firm is your foundation? You can't step into one of the slick new frocks or suits which Spring is introducing if you have been letting nature take its course. As far as hips and tummy go—slim, smooth and completely lacking in bulges is the word, and it needn't be painful, either. Lastest, a simple, sleek dress, very new, is a new woman when you step into a "Sensation" or a "Smoothie" two-way stretch garment. A lot of new words have been added to our foundation vocabulary, such as "Nips"—"Peaks"—"Pats"—"Pets"—"Mink"—"Pouff"—"Yourselt," but you girls know what those words mean, and it's a lot more interesting to call for a garment by name than by a certain stock number, isn't it?

Are you tired of a Winter Wonderland? Then take a little time off and look at the just before Spring dresses we have collected for you—each one boasting of some characteristic which is new enough to make your Winter coat take a new lease on life, and your Winter spirits revive correspondingly. Gay prints, very new crisp taffetas, soft sheer crepes are all very convincing that Spring is coming.

Where are the coats of yesterday? Not in our Spring collection, you may be sure! Remember how last year's coats went in for bulging sleeves and bumpy shoulders? This year you'll find us glowing over the smoothest little models you ever saw—nice sleek shoulders, some of them all the smoother because of a cape, back flares, bell sleeves. They're new and smart. Who said Spring suits weren't new? Paris is apparently full of designers who have ideas about Spring suits and doing swell things. Little short coats for the young and frisky, slits in coats as well as skirts, three-quarter and seven-eighths length coats for Mammans and Aunties. Luscious dressmaker types for feminine gals and everywhere bold Manish tailored little suits for the less feminine types. And they are all at Cain-Sloan's.

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## DANCE COLUMN

### How Are Famous Dancers Contributing to the Dance?

Throughout the country and abroad, well-known dancers are carrying on their work in many fields. One of the most interesting of the dancers to have recently made her New York debut is Xenia Zareria, employed by the Mexican government, and the leading dancer of the Mexican Department of Fine Arts. Miss Zareria, who is actually a citizen of the United States, has spent three years teaching and studying in Mexico. As a result of her research among the Mexican ruins, and the study of ancient picture books, she has developed a repertoire of Mexican dances, among which is her Dance of the Goddess Xochiquetzal, named after a famous goddess of flowers, lovers and artists.

One of Ruth St. Denis' presentations during the winter was the "Masque of Mary" at the Riverside Church. She was assisted by twenty members of the Society of Spiritual Arts, which she recently organized. In this performance the Christmas story is told and the music completed with Christmas carols. This field of work is being developed under Miss St. Denis' guidance and is something to be watched throughout the coming season.

While Ruth St. Denis explores the spiritual field for subject matter, two exponents of the modern dance have concluded a short tour: Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman. Criticism wages hotly, both in favor of and against their program. However, one important fact was learned from this tour, that the vast majority of the dance audience came from the colleges and John Reed clubs. America, as a whole, is taking a broader interest in the dance, and it is these very audiences which are eager to restore the arts to truth rather than ostentatious display.

Another well-known dancer whose performance pleased the New York audience is Agnes de Mille, who has been studying in Europe for three years. What has this dancer to contribute to the dance? One is immediately drawn to her type of composing, which John Martin, in the *New York Times*, defines as an intellectual approach. "Her motions follow each other for intellectual reasons. They are rarely dictated by pure motor logic." Miss de Mille is a creator with "marked, even unique qualifications."

More vitally interesting to Ward-Belmont followers of the dance is the work of the celebrity who appeared on our own stage—Nini Theilade. As the leader of the ballet in the Warner Brother's production, "Midsommer Night's Dream," she comes to the screen. Poised on tip-toe in the costume of her role, misty and transparent, she looks like some elf who has recently stepped from the pages of Shakespeare to delight and tease the eager spectators. In the field of ballet and interpretative work, Miss Theilade is offering her achievements in the large field of the dance.

## P-S-S-T-I

What's this we hear about Sara Pardue's having poetry written to her? We've not heard the details yet, but the start certainly sounds interesting.

Nelia says that she hasn't done anything out of the ordinary, but we hear that she was quite upset over letting Miss Scruggs' poor "Evelina" fall from the top floor to the bottom the other day. We wonder what she would consider "out of the ordinary"? We hope the poor girl was not injured—Evelina, not Nelia.

First Patty has "housemaid's knee" (of a slightly different sort), and now she sleeps blissfully on—as happy as a bug in a rug—next to the Hygiene room, and is quite perturbed when rather abruptly awakened.

Poor Virginia is getting worried. So many people have told her that she looks terrible that she is afraid that her mental attitude is being affected.

Why did Mary Ann slink down so far in her collar the other day? That familiar gag is sort of out-dated, Mary Ann.

We guess Sally W. thinks it's the last straw when Dean Burk says something to her about her car's growing up.

Emmeryne's perfected "two-arm power!" We don't mean what you are probably thinking, but ask her about it.

Dot Guy has been accused of being a very lifeless, listless lady-of-leisure without that lifting lever that lifts the lull of life—all of which means that she is on some sort of diet.

Evelyn Boyd is out to catch her man by rejuvenating her face and losing some avoidupois.

Millie's worried about the "conflict" that she just discovered that she has: whether to continue her musical career, or to get married. It is a puzzle, isn't it, Millie?

Juliette's one and only is away down yonder in Florida—as you probably know—so that explains the pained expression which she has been wearing of late.

Juanita complains of having her birthday theoretically overlooked, and then all sorts of things are showered upon her. Somebody must be a mind-reader.

### VARITIES NAMED FOR PAST SPORT SEASON

(Continued from page 1)

scores, so the varsity honors go to the consistently high scorers.

Ward-Belmont is proud of the girls who make the varsities. They are good not only in their sports but they must also have a passing scholastic average. Congratulations are due these girls who have made first and second basketball varsity and the bowling varsity for 1935!

#### BASKETBALL VARSITIES

##### First

Virginia Smith	.....C. F.
Patty Chadwell	.....R. F.
Allie George Collier	.....L. F.
Jayne Allen	.....C. G.
Helen Jones	.....R. G.
Catherine Crossan	.....L. G.

##### Second

Moselle Worsley	.....C. F.
Eleanor Irwin	.....R. F.
Gilbertine Moore	.....L. F.
Barbara Lee Reed	.....C. G.
Marion Latta	.....R. G.
Camille Stone	.....L. G.

#### BOWLING VARSITIES

##### First

Ellen Bowers	.....Betty Heck
Marguerite Page	.....Mary Jean Kirwan
Jean Stewart	.....Evelyn Braden
Marion Hill	.....Mary Clark Crimm
Catherine Lanham	.....Nellie Clements

##### Second

Marguerite Page is a member of the bowling varsity for the second time, having been named on the 1934 varsity, also.

## BOWLING VARSITY PLAYS TOWN TEAM

Thursday evening, the first Varsity Bowling team had an opportunity to defend the bowling honors of Ward-Belmont in a tournament with a town team. The games began at seven o'clock promptly, and were over by eight. Unfortunately both teams were off their games as the average for both was 100.

The town team bowled with their own balls, which are somewhat heavier than those used in the Ward-Belmont Alleys. The score, however, showed that there was little difference in the teams, as the guest team won by one point. The final score stood 508 to 509, with a member of the guest team high score, with 130, and Jean Stewart second, with 129. The game was a most enjoyable one and the varsity had a lot of fun playing together as a team.

## RUSSIAN VIOLINIST TO WARD-BELMONT ON MARCH 7

(Continued from page 1)

appear at Ward-Belmont on Thursday, March 7.

Born in Odessa, Milstein studied first in his native city under Professor Stoliarski, later in Petrograd under Leopold Auer. When the storms of the revolution broke, the boy managed to survive, practicing and playing all through that difficult period. In 1925 he came out of Russia and made his way to Germany.

First, he conquered Central Europe, then went to France where in Paris he achieved his earlier successes. Holland, Spain, England, Italy, Poland, etc., capitulated in rapid succession. "This is God's musician," wrote Alfred Einstein, Berlin's leading critic, in the Tageblatt, after Milstein's debut with the Philharmonic under Furtwaengler. "The Casals of the violin," cried Julius Korngold, dean of Viennese critics, on hearing Milstein for the first time.

The *Chicago Daily News* says of him, "One of the musical wonders of our age. The overwhelming nature of his playing is derived not alone from the electrical nature of his technique but also from the fact that in him the musical gift is positively elemental."

The *Minneapolis Star* reports, "Complete master of his art. His tone is of surpassing loveliness, a tone so pure and glowing as almost to be felt by more than one of the five senses. One can actually feel and taste it. To the list of three or four of the world's greatest violinists, the name of this young Russian must certainly be added."

## CAMPUS ACTIVITIES FILL CAL- ENDAR MARCH TO JUNE

(Continued from page 1)

you-all at the Tri K's Plantation dance.

March fourth, the Seniors and the Senior-Mids will battle for basketball honors. March twelfth, the Senior-Mids will be hostesses to the graduating class at the annual Senior-Senior-Middle banquet.

March fifteenth, the high school will have their dance. The next evening will be the X. L. gym dance, and the *Milestones* dinner, which is always a St. Patrick's affair.

March nineteenth the active members of the Athletic Association will have their banquet.

Miss Jeter and Miss Smith will present their pupils in the dance recital on the twenty-ninth of March, and the Osborns will have their gym dance on the thirtieth. The Del Vers gym dance will be April sixth.

April thirteenth is Senior-Senior-Middle day, at which time the final contests between the two classes will be completed.

Easter week-end brings Homecoming and the Alumnae dance, as well as the usual Easter program carried out by the "Y."

May brings with it a full calendar

of traditional dinners, games and dances. May Day the Seniors will hang baskets on the doors of resident members of the faculty. The eleventh will be the Riding show, and the eighteenth the May Day festival.

Step-singing begins Saturday, June first, on which night is also the Alumnae dance given in honor of the Seniors. June second is Baccalaureate Sunday and the final step-singing. The evening of June third will be the All-Club banquet. June fourth is graduation—high school graduation, and Junior College Commencement.

## E. CORNELIUS WINS SWIMMING MEET

(Continued from page 1)

meet is Elizabeth Cornelius, with 25½ points. Second place goes to Charlotte Watkin, with 14 points, and third to Jean Reinhardt, with 11½ points. There was no club winner.

The meet was judged by Miss Sisson, Mrs. McKnight, and Miss Cayce. Miss Goodrich aided in the timing, Miss Morrison was clerk of the course, and Miss O'Donnell starter. Nita Bogue was recorder, and Caroline Concklin scorer.

There were eight events during the afternoon which were run off with precision. The first listed, the Marathon, was announced: Elizabeth Cornelius winner, with 184 laps of the pool; Charlotte Watkin, second, with 171 laps, and Beatrice Kimsey, third, with 105 laps. This event is run off during the weeks of training as the girls entering it swim as many lengths of the pool as they are able in the first five minutes of their class period.

The second event was the 100-foot Back Swim, which was won by Charlotte Watkin. Jean Reinhardt placed second, and Jean McKibbin third. Next came the Plunge for Distance, with Elizabeth Cornelius just missing the end of the pool by a few inches. Second place went to Jean Reinhardt and third to Louise Witherspoon. In the fourth event, the 100-foot Swim—Free Style, Elizabeth Cornelius came in winner, with Jean Reinhardt and Charlotte Watkin second and third.

In the Form Swimming, which included breast stroke, elementary back stroke, side stroke, and front and back crawl, Elizabeth Cornelius again was high, with Patty Chadwell and Jean McKibbin second and third. The sixth event, the 100-foot Medley, was exciting. It consisted of one lap breast stroke, one lap back stroke, and one lap front stroke. The winner was Jean McKibbin, with Patty Chadwell a close second.

The diving was won by Elizabeth Cornelius, who left her spectators gasping with her back jack that came perilously close to the board. Patty Chadwell won second place. The 50-foot Breast Swim was won by Charlotte Watkin, with Jean McKibbin second, and Louise Witherspoon third.

The meet ended with the Relay. First place went to the F. F.'s, with Jean Reinhardt, Eleanor Irwin, Rosemary Horstmann, and Nita Bogue swimming. The Del Vers took second, with Becky Hall, Jean Bailey, Betty Ridley, and Nelle Jane Rank, and the Angkors were third, with Shirley Caldwell, Grace Benedict, Jane Vance, and Elizabeth Cornelius.

## ANGKORS WIN BOWLING HONORS

(Continued from page 1)

Total scores for the four clubs in the finals are: Angkor—2169; Tri K—1195; Del Vers—1193; A. K.'s—1915.

Individual high scores made during the tournament include: Ellen Bowers—171; Evelyn Braden—155; Ellen Bowers—150; Nellie Clements—144.

Last, but far from least, we wish to introduce as the individual winner of the bowling tournament of 1935—Miss Ellen Bowers. Congratulations, Ellen! Ellen had an average score of 129½.



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## SENIOR-SENIOR-MIDS BATTLE

(Continued from page 1)

taken up with mock sports. This year, the two classes will be judged by points as follows: This point system was worked out by a committee of the two presidents, two sponsors and a representative from each class. The representatives were: Senior, Patty Chadwell; Senior-Mid, Janet Pascoe.

Major sports will count five points. In case of a tie in any major sport, the points will be cancelled. These sports will be counted: Hockey, basketball, bowling, baseball, archery and tennis.

The mock sports include a track meet and a swimming meet. Each of these will give two and one-half points to the club which wins them, with each even counting one-half point.

Events in the mock swimming meet will be: Sweat shirt race, umbrella race, egg and spoon race, newspaper race and a stunt.

The mock track meet will include: A potato race, a three-legged race, a chariot race, a straight obstacle race and a relay race.

Other points on which the two classes will be judged by a secret committee known only to Miss Sisson will be:

Cheering the season games to count one point, and Senior-Senior-Middle Day three points. Points for judging will be: The organization of the group, the originality of the songs and cheers, the cheer leaders, and the support given by the class.

Challenge and the Answer will each count five points. They are to be judged on cleverness and appropriateness, organization, management and performance.

The Parade, which is to count five points, is to be judged on: organization, originality, per cent of the class participating, and the spectacle presented.

The classes may win three points on their decorations. The dining-room is to count two points and the campus and buildings one point.

Patsy Schorndorfer is to be general chairman of the Senior-Middle class for the day. The various committees to be under her have not yet been appointed.

The Senior class will not have a general chairman and the only committee at work as yet is the committee in charge of the Challenge. Frances Graham is chairman, with Judy Acheson, Nancynann Schmid, Mildred Clements and Gail Lawrence as her assistants.

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LUNCHES

## DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

Reverend Kerr spoke in the devo-  
tional chapel this morning.

To clubs tonight where we learned  
that these so-called business meetings  
can turn into some pretty heated dis-  
cussions!

From the club to the library! Some  
fun these research papers—we're be-  
ginning to feel like a psychology  
student!

'Night!

Thursday—

Aha! You Senior-Senior-Mid ban-  
quet committees! You can't cut  
chapel like that! There ain't no jus-  
tice!

To the library again tonight! This  
is getting (?) to be a habit!

Friday—

Happy George Washington's birth-  
day! We anxiously looked at the  
stamps on our letters (please note the  
plural) this morning but we can't see  
that he's aged any, as yet!

An excellent depiction of George  
Washington, the man, was given by  
the Senior expression students in  
chapel this morning.

Witnessed the Tri K-F-F. game this  
afternoon and also saw the F. F.'s  
take a beating. Too bad! The Tri  
K'-Ariston affair promises to be good!

The formal dinner tonight was done  
right proper and in fine style! Geor-  
gie and Marthie looked sumptuous  
ambling down the Rec Hall stairs.  
'Tis said (this is a flash!) there never  
has been a prettier couple since the  
original!

The dance afterwards was grand  
and what's more we suggest that  
Johnny Miller and the boys just move  
right on out! They seem to be in  
pretty good standing—so far!

'Night!

Saturday—

A gorgeous day—for a change and  
most everyone went to town and to  
Loew's—we saw! Ah us! Such price  
Gable fame!

Lawrence and Ranck—Sapulpa co-  
eds—held a swell open house this eve-  
ning and what we mean—open!

'Night!

Sunday—

Spring has sprung! When we  
opened our eyes, with an effort, at  
eleven-twenty we found a robin or two  
perched on our window-sill!

Walked in 165 and guess who! Sur-  
prise! Brigham amongst us again!  
The welcome mat is out for you,  
Jeanne!

Riding this afternoon and such a  
gorgeous feeling!  
To the clubs tonight and then back  
to the hut for some good studying!

Monday—

Tra-La! Sang the W-B's! Hymn  
singing! We heard somebody talking  
about it and got all excited—then we  
saw it on the bulletin board—that  
kind of hymn! Oh! Tra-La!

Saw some good fencing this after-  
noon and were disappointed because  
no blood was shed. Just a bunch of  
fakes! It's getting so they'll do any-  
thing to draw the public's eye!

A dreary evening—'night!

Tuesday—

Did somebody say Spring? Merry  
Christmas, good old Southland!  
Announcements in chapel and a  
grand letter from the Bestest! Whata  
combination! Heigho!

The bowling tournament came to an  
end today with the Angkors the vic-  
tors. Say, Angkors, would you con-  
sider the school as a gift?

Mr. Rose's concert was tonight and  
well played it was, too.

'Night!

## PLANTATION DANCE TONIGHT

The Tri K club will give its big  
dance of the season tonight in the  
Gym. The invitations were issued  
early in the week and they give prom-  
ise of a very attractive party. The  
general chairman of the dance is Mary  
Eleanor Clay; the refreshment chair-  
man is Arlene Hershey, the invitation  
and orchestra chairman is Jean Mc-  
Kibbin, and the song leader is Mary  
Louise Henderson.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

(Continued from page 4)

cation, disgust, and what have you?  
Betty Ridley's shaking shoulders are  
rather expressive, too,—or was that  
just a result of the cold weather Tues-  
day night, Betty?

Because we are grateful to Helen  
Tibbets for standing with us while  
we agonized over the HYPHEN we de-  
cided that she should get a hand. A  
very nice person—promises not to  
make us sleep out with her eleven  
dogs when we next visit San Antonio.  
We feel better now. Also did you  
know that people think she looks like  
Tib Carruth, and Jonny Walker—  
but really we do think she looks like  
Tib, don't you? An' then you know  
them bein' pi-anysts an' ever-thing!

They tell us that day-dreaming is  
a perfectly natural thing for the stu-  
dent to do, so will you pardon us  
while we dream of a nice warm fire-  
place, a good book, and an apple while  
the snow falls without, and—we'll see  
you next week!

## MR. ROSE GIVES SPLENDID CON- CERT WITH FAMOUS VIOLIN

(Continued from page 1)

use of a beautiful instrument, one of  
the finest examples of the art of  
Stradivarius in the world—the in-  
strument used by the French virtuoso,  
Lafont, in his famous violinistic duel  
with Paganini in the early part of  
the nineteenth century.

The program was excellently bal-  
anced and offered musical sustenance  
for the serious musician and the more  
casual listener alike.

It opened with a Sonata in E Flat,  
by Richard Strauss, an early work of  
the great modernist, but one filled  
to overflowing with lovely music,  
handled masterfully. Mr. Rose played  
it with understanding and conviction.  
He was admirably supported by his  
co-worker at the piano, Mary Douthit  
of the faculty of the Ward-Belmont  
conservatory, who played this, and  
the other numbers on the program  
skillfully and musically.

A novelty of the evening was the  
Adagio from Mozart's "Adelaide"  
Concerto, a work only recently pub-  
lished. Although Mozart was only  
twelve years of age when he com-  
posed it, it has the beauty of melodic  
line that distinguished all the crea-  
tions of his later life. Mr. Rose  
played it in such a way as to make  
the listener wish for a hearing of the  
complete work. In the same group  
were the Rameau-Kreisler "Tam-  
bourin"; and "Fairylend" by Cecil  
Brylman and the "Dance of Terror"  
de Falla-Kochanski. These lighter,  
gayer numbers were played with  
facile technique and good tone.

The program was brought to an  
end with a spirited performance of  
the first movement of Tchaikovsky's  
Concerto in D. The audience insisted  
upon three encores.

SYDNEY DALTON,  
Nashville Banner.



# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, March 9, 1935

Number 20

## SENIOR VICTORY BRINGS TO CLOSE THRILLING BATTLE

The Senior-Senior-Middle basketball game was fought to a thrilling victory for the Seniors Monday afternoon, March 4. The score stood 33 to 17 in honor of the Class of '35 at the finish.

Both teams were chosen from the basketball players of the two classes, and of course, included all the star players. They each had secret practices during the preceding week under the direction of the two captains, Patty Chadwell, Senior captain, and Winnie Coffee, Senior-Mid captain.

The Senior success, to the average onlooker, seemed to lie in better organization and team play, working of signals, and perhaps more calmness. The Senior-Mid team also had the misfortune to be on a day when they lost their "basket-eyes."

The game was very fast and good passing was exhibited by both sides. Some beautiful baskets were made by both teams, but we believe Patty Chadwell to have been the outstanding player in the game.

Besides the game, there was also much of interest in the antics of the spectators. The honors for the day in spirit and class organization certainly go to the Senior-Mids. The majority of the class was present, everyone dressed in dark skirt, white shirt and purple sailor ties. The effect was spectacular. Their cheer leaders in purple shirts and white skirts were excellent and the class is to be congratulated on the complete cooperation they gave them. Their march around the gym at the half, the original songs, and the perfectly-enacted cheers were an eye-opener, so to speak, in class cooperation and spirit.

The Senior Class did not have the turn out that the younger class had. They had a small cheering section which paraded onto the floor in the form of an S at the halves, and which directed the cheering on their side of the gym. Had the Senior Class turned out to the extent of their enthusiastic underclass sisters the difference would not have been so noticeable. Those of the class who were present did what they could for the honor of the groups and are to be congratulated on the effort. The Senior-Mids certainly outdid themselves and everyone else in following the leadership of the Seniors shown on Thanksgiving Day in this sort of thing.

The cheer leaders for the two classes were Sally Womack, Senior, and Evelyn Norton and Joyce Cunningham, Senior-Mids.

## S-S-M. BOWLING PLAYED THURSDAY

The Seniors were victorious in the intra-class bowling, which was played off Thursday afternoon, by a score of 455-484. The teams included:

Senior—Mardie Page, Jean Stewart, Betty Heck, Patty Chadwell, Mary Jean Kirwan, Nellie Clements.

Senior-Middle—Ellen Bowers, Janet Pascoe, Edwin Schmid, Mary Clark Cimm, Evelyn Braden, Catherine Lanham.

All six girls on each team bowled but just the four highest scores on each team were taken.

## CLINCHY COMPARES U. S. TO SYMPHONY

Dr. Everett Ross Clinchy, Director of the National Conference of Jews and Christians, addressed Ward-Belmont girls, Wednesday on the subject of, "How we are going to live together with a variety of people."

Dr. Clinchy suggested that the United States might be called a symphony of people. As in a true symphony, this one of people is difficult and complicated. There are many instruments in our nation, with many tones. It is the blending of these tones, not their discords, which will give beauty and quality.

He wished today's youth to be immunized against the chronic ailment—trying to make all people alike. However, there must be a willingness to have differences expressed, "for in these tensions is life at its best." Jews, Protestants, and Catholics all must be individual.

We also have common tasks as: world peace, just economic life, the raising of the level of life. For these, Jew, Protestant and Catholic must work shoulder to shoulder.

Finally, Dr. Clinchy admonished us to form friendships with people out of our own groups, to build bridges between the groups so that our symphony of the United States may be harmonious.

## ATTENTION. DRAMATIC CLUB!

The second meeting of the Dramatic club will be held Thursday night, March 14, in the Agora club house, at 7:00. Please be there.

## MISS BETTY ALT. VESPERS SPEAKER

Miss Betty Alt told Ward-Belmont students in Vespers, March 3, the reasons for her desire to be a missionary. She expects to go into the foreign service in about a year.

"I received the call when a young girl and have since talked to great men of religion such as Stanley Jones and Dr. Perew, a black Indian preacher, who have added fire to my love of Christ and desire to serve him."

Miss Alt described the desperate living conditions of the growing girls in China where mere children work from 4:30 a. m. to 6 p. m. for 10 cents a day. In India, tuberculosis is more prevalent because of the heat, and opium is taken as an alternative for the suffering conditions.

"It is an honor to go into the service of Christ. Long years of preparation are necessary for the missionary work and one has to be in perfect health to be able to take a position. Race prejudice is the soul-saver's greatest enemy, for one can't have it and Jesus Christ too."

Closing her speech, Miss Alt gave as a final message: "Once I became discouraged and afraid about my life's work but when turning back I heard God's voice, 'Lo I will be with you always and I will guide you to the end.' Then I knew the truth. You don't have to go abroad to do missionary work, if you give yourselves to him here and lead Christian lives, then from your example and spirit you can lift others to the light."

## HOLD JOINT MEETING

Members of President's Council were guests at the Faculty Meeting, Friday afternoon in the A. K. house. Discussion on the faculty reports of "Rewards," "Leisure Time," and "Overcrowded Schedules." Tea was served at the close of the meeting.

## SENIORS TO STEP THROUGH LOOKING-GLASS WITH MARCH HARE

At the Senior class meeting on Thursday the famed White Rabbit made his appearance bearing the following summons to all Seniors:

## HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

The Queen of Hearts and Her Court

HEREBY SUMMON  
ALICE AND HER FRIENDS

To a Banquet of State  
In the Looking-Glass Region of Wonderland  
At Six-Thirty by the White Rabbit's Watch  
On the Twelfth Day  
Of the March Hare's Favorite Month

This unexpected and rather startling visit was only an outward indication of the work that has been done by four Senior-Mid committees in preparation for the annual Senior-Middle banquet given in honor of the Seniors. The committees are:

Decorations: Mozele Worsley, chairman; Elizabeth Siegmund, Elizabeth Cornelius, Charlotte Watkin, Martha Kiger, Jane Cravens, Fay Stipp, Elizabeth Rogers, Rebecca Rice.

Program: Edwin Schmid, chairman; Evelyn Braden, Margaret Greene, Roberta Lincoln, Sarah Ashley.

Food: Helen Tibbets, chairman; Eliza Monk, Mary Cook.  
Invitations and Escort: Catherine Lanham, chairman; Nelle Jane Ranck, Frances Bratton.

## DR. NYSTROM BRINGS PICTUR- ESQUE SWEDEN TO WARD-BELMONT

Ward-Belmont learned many interesting facts about Sweden from Dr. Gunnar Nystrom in chapel on Monday, March 4th.

Dr. Nystrom did not speak on the girls of his country because there is so little difference between them and American girls. Instead, he told about Sweden's geography, history, and traditions, beginning back at the time the country was completely covered with ice. This ice has been slipping southward continuously and the climate is becoming warmer every year. Everything is frozen and silent in the winter, but in the summer there is the joyous sound of glacial streams.

The oldest tombs discovered in Sweden are those of people who lived six or seven thousand years B.C. The Vikings, strong, hardy, dignified, and adventure-loving, followed these people; Leif Erickson, the discoverer of America, was one of them.

Dr. Nystrom told that Sweden at one time dominated and ruled all the seas, and during this epoch once carried their ships overland to the Black Sea. The speaker told about ancient castles that have been unearthed, and a little Parish church where savage men sometimes sacrificed ten of their fellows to the god of fertility. He said that many of the traits of the Dutch, Germans, and Scandinavians can be traced from these early people.

There must have been a terrific struggle in the minds of the Vikings when first they were approached with Christianity, and it was several centuries before Christianity won in its fight against paganism.

Dr. Nystrom concluded with a verbal picture of the University town of Upsalla, and the celebrations there on the first day of spring, when, at a given moment, everyone doffs his black hat of winter, and replaces it with a white one; and he extended a cordial invitation for all to come to Sweden for spring this year.

## CAKE-WALK SPECIAL ON TRI K PLANTATION

"Way down upon the Swanee River"—and didn't we think that was where we were when we tripped into the gym for the Tri K dance last Saturday night?

Stars (maybe even the ones that fell on Alabama) twinkled overhead and a graceful fountain splashed in the corner. A real-for-sure log cabin graced one side of the floor and Johnnie Miller's orchestra beat out its syncopated rhythms from a veranda of a "plantation home" on the other side.

Mary Eleanor Clay, Margaret Louise Boyd, Mary Louise Henderson, Arlene Hershey and Dorothy Jaeger sang some Southern songs for us at the first of the specialty—and didn't the girls look lovely singing with those colored lights playing on them? Next we had a clever cake-walk danced by the Tri K preps in plantation costumes—high hats, tail coats, bandanas, canes and all.

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## EXPRESSION NOTES

At the request of the Business Men's Club, a change was made in the program sponsored by the Ward-Belmont Expression Department. Thursday evening, March seventh, Miss Townsend presented at their annual meeting, the patriotic skit, "Highway Number One."

Tuesday, March fifth, Mary Elizabeth Lauhon gave a delightful reading, "Home Wreckers" at the Civitan Club luncheon.

Miss Townsend is presenting in recital next week six of her Expression students, who will read character sketches and narrative stories. Those on the program will be:

Betty Burns .....  
..... "Denominational Garden"  
Marian Colletter .....  
..... "When Angry, Count!"  
Lattie Miller Graves .....  
..... "Elevator for a Lady"  
Mary Elizabeth Lauhon .....  
..... "Home Wreckers"  
Elizabeth Mastin .....  
..... "Extra!"  
Elizabeth Ann Reed .....  
..... "She Told Me So"

## P-S-S-T-I!

It seems that last week's column has been causing Millie no end of trouble. The ones who are rather insignificant, but the result has been astonishing. That's what comes of trying to keep a thing a secret for so long a time; when it does come out, the effect is electrifying.

Where! and are we glad that the basketball season is finally over! We lost no end of sleep—not to mention the disappearance of a voice—but that's a mere trifle (according to a boarder of executive ability who ought to know—she's lost plenty of it). All sorts of congratulations to the four Aristons who so well represented the day students on the Varsity: Patty, Virginia, Allie George, and Jayne. They surely play a swell game, or I'm not an Ariston. It really was something to see Virginia and Allie George playing opposite each other at the Senior-Senior-Middle game the other day. Did you know that Allie George has feet like Nijinsky? Well, if she doesn't, how in the world can she jump so high? Jayne comes in for a slice of the same luck by being tall at the same time. Juanita was out for no good also at the S-S-M game. A vote of thanks to Alice for stirring up more pep than we've seen in a long time among the day students at the Tri K-Ariston game. With the enthusiasm that she showed in the balcony, we think it was a good thing that she didn't get to be on the floor—there might have been some casualties in the ranks of the Tri K's.

Evelyn Boyd's guardian angel must have been with her to keep her from making that third foul until right at the last of the game.

Woopa is a most versatile young woman. In fact, a certain person was heard to remark that she just knew Woopa wasn't going to live very long, because she could sing, dance, play the piano, and swim so well that there must be something wrong with her. And she gets A's in Art History! We wonder if there was any point in Miss Goodrich's asking Virginia to give an example of "smoothing over situations"?

We'd certainly hate to leave Em-maryne with the side of a house and a pin. She'd have all of the paint picked off in no time.

Patty is another versatile miss. Her interpretation of "St. Louis Blues" would make Cab Calloway sit up and take notice. But if you really want something to make your flesh crawl, just get Evelyn Braden to sing about having the "South in Her Soul." It will get you.

Spring has sprang! And with it comes the usual lapse of memory—

we can hear you saying now, "What memory?"

Just had a brilliant thought! At last, girls, we are going to have a place to go to talk about it, besides the library. The idea has been proposed and amply supported that the day student club house be fixed up attractively—and we may get reckless and have a radio. The first thing that we will have to do is to show everybody that we really do want a place to go—and prove it by going. If our interest is sufficiently demonstrated, the radio is as good as there. And as Cayce said, "Just one radio will work wonders." Bring your knitting, or whatever you are interested in, and COME TO THE CLUB HOUSE. The official day for opening will be announced in club meeting.

This could go on for hours, but as Gail will probably run us out for disturbing the peace of the HYPHEN office by this spasmodic typing, we'd better go now.

## TEN YEARS AGO

Friday, February 27, many Ward-Belmont girls left for Washington, where they will remain only for the inaugural ceremony of President Coolidge, after which New York will be the temporary goal.

The Iowa, Nebraska, and Oklahoma clubs reminded us by their dance last Saturday evening that spring is very near, if not actually with us.

Ward-Belmont musical circles will be pleased to hear that Miss Agnes Byington, a former student in the music department of this school, is to appear as the accompanist of Madame Alda of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The annual business dinner of the Milestones management will take place on Tuesday evening, March 17. To the Hall of Fame it is with pleasure that we elect:

Julia Warwick—because she has been such a regular girl.

Mary Alice Tolman—because of that atmosphere of quaintness and individuality that surrounds her.

Emmie Keeble—because of a magnetism she has by which she wins friends.

February 26. Up betimes and to breakfast. Each morning I do wonder at the dumbness of girls at a breakfast table. The gentleman was right who did say that no one should stir from his room until luncheon, not having reached before that time any degree of sociability.

March 1 (hare's day). The weather a perfect example of how March can come in like a lion. To church, nevertheless, where I am shocked each Sunday by the variety of colors worn by other people.

(From the "Diary of Our Mistress Belle Ward.")

## "Y"—Youth Conference on Religion

The Federal Council of Churches and the Pastors' Associations of Nashville sponsored a Youth Conference on Religion which was one of the twenty-four similar conferences that are being held in the large cities of the United States this week. Over two hundred young men and women representing all the young people's groups in Nashville met at the First Presbyterian Church for dinner, Monday, March 4. Dr. Barr, assistant Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, presided and introduced the speakers of the evening—Dr. Vandersall from Baltimore and Mr. Harry Homes from New York who made the principal address of the evening. It was his plea that the youth of Nashville, of the United States, and of the world join forces and march at the command of Christ to meet the needs of the present hour.

Ward-Belmont was represented at this conference by Martha-Jane Chat-tin, Mary Lee Wink, Martha Merry-day, Annie Lou Wall, Leora Hill, and Louise Timberman.

*Mitchells*

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BALCONY

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—IN—

"RUMBA"

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WARNER BAXTER  
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In

"Broadway Bill"



## DANCING COLUMN

## Dancing Shall Live

Hundreds of dance enthusiasts, including teachers, professionals, amateurs, and students, are now engaged in the organizations of various projects in New York. The principle aim is to promote interest in the dance and to give aid to the dancers themselves. The first project to attract interest is a series of "Modern Dance Recitals," under the direction of Sophia Delza at the new school for Social Research. Their aim is to benefit the modern dance as modern music has been aided by the League of Composers. Her plan makes it possible for dancers of all types to present new works before a sympathetic audience.

A second project is a series of eight recitals with the program composed of the work of dancers who have successfully passed the requirements of an auditions committee. Although there are as yet no set rules, the compositions must be of the type to further the principles of the modern dance. With this opportunity to develop originality in the individual dancer is also the possibility of discovering new ideas and potential talent.

The most recent organization is called the Dance Guild, which plans to secure the advantages for dancers which is afforded to all organized workers. After studying the efforts of other organizations, the Guild has reached a definitely-planned program. The first feature is similar to that of the other organizations in that it plans to provide an opportunity for recitals of young, professional dancers. At this dance center there will be exchange of ideas and discussions of problems. Dancers will find here the chance of meeting artists such as musicians, artists and costume designers, which contacts may help in the development of their own work.

This guild has not forgotten its audience, for it plans to sponsor lectures, recitals, and forums so that the audiences will be more capable of appreciating the dance. This group of dancers are alive to the needs of their art; progress and achievement are their two-fold goal.

## "Y"—Old Ladies' Home

About fifty hostesses welcomed a group from Ward-Belmont under the direction of Mary Lee Wilson. Willy's Wildcats again furnished the main entertainment of the evening and they were assisted by Martha Claire Clay who gave two tan numbers. At the conclusion of the program, cookies were passed and much conversation was enjoyed. The girls going to the Home were: Helen Kirkbride, Louise Brown, Virginia Wilson, Mabel Claire Breeden, Martha Clare Clay, Marian Colleser, Christine Jill, Jean Stewart, Nancyann Schmid, Jane Keyport.

SEEN AND HEARD  
—On a Reporter's Day Off

Did you know that among the new books in the library are "The Phantom Crown," a perfectly fascinating story of Carlotta and Maximilian in Mexico; and "Heaven Is My Destination," by the author of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"?

And had you heard that Nathan Milstein, who played at Ward-Belmont, on Thursday night, is a personal friend of Miss Jackson's? By the way, there was certainly very little doubt as to his popularity! No other artist this year has received such an ovation.

in the  
Paris  
manner

## Kathleen Mary Quinlan

highlights evening make-up with  
silver and mauve

It's gay, mad and glamorous, but it's the subtle manner that lovely Parisiennes use to accentuate their beauty. Miss Quinlan has highlights of silver and mauve in several different cosmetics for evening make-up.

EYESHADOW; silver, mauve	1.50
COSMETIQUE for lashes, blue, black	1.50
MAUVE POWDER with a delicate neutral tint	3.00
LIPSTICK for evening	1.00

## MISS PURGASON

Personal representative of Kathleen Mary Quinlan, will be at Tinsley's next week to advise and consult with you. Be sure to come in.

## TINSLEY'S

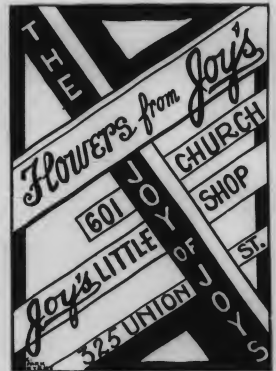
In the field of sports, next quarter's gym schedules have been creating quite a furor. Archery, baseball, tennis and track filled many schedules. Tennis is reserved for underclassmen, and beginners swimming for those who have not yet qualified. The riding ring seems to have been given over to the ducks (no insults intended), but judging by the number of people trotting up and down the road for tryouts, Wednesday, there should be a large class. And in passing, let us remark that people have the strangest reasons for electing certain gym subjects. See your Campus Columnist for further details.

A bit for your historical background: There is a piano some place in South Front (there are only about six up there) on which Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, played once upon a time.

Also historical: The Acklens had quite an extensive menagerie, and on the site now occupied by Pembroke Hall they kept their monkeys.

Fashion Review: Spring hats are certainly conducive to spring moods. In fact you have to be moody to wear them. And they have veils, too, sprouting out at every conceivable angle. Most of them are delightfully frivolous and useless but there is one practical one which helps to hold on the new pancake sailors. Note: Some of the veils are even in two colors, and you can be anything from Cleopatra to Miss Prudence Prim in them.

Fashion Echo: Spring fashions on the campus which we particularly like are the bright dark-blue shirts, as worn by Jean Stewart, Mary Ellen Hudgins, and Judy Acheson. Also the pale pink of Nancyann Schmid's, and



## CANDYLAND

DELICIOUS ICES  
TEMPTING CANDIES  
EXCLUSIVE DAINTIES  
CHURCH AND SEVENTH AVENUE

Edwina Holland's pale yellow. Then we are fond of Mary Lalla in plaids, of Virginia Shaw and Barbara Lee Reed, in dark-blue smocks, and of Connie Chase in a white formal.

Foreign: (maybe) To any and all of you who are going on the European trip you will receive a proper bon voyage from Miss Hershey, who has every intention of being in New York on the thirtieth of June.

SPECIAL  
for March

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Lovemans

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## EDITORIAL

## PERSPECTIVE

Have you ever come up very close to a large oil painting and had it appear as a blurred mass of color? When you moved away from it the objects on the canvas gradually assumed their true proportions and took on some meaning and clarity of outline.

Or have you ever seen a painting by an artist not yet completely familiar with his art? The houses seemed a little too large for the trees, and the front gate seemed unaccountably close to the hills of the background.

Perspective is usually thought of in connection with art, but it can also be applied to everyday life. If we view our crowded days too closely they are apt to become just a blur of too many things to do in too few hours. We lose our power to discriminate, to put things into their proper places. In a sense our hills come crowding up against our front gate.

Young artists must learn the use of perspective before they can hope to paint; young writers and poets are urged to take an objective view of their work—to "let it cool" before revising and condensing it. Then, why should not young people, whose primary object at present is learning to live, apply perspective to their everyday lives. Surely if trees and houses in their proper places are so important to the artist, it is just as important to us to be able to judge our own actions and the actions of others in their true light, and in regard to their effect on the whole scheme of our lives.

G. L., '35.

## HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

There has been quite a lot of discussion on the campus recently as to the correct pronunciation of certain words, and dissension has arisen among the students from various sections of the country who have found that they differ and disagree upon many of these varied forms of delivery make up the American tongue. So the northern girl should not ridicule the southerner's soft drawl, and the southerner should respect the concise, clear speech of the former, although she has heard "r's" dropped all of her life!

After all, it is *what* we say that counts, not *how* we say it. Of course, we should not make grammatical errors, particularly on a college campus where we should have learned to overcome them. And slang should not be so prevalent in our speech, although it is socially accepted in some forms because it so forcefully expresses youth's ideas. With an extensive use of slang, we tend to lose our individuality. We should consider our speech a true part of ourselves and digress from the popular movement to "do as others and speak as others." Whether you are from the West Virginia hills, the Florida coast, or the western plains, you must express your own thoughts, and your speech will be influenced by your locality. So why not better that locality's standing by putting less emphasis on the current slang phrases, and give your words weight and meaning, whether your "a's" are pronounced as in "cat" or as in "father"!

J. W., '35.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

H'llo everybody! Ho hum, "springsy" weather—and ain't it nice?

And now to start the doin's of the week.

Seen and heard around the campus these days:

Gilbertine Moore with a spelling book—studying diligently.

Marian Farr with a couple or three letters from Ab.

Leora Hill practising a certain dance step.

Rozelle Emery wondering if anyone else likes potato salad.

Miss Lydell trying to learn "why birds fly south."

Crockett wondering about the "Ugly Duckling"—tsk, tsk!

And didn't the Senior-Middles make a nice showing of themselves at the game last Monday! They did show those Seniors what real "pep" is.

'Twas said to have been a nice game, And brought to you Seniors great fame;

We know that you all did your best, But the winning team was proven by test.

Howzat for poetry? Save your remarks please!!

Say, did you hear about the incident between Martha Carson and a clerk at Joy's Shop? It seems that "Louisville Buster" told Joy's that whenever Martha ordered flowers they should be charged to him—no matter what they were or who they were for. Martha (poor, neglected, unfortunate) was treated, abused, slighted, disregarded, forgotten, and said, "Nix." And that ended that. Nize story, eh what? All true, too.

Golly whiz! To date, Hershey's permission to go to Dickson, Tennessee, hasn't arrived yet. We're all hoping for you, Hershey, ol' gal, and by now we know you're having a delightful time.

Annie Lou Wall is making a trip home this week-end to see her "pretty and sweet." As her guests she is taking Jane Berger, Mary Cook, and Louise Timberman.

By the way, you might ask Judy and Eunicemary why they thought of the three yellow sweaters last week-end. Anyway, it sounded perfectly "oke" to us.

Poor Ruth Jones—after getting a letter from her family saying that they will not be here March 15th as they had planned, has now a terrific cold which settled in her eyes. It sounds fishy, but truly dear (?) readers, it's another true story.

And did you hear about Mary Ellen Hudgins choking on a piece of candy during her sojourn at home! She certainly had Rosemary worried for a while. Poor dear (Hudgins)—she probably just had a thought of her dogfish in Zoology Laboratory.

Here's a little note written to us and asked to be published for the good of the public—here goes:

dere foks,  
ef you evar in eademick blding on tuesday and thersday arond the 6 period—pleeze be cerful cuz Gail larenc shor duz du things to them thar chemicals—she nerly blu up the labratori the other day—gosh but we was seered. jest a frenly warnin to all youse gals.

From a littul mouse who lives ovur thar.

You should have heard the remarks the other day when Miss Hollinger casually remarked, "Does anyone want a male?" (Referring to a dog-fish, of course!)

Gotta go, 'cause I'm out of news, and what-not. If you gals would like to turn in any bright remarks for this column, why not send your contributions through house mail to box 330. Please do. . . .

Until next time. . . .  
P. S. We can't help but preserve for posterity the delightful story

## EAGLE FEATHER

## Eunicemary Bicknell—

## FORGETFULNESS

I

"Mummy, where's my sister Linda gone?  
You said, you know, she'd be back today.  
Nanny calls me now to go to bed,  
Without her no one will laugh and play."

The mother stroked those soft gold curls and  
Gently she kissed the child's warm cheek  
Then smoothing the little pinafore  
She smiled and said, "Just one more week."

II

"Mummy, why doesn't Linda come home?  
I'm so lonesome and afraid at night.  
Dollies and Puck, they want her too—  
I'm sure she'd come, if you said she might."

She tucked the child within her arms and  
Softly whispered the "Mary" story, then  
Slumber's sand did bewitch the child but  
Childish words her mother's heart did rend.

It is springtime now and one wee lass  
Cambols with Puck on her father's lawns.  
The pup barks and nips at bare pink heels.  
Only now and then does she pause and ask  
"When is Linda coming?"

A. L. J., '35.

## COMING ATTRACTIONS

The solemn coldness of winter  
Has gone and left us chilled,  
But there, around the corner  
On a signboard, "Spring" is billed.

N. S., '35.

## TO A TEACHER

If our lessons are done poorly,  
And attention we don't pay,  
If we fix our eyes securely  
On you, but still drift away,  
If we sit about just gazing  
And refuse our work to do,  
There's a day of reckoning coming  
Which was invented all for you.

Be patient with our little dreaming,  
Tolerate our listlessness,  
Don't begin the annual scheming  
To make students out of us.  
Just remember this is springtime,  
And youth is bound to have its day,  
Accept my good-for-nothing rime,  
To keep your spirits up 'til May.

E. B., '35.

## POEM

God  
Hid His face in  
His hands.  
Snow slid sleepily down His sleeves.  
Glassy tar slipped through  
One caught  
In your hair.  
It was so lovely  
That God peeped through his fingers,  
And I felt sorry  
He was so far away  
He could not touch it.

B. R., '36.

which Reverend Clinchy told Wednesday—it was in speaking of beautiful ladies that it came up—"At Yale," he said, "the boys say that girls when talking about boys say 'various things.' That Bryn Mawr girls say 'What are his forebears, who are his people?' Wellesley asks, 'Is he intelligent?' Smith asks, 'Will he show me a good time?' And Ward-Belmont asks 'Where is he?'"



## CLUB CHATTER

## Agora

Friday nite a group of twenty marauders borrowed our club house for a private dance—and it was private—till 9 when the boys began to arrive. Spring at last is here in the form of crocuses and sheaves, so we low girls feel quite at home. Emma Lou is to be congratulated on her excellent playing in the game Monday. The club is mighty proud of her. Wednesday at club meeting we all became poetically inspired and quite entranced by Miss Ordway's readings. The evening was delightful. A scoop! my fans—Miss Graham, our beloved president, is planning to make the University of California her abode next year—More power to you, pres! Nell is still at home ill, and I'm sure our thoughts are often of her. Get well and hurry back, Nell!

## Ariston

Every Ariston is easily identified these days! Just walk around the campus and notice the girls with big broad smiles. These are Aristons! We are indeed proud of our basketball team. They aimed for the championship and now that they have won it, we are perfectly contented. My, but we were everything but contented through that Tri K game! They had us worried! Truly they played a splendid game and displayed excellent sportsmanship.

Seen among the cheering section at the game Wednesday night were Dot Hill, Ariston president two years ago, and Dot Jones who left us last June. It was great to see our loyal ex-sisters!

Basketball! Yes, we are basketball-minded, but why shouldn't we be when Peggy, Jane, Virginia and Allie George all made varsity? We extend to them our heartiest congratulations.

We have decided that a good light supper and get-together urged the team on to victory. Before the game, Miss Major and the entire squad dined together (an egg on toast) at Gray Gables. It was ever so much fun, but Virginia was too excited to eat all her eggs.

We'll say good-bye with fondest hopes of retaining the championship next year.

## Anti-Pan

We certainly are glad you're well, Miss Swenson. The whole club has had the *worriest* time till we knew you were getting better.

We kinda' treated ourselves Wednesday night and fried our own dinner down at the club house. Ummmm—big, juicy hamburgers 'n hot, but-ter-rolls simply swimming in "ket-chup" and onions! Cokes, ice-cream sandwiches, and good, old-fashioned gossip completed the menu.

Congratulations go this week to Charlotte Anne on her nineteenth birthday. You show us the array of presents—flowers, telegrams, dresses, candy, hankies and a trip to Washington and New York after graduation this June!

Charlotte and Jana have returned from St. Louis a little the worse for wear, but otherwise, quite happy.

And have you heard that none other than one of our little Anti-Pans, who incidentally is a prominent figure in the "Campus Queen's Club," is to lead the Senior Prom at Alabama University in the near future? More power to you, Martha Anne!

## A. K.

The A. K.'s were very fortunate this week to have Dr. Barton down to talk to them at the regular meeting. As he always does, he made a grand talk and we hope he will come back to see us again some time. We feel so "snooty" now that he has just come once, that I don't know what might happen if we had him again.

President Richey's family, or rather

her Daddy is coming to see her tomorrow. Have a good time, Richey! Weren't we proud of Gilly and Nellie making the second varsity of basketball and bowling respectively? Well, I'll say! If more of us A. K.'s were more athletically inclined, maybe we'd do better. Then to continue on our subject—Alice and Gilly did very well on the team at the Senior-Senior-Middle basketball game.

And speaking of that game, we just have to congratulate Tony on the way she had her class all fixed up for the affair.

## Angkor

We're still clapping over Woopa's performance in the swimming meet. It was colossal, stupendous, in fact, gigantic. She won first place in everything she was in. Of course, you know, she was heading the list by at least ten points. We think she deserves a big hand-clap. The team of Shirley Caldwell, Jane Vance, Grace Benedict and "Woopa" Cornelius made a fast, snappy showing in the relay and came out with third place. After a great deal of holding our breath and hoping that ball would knock down ten pins, the bowling season ended. We finally came out on top with Ellen Bowers leading as an individual. She seems to have that twist of the wrist.

By the way, if you want to get a series of indignant replies, ask Nancy who "Ken" is. See what she'll say. We bid a tearful farewell to Judith Davis who took off for Florida Sunday morning. We're beginning to set ourselves to giving Susan Cheek a fond hello. We're expecting her back next week. So long, see you and Susan next week!

## Tri K

Owing to the strenuous game last Wednesday night we couldn't very well have had a club meeting. 'Pears like the whole school was there to see the game. Beverly and Betty were running around in black and white trying to lead the cheers of the rest of our worthy club members. We lost—but we lost to the best team Ward-Belmont has seen in many a year and we were proud to play against them.

Finally had our gym dance Saturday night. We had more fun. All day decorating and rehearsing for our specialties. That chicken salad and coffee certainly tasted good after our struggling through our little numbers and then serving everyone. To Mary Eleanor Clay go the bouquets and congratulations for the dance. She sure does have her own ideas.

## Eccowasin

Whew! Was surprised to see so many Eccowasins at club meeting. Such a strenuous week-end! *Comprez-vous?* Saturday night M. B. A. gave a grand skating party. I was so petrified that I didn't get around more than two or three times during the evening. As the manager of the production expressed it, "I sure hope that mob don't come again!"

There was a lot of discussion about the going-to-lunch-question during club meeting. To the disgust of the freshmen, in particular, the motion was made and passed that we wouldn't go out at all if we were not able to go to the "Dainty Maid." Well, good-bye boys, I don't guess that you'll hear the familiar tooting any longer. No more news, so I'll toddle along. See you next week!

## Osiron

And Wednesday Madam President departed—just like that! Power to you, Thelma, and have a grand time! It isn't everyone who can talk the Dean into double cuts, and fly clear home to Dec.

Catherine proved what a grand choice we made for vice-president by the masterly way in which she handled the somewhat—shall we say warm—discussion Wednesday night.



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Congratulations, Helen! First var-

sity, and are we proud! I should rather say so.

Three good Osirons slipped up and

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SODAS — CANDY  
LUNCHES

went to the F. F. house for supper Saturday night. Ring sausage and chili are good, aren't they Porgie and Mary Ellen, even if they don't combine so well with ice cream, bread and butter pickles, and Gail's birthday cake?

*Adios, mis amigas, we gotta go* down and comfort Mildred, who is sticking strictly to her grape-fruit-in-the-tea-room-diet.

F. F.

And still they go home for week-ends. "Higgins" and Rosemary were the lucky ones this time. They graced the Bluegrass State with their smiling presences. On their return "Higgins" gave a chocolate cake party. Very nice indeed, report the guests. Go home again sometime, Hudgins.

The F. F. house has been the scene of many dinner parties lately. This time it was not hamburgers. Jean and Pory were the consumers, but they were aided by some of their friends. 'Tis said that Jean had to leave rather abruptly. It seems that "he" came earlier than expected.

Word comes to the F. F.'s that they might have Viva Lee with them this week-end. We sure do hope so.

## "Y"—Sunday School

Mary Louise Henderson, assistant chairman of the Sunday School Committee, was in charge of the worship service on March 3. Beverly Lack, who was the speaker of the morning, told the story of the life of Sir Wilfred Grenfell. His life has been one of service to his fellowman. Grenfell gave up his home in England and went as a doctor to Labrador where he felt he was needed most and could serve best. The worship service was concluded with the prayer hymn, "More Love to Thee," which was sung by Mary Eleanor and Stanley Elizabeth Clay.

## "Y"—Tennessee Children's Home

As the Ward-Belmont girls were walking over to the Tennessee Children's Home, March 3, for the regular play hour which they conduct on every Sunday, one of the girls remarked: "Wouldn't it be nice if we could take the children to the park today to play?" Everyone was delighted when upon the arrival Miss Wade, the director who is in charge of the children, suggested that it would be a splendid day to take the children to the park. Soon down the street, a happy procession could be seen winding its way and each girl had four or five small boys and girls clinging to her hand. Alice Adams, Annie Lou Wall, and Louise Timberman led the activities in the strenuous hour that followed.

## "Y"—Florence Crittenton Home

Under the direction of Helen Pillow, a very successful trip was made to the Florence Crittenton Home on Thursday night, Feb. 28. Three taxi loads of girls were headed by the taxi containing Willy's Wildcats. Great was the excitement when the orchestra arrived and prepared to begin its music. The evening passed very quickly with the various selections given by the orchestra, and an interesting reading by Elizabeth Lauhon. There were also vigorous games in which both groups took part. Candy and nuts and a thrilling visit to the babies brought the happy evening to a close. Those girls who made this trip were: Martha Jane Chatin, Rosella Lee Lewis, Betty Armstrong, Jane Ludwig, Mildred Scott, Louise Timberman, Marian Colletter, Mary Lee Wilson, Mary Elizabeth Lauhon, Mary Norman West, Nancyann Schmid, Jane Keyport, Katherine Hays, Ann Whitmore, Janet McFadden, and Mary John Atwell.

## DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

Dr. Barr spoke to the student body in devotional chapel this morning.

To the tearoom to mill around this afternoon. Passed several Tri K's looking longingly down the steps and trying to decide how much wind a coke would take away!

The Tri K-Ariston game ended satisfactorily—for the Aristons! Such a game! Such spirit! A Del Ver, a Tri K, and an A. K. side by side all yelling for the good ol' boarders! Better luck next time!

'Night!

Thursday—

The ol' Senior-Mid spirit began to flare up at the meeting this morning in chapel! Even if the score doesn't come our way the spirit will be there.

The Senior-Mids were put through their basketball paces by Manager Coffee this afternoon! Do they know some tricks!

The bowling varsity bowled against a town bowling team and got beaten by one point!

The Diary is beginning to sound like a sports column—stealing Coffee's and Tony's stuff—we apologized.

Friday—

Mr. Rose played excerpts from selections that Milstein will play at his concert next Thursday night.

The Senior-Senior-Middle game was postponed until next Monday on account how there seemed to be a conflict with the music department! P. S. The recital was held!

Saturday—

An uneventful Saturday spent at school studying—sucker!

To the Tri K dance tonight and such an adorable party! The decorations were most unusual and appropriate. We didn't quite know what to expect judging from the invitations, and when Webbie told us they were going to throw Aunt Jemima pancakes at us—well, we were just a little dubious. Oh, you kid, Webbie!

'Night!

Sunday—

Another gorgeous day! Many went walking or riding. The circle was full all afternoon with photographers and the like!

Miss Betty Alt spoke in Vespers this evening and almost convinced us we were cut out to be a missionary Korea, here we come!

Up until eleven tonight! Can we take it! Ooh boy!

'Night!

Monday—

The great day at last! Senior-Senior-Middle game came off in fine style. The Seniors won but—the spirit of the Senior-Mids was especially noteworthy! Tony is a proud president and justly so!

The tearoom was filled after the game by panting players, gurgling cokes and by enthusiastic witnesses of the game!

Highlight of the game: Patsy Schorndorfer and Patty Chadwell, opponents, standing in the middle of the court comparing knee bandages!

Tuesday—

Announcements were made in chapel this morning.

Varsity pictures were taken this afternoon and we know a secret—Mardie and Webbie are camera-shy! This publicity is so wearing and tearing, ain't it, gals?

Ashley is open for orders to upset anyone's room! All work do: eatly (?) and quietly (?)! Success guaranteed, if not—your money will be gladly refunded. Write for further details—we've gone too far as 'tis! 'Night!

# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, March 16, 1935

Number 21

## SENIOR CLASS ROYALLY ENTERTAINED IN WONDERLAND

Down the rabbit-hole tumbled the W.B. Aliases, in the person of the Senior Class, Tuesday evening, to be entertained at a wholly delightful "mad tea party," by the Senior-Middle Class.

The walls of the banquet hall were hung with pen-and-ink sketches of the famed Wonderland inhabitants. Each table bore a pot of the roses "Painted the night before, by the Queen of Heart's gardeners." Pastel cut-outs of the Mock turtle, the Walrus, the White Rabbit, Bill, the Lizard, the White Queen, and many other well-known characters completed the table decorations. At each place was a souvenir copy of *Alice In Wonderland* and *Alice Through the Looking Glass*, with the evening's program pasted on the inside cover.

Guests at this unique party were introduced by the Mad Hatter (Edwina Schmidt) to the Queen of Hearts (Tony Treadway) who welcomed the guests most graciously and never once said, "Off with her head." Alice (Jean Stewart) told the inhabitants of this Wonderland how much she and her companions enjoyed being there, the Dodo Bird (Winnie Coffey) held forth in the Caucus Race, the White Rabbit (Elizabeth Ann Reed) on "Oh, my Ears and Whiskers," the Cheshire Cat (Martha Craig) spoke and vanished... all but the grin; Bill, the Lizard (Marian Farr) gave the "Judgment of the Jury," and finally the King of Hearts (Dr. Barton) spoke on "Wonderland: Past, Present and Future."

During the program, the court entertainers performed. "The Lobster Quadrille," consisting of Helen Jones, Catherine Biedenbarn, Mary Ann Foley, Patty Gibbs, Eula Wade, Margaret Greene, and a number of yards of red cambric, waved their antenae and clicked their claws to the tune of "Will you, won't you," etc. "Twaddle-dun" (Elizabeth Cornelius) and "Twiddle-dee" (Sarah Ashley) fought and pushed and bumped each other in perfect rhythm.

The singing of "The Bells of Ward-Belmont," by the entire assembly, brought to a close an evening which members of neither class will ever forget.

## ART CLUB MAKES CAMPUS DEBUT

Another campus organization makes its bow this week with the formation of the Art Club. The club is headed in its birth with the recent faculty and Presidents' council, discussions of leisure-time activities, Miss Mary Wynne Shackelford and a group of students have banded together to give an opportunity for an outlet for those who are interested in art. This does not mean that the club membership includes only art students. On the contrary, it is open to any student of Ward-Belmont who would care to increase her knowledge and appreciation of art.

Organization of this Art Club took place on Friday, March 8, in the Art Studio and the following group of officers was chosen: Lucille Endsley, president; Beverly Lack, vice-president; Jane Cook, secretary-treasurer; Rosemary Horstmann, Cynthia Tompkins, reporters; Kitty Mood, librarian. (Continued on page 5)

## MILESTONES STAFF OPENS CAMPAIGN

On March 16, the traditional St. Patrick's Day dinner will be given by the Milestones Staff. The dining-room will be decorated in green and white. During the evening there will be different forms of entertainment. Among them will be speeches by Dr. John W. Barton, Mildred Scott, Editor of the Milestones, Patsy Schornedorfer, Photographic Editor, and Martha Kiger, Business Manager.

The purpose of the dinner is to open the sales campaign of the Milestones, and the boarding students are re-

(Continued on page 5.)

## MISS TOWNSEND SUMMARIZES PLAY

The chapel program on Monday, March 11, was turned over to Miss Townsend, who gave us a brief summary of the play "Mary Queen of Scots" which is to appear in Nashville on March 30.

She explained that Phillip Merriweather, who is the leading actor, has become famous through his outstanding performance in "Valley Forge," which ran on the New York stage for over a year. Helen Hayes, in the role of Mary, lives up to her reputation of being the youngest success on both the stage and screen, and in this production she makes us feel the agony of a tragic, living woman doomed to betrayal.

Miss Townsend concluded her program by urging every girl to attend this presentation, and announced that to those who were further interested, she would give a more detailed resume in her studio next Tuesday evening, March 19, at 6:45 o'clock.

## WARD-BELMONT GIRLS NO LONGER "REGULATION" CLAD

No longer will the Ward-Belmont girl be known by her dark blue and black regulation! Announcement was made in chapel on Tuesday to the effect that: Beginning Sunday, March 17, a girl may wear what she wishes to town and to church, the only restriction being that it be a solid color. Accessories may be in any color to harmonize with the costume.

This announcement was made upon the decision of the administration that: However much we, as students, may enjoy the tradition of "regulation," or, as alumni, enjoy looking back on our "regulation" days, we, as individuals, do not like it.

In the past few years, Ward-Belmont has "as individuals" not liked several things which have been looked upon as irrevocable regulations. But being the type of school it is, Ward-Belmont has found nothing irrevocable that has distinctly lost its usefulness, and one by one the changes have come.

The first change of great importance came about 1927, when the Senior Class was greeted with the joyful news that Senior Open House was to be, not a bridge party and conversation affair, but a real dance in "Rec" Hall. In 1929, joy was unparalleled when the announcement was made that the girls might attend movies in the afternoon unchaperoned. Close on the heels of this was the next epoch-making change. Rouge and lipstick—banned before 1930—were allowed in the evening on the campus only. This rule was changed a little each ensuing year until, in 1933, the regulation was removed entirely, to read as it does, no make-up on the campus before 6:45. Day students may put it on just before leaving the campus. In 1933, came the news that ankle socks were to be allowed on the campus. Certainly gone forever were the days of "connecting!"

With "May privileges" came the end of Senior Free Day. Now, in the spring, college students may stay in town for dinner, returning to the campus at 7:30. No longer are Senior-Middles chaperoned to church or town. No longer do the Senators march over the campus in their underclass sisters—of that of 1934, suggested that all college girls have equal privileges. The "privilege" system has gone the way of these other rules. "Privileges" have given way to "hours." Stated numbers of hours are allowed off the campus instead of so many privileges a week. Dances with men! Open Houses given by the clubs—Open Houses given by the administration for the high school and for the Senior-Middles. Week-ends away from school—one a month without cuts and one a semester with cuts, and so on, and on (there may be some that have been missed in this catalog). Truly "the old order changeth, giving place to the new."

## GRADUATES TO WEAR BLACK CAPS, GOWNS

The motion to wear black caps and gowns in the spring graduation exercises was voted on and passed as the final decision of the Senior class at the meeting of Thursday, March 7.

Dr. Barton, having recently attended the meeting of the American Association of Junior Colleges in Washington, informed the class that a new rule had been put in effect. It states that since it has been of common assent that high schools and finishing schools wear white in graduation and normal schools wear blue, that all Junior Colleges wishing to show their academic standing should adopt the black robes as a uniform for graduation exercises.

The class of 1934 made the first move toward this year's decision in being the first group to have a common uniform. The wearing of the black robes is an important step in the history of Ward-Belmont in that our commencement now takes on the dignity fitting for an educational institution of high academic standing such as ours.

## X. L.

*Domus Caesaris te adesce ad aperendum villae novae suae in gymnasio hora tertia vigiliae prinae noctis a.d. XVII Kal. Apr. vult.*

That is to say: the X. L.'s will hold their gym dance tonight at eight o'clock.

The general chairman for the affair is Elizabeth Rudolph, Chairman of the Decoration Committee; Louise Humphrey, Food Committee; Betty McEntee, Entertainment Committee; Mary Jane Foulston, and Invitations, Mary Jane Bass.

## DR. WORKMAN CONDUCTS SERIES OF LENTEN FORUMS

Dr. James Workman, of Fayetteville, Arkansas, made the first of a series of talks to the students of Ward-Belmont at the Wednesday devotional service. He was presented by Martha Jane Chatin, president of the Y.W.C.A., who introduced him at the hours of the Open Forums which took place on Wednesday and Thursday, March 13 and 14.

The two Thursday forums were: "The Conditions of Achieving a Positive Faith" and "The Meaning and Practice of Prayer." In four discussions conducted on Thursday, Dr. Workman explained how to use our religion. The subjects were: "Putting Religion into Practice in Campus Life," "Working Religion out in Daily Life," "Facing the Economic and Social Crises of the Present World Order," and "The Meaning of Faith in Immortality for Present-Day Living."

Dr. Workman had just come from a Mississippi State Conference of Students, and in his charming, clear, concise talk Wednesday morning proved to be very open to understanding students' problems. Dr. Workman stated that "beauty, truth, and love are the three eternal philosophical elements of which religion is composed." He said that one of the things that youth must realize is that life goes on, even though the great leaders die, and that it is in times of great tragedy that the real meaning of religion is visualized. "It was under much stress and pain that Tennyson composed one of the best poems on immortality, *In Memoriam*," Dr. Workman said that religion began at the dawn of the race. "Man looked at the brilliant sun and prayed that some day he might be as radiant. Man, then, created his own God and religion grew from his love of God." He gave a simple definition of religion which can be applied on our own campus. He said that religion is "the ability of a man to get along in the world with the many odds that face him, the ability to get along with people, and with God."

## WORDSMITHS PLAN FOR SPRING SEMESTER

Wordsmiths held their regular meeting Monday night, March 11. A new plan was discussed by which at any time during the year a girl could submit work to the club, and be considered for membership. The club has been criticized as being an "exclusive organization" and by such a plan hopes to overcome this criticism and accomplish its real purpose:—to provide a club for girls who like to write.

Plans were also made for the Wordsmiths' HYPHEN, April twenty-first, and for a booklet to be published sometime in the spring. Phyllis Hudson was appointed as club reporter. After the business meeting, contributions of the members were read and discussed.

## MONDAY, MARCH 18

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FACING CAPITOL BOULEVARD

### "SILENCE." THEME OF SUNDAY VESPERS

The meaning of Silence was used as the theme of a lovely Vesper program Sunday. Some of the ideas presented were that Silence need not be terrifying for it gives strength; being confident in this; if we seek with love it will be granted; love is its own fulfillment. Something different was carried out in the replacing of a speaker with readings. The students seemed to appreciate this innovation. "In the Silence" and "A Silent Te Deum" were the readings.

Mrs. Mary Mooney and Mary Eleanor Clay gave the special music.

### DR. CASTELLANO SPEAKS ON MEXICO

The rain drove most of the school's *senoritas* to their rooms on Monday night, so that only a small group attended the meeting in the X. L. house. Dr. Juan R. Castellano was the guest of the evening. He gave a delightful talk on his trip to Mexico last summer and his experiences in Mexico City. He taught the club members several new songs which they sang in Spanish. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed. At the next meeting Senor Castellano will again be present, and will bring some Spanish graphophone records with him. He is an interesting speaker, so we hope that all the *senoritas* will attend the lecture.

### DR. BARTON SPEAKS ON CURRENT EVENTS

Dr. Barton spoke to the students Friday morning, March 8. He said that the tendency of the American college is more and more to judge on general knowledge rather than the subjects taken which should fit you for continuance. The day of comprehensive examinations is coming in which a student may receive a grade of "Passed," meaning that he has passed in every sense of the word; a "Grade delayed until you find yourself," or "Not Passed," instead of the grades we receive now, which mean much or little depending on the student.

In Greece the prime-minister wants to put the king on the throne, and as he has a great deal of power, no one knows what may happen. Bulgaria and Turkey are mobilizing their soldiers so as not to be caught napping, for Greece holds the balance of power in that part of Europe and in case of trouble they wish to be prepared.

In South America, Paraguay has refused to abide by the decision of the League of Nations. It is getting to be a habit for countries which do not care for the League's ruling to just step out.

And in the United States there have been more decisions against the NRA than in all of its two years of existence. Congress decided that Congress had the right to direct coinage as it pleased and that if it wished to give some of the power to the president, all right and if not all right. In Alabama it was decided that the T. V. A. could not sell their excess power directly to individuals but must do it through a third party. And in Delaware that Union rules cannot be enforced if the majority of employees are satisfied without union rules.

### P-S-S-T-I

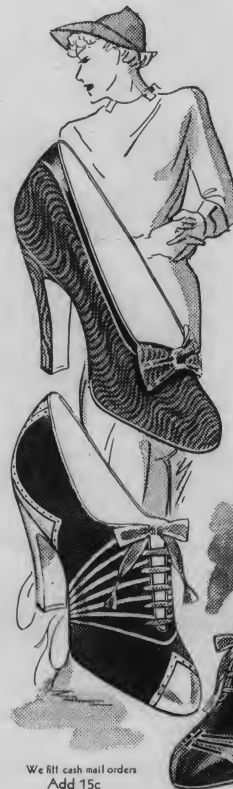
Congrats to the Senior-Mids for a simply swellephant affair! We remember that last year we worked a lot, but our labor was just a drop in the bucket in comparison to what it must have been this time.

Margaret Greene surely made a cute red lobster, didn't she? We didn't know that she had such talent in dancing. She looked more like a firefly flitting about.

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Woopa was out to demonstrate her Nijinsky prowess, too. Didn't she "float through the air with the greatest of ease"? And the trimness of her figure!

Juliette is no longer under par. He has come home!

Wonder if there was any point in having Martha for the Cheshire Cat? No hard feelings meant, Martha, because you did nobly. We could almost feel the fur in that last grin.

Babs Shields makes a swell Tarzan. Get her to demonstrate her skill. Feature her embarrassment, however, when she shot two blanks in the direction of the villain before Alice could change sound effect from horse's hoofs to pistol shots.

Wonder how Sally felt when Emmarype told her that she was "soft"? And May Evelyn remarked, after having been through all the refrigeration rooms at the Neuhoof Packing Plant, that she thought she was going to have a "chisel."

Don't you like the new coiffure that Virginia has adopted? 'Tis quite different and very effective.

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And did Patty pull a bone? She said we could do anything we wanted to in the club house, and then added, "That is, anything within reason!" What does she take us for, anyway?

Ask Emmarype what she wishes her Psychology could be. Modify it by time and place, however.

Theresa really has capacity for concentrated mental work. You ought to see her work on that Wellesley application. It won't be long before she's asking, "Is he intellectual?" but she assures us that the Ward-Belmont influence is still the stronger and she wants to know, "Where is he?"



## CLUB CHATTER

## Angkor

The baseball season opened officially Monday, but Woopa has had us out practicing at recess for weeks, so we feel as if the season is half way over instead of just opening. We will have to try mighty hard to keep that cup this year.

We certainly are glad to have Judy and Susan back amongst us. After a swell vacation in Florida. We only wish that we could have been there with them.

I think that we all agree to the fact that the club luncheon last Tuesday was the best yet. All of us ate too much. If they had passed the rolls just one more time, we would not have been able to move.

## Ariston

Rumors are about that our many musicians are forming an orchestra! Just ask Elizabeth Gray, Patty, Evelyn or Jayne Allen. Jane Parker and Elizabeth Hall were hunting around in the College Library like real "book worms" Tuesday afternoon. Or have they become studious?

The first correction to be made on the secretary's minutes was made today by Alice Williamson when she timidly announced that her name was on the varsity list by mistake. You were a good guard, regardless, Alice!

We didn't know how to respond to Evelyn when she announced that they had finally decided that Elizabeth Gray should be the accompanist for "that orchestra."

Janet and Mary John are always saying they never break into print. I think they are being sarcastic; however, they're in it, now!

## Agora

Last week-end seemed to us the chosen one for excursions, for Annie Lou went home and took Mary and Jane with her. Another event had us all agog—Ruth Jones had her hair cut off and got a permanent wave—it looks grand. Although the past week had been rather cloudy and disagreeable, the club snaphooter managed to get a bunch of bonny pictures. One special number included a gay chorus which could beat Ziegfeld any day. The girls posed gracefully on the patio between Pounders and North Front. A very enthusiastic group came out for the new baseball season and are all set to work hard. Archery and track drew several of our speedy members and we wish them the best of luck. Nell returned and looks fine! I sure wish we could all get a rest at home for a week. With memories of Wonderland and the gorgeous banquet still with you, and the expectations of the X. L. dance tonight and our open house a month away jizzling in your minds, I leave you—Have fun!!

## Tri K

We certainly had a most exciting Wednesday night meeting. Charades were the feature of the evening. The words "Incompatible and Porcupine" were duly presented. Our open house will be soon and we made and remade our plans for it.

Catherine Laubon plays a piano "perfectly elegantly." She entertained us with the favorites "Star Dust," "Night and Day," and "Smoke Rings," til we had to be "shook" from the club house in order to reach our rooms before the study hall bell.

## Anti-Pan

Oh dear, will Mrs. Marbury's little gal Frankie ever stop giving those open houses! We hear there's a big one planned at the Anti-Pan house on the eighteenth, with twenty girls as hostesses.

Next time you're around Patty Howell, take a squint at the new West Point frat pin. And from the same

source comes at least two or three letters, daily!

Seen here 'n yon—Jane Flannigan's scrumptious white formal trimmed with red velvet—the dimple popping out real unexpected-like in Christine White's chin—Charlotte Anne minus a few yards of hair with her new coiffure.

Whenever you feel like letting off a little steam, just drop around to see Ginny Grotz and listen to her fret and fume over a dinky, insignificant, little green pin which has been causing considerable trouble lately.

## Osiron

This has been a busy week for all of us—what with book reports and term papers and autobiographies. Marty Kiger informs us that she has really been studying.

Catherine Kilty received some cookies this week-end—so we heard. And her grandfather sends her flowers every Saturday. Tough, isn't it? She's planning on going home, too. Jeanne Morgan and Helen Tibbits are going into mourning because it seems they are about the only ones not going home. That's just what they think! Cat Biedenbarn got some Mexican food from dear old San Antonio. She enjoyed it Saturday night down at the club with Helen Jones, Louise and Nell.

We wonder if Thelma is as glad to be back as we are to have her? She certainly had a grand time in Fort Worth!

## Triad

Our news has been out for two weeks, but we've been "there" just the same! Had a Triad on that winning Senior team Monday. Juanita really can play, eh? And Marion on second basketball Varsity was too nice.

Baseball season beginning and what have we? Prospects of a batting good team! If only we have good weather now, we can really go places!

Triads had a club luncheon at the "Dainty Maid" Tuesday and what a time! Good food was "enjoyed by all!"

Seen here and there—

Emmarvne with rather a "far-away" (?) look. Wonder why?

Joyce M. looking all peppy all the time! What have we heard? "Bells" and what not?

Latta with a big McCallis insignia and raving about the fact that "nothing's wrong with him!" Driskell helping her out in a big way with him, too!

Margaret White really has entertained her cousin royally—and did you see that spiffy picture in Sunday's paper?

Ask Mary Benson how she likes to skate. And Sally W. how she liked the "slides" Friday night at the skatin' rink.

What's all this about "Sanctified Church," etc.? Get some of our fellow members to tell you more!

Sally stopped traffic finally! Did you see the man stop so she could pick up her hat the wind had so nonchalantly blown off?

## T. C.

Well, well, how nice of you all to give a party for Kitty Mood at the club house! We hear that Sally Bateman, Helen Hall, Louise Longworth, Mary Patterson, Lida Allene Brown, Gwen King and Leah Rochelle had quite a good time.

Oh, Jeanie B., you made quite a hit with a certain Vanderbilt whose measurements are six-two, one hundred and ninety pounds and nine and a half size shoe. Keep it up and wait til next week.

## F. F.

We were right about Viva Lee. She came and went again, in just two days. Hamburgers were again in demand at the F. F. house Saturday night. Vi was the guest of honor.

## STARTING MONDAY

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## TINSLEY'S

Where is that appetite you used to have, Vi?

By hook or by crook Fanny Street finally got the much-talked-of ping-pong table. She really is a very noble person, though (Fanny, not the ping-pong table). You should have seen the way she took charge of the meeting last week when Nita was in the infirmary. You never would have recognized her.

Betty McHenry found track a little more strenuous than she thought it would be. Did you see her walking around rather gingerly the other day? (Continued on page 5.)



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BETTY CARLISLE, MARY JANE BASS.

## EDITORIAL

## HELLO, TOMORROW!

The day of lingering farewells has past. Before we can say more than a quick good-bye to our yesterdays, we have dropped "smash" into the middle of tomorrow. In such a period of quick transition there is no space for regrets and reproaches. What has been done must be; and unless we are wide awake and on our toes we might be left behind.

The ball of progress which started on its long roll before the Civil War has been gathering speed with each succeeding decade. Some of our grandmothers can remember the days of hoop-skirts; our mothers have tales of the days when dust cloaks and veils were necessary accessories to a fifteen-minute automobile ride at the terrific speed of twenty miles an hour. In our own lifetime the airplane and the radio have been developed to the point of universal usefulness. Television and transoceanic air lines are not far in the future. Beyond that no one knows what may happen, but we can be sure that something will.

We were born into the midst of progress. It is our heritage to push ever forward and it will be the heritage of the generations which follow us. In such a world there will be need of clear, sane minds. There will be no place for minds which are cluttered with tearful might-have-beens. It is our responsibility to remember this as we say, "Good-bye yesterday, I enjoyed you even if I did make some mistakes, but . . . Hello, tomorrow!

G. L., '35.

## ONE . . . TWO . . . THREE . . . JUMP!!

There are few things more difficult than beginning a thing, unless it is ending it; and the only way to get a thing done, is to do it.

At the present, many of us have an unusual amount of work to do, and are feeling the anticipatory tremors of the pains that accompany exams. More likely than not, these feelings are accompanied by the impulse to give up, or to take a vacation from our work till the rush is past. But we shall never have more time than we have now. Beginnings are like plunges into cold water; brace yourself and plunge, is the formula. Once in, you will find that things become easier and easier, until you will be sorry to stop.

There is so much to be done between now and June, and in May there will be more temptation than ever to leave our labor. We owe it to ourselves to make the plunge now that we may rest later. Putting off till tomorrow doubles tomorrow's burden. What seems too big for today will seem no smaller tomorrow.

Determine today to "dig in" and do what must be done. It is to your advantage.

B. D., '36.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

We know that the comely lady, Spring, is practically with us here on Ward-Belmont's campus, for her influences are being felt more and more every day.

People are going walking more and more—a sure harbinger.

And girls anticipating a week-end away are passing up the rolls and such to see if they can regain a semblance of their former sylph-like selves.

Lenten season with the usual "giving-ups" of that time! Edwina Schmid is off desserts, Carolyn Whited is off cokes, and dozens of others are adopting the habit which is very fine.

The best story to date is the local D. K. E., who put his pin out on a very blonde Penbroke gal last Saturday, and now is trying to get it so that it may adorn a not-so-blonde blonde of the same hall. Some mind that guy has! Looks like he's usurping a long-established woman's right!

How we envy these people who are having such delightful week-ends—Jean Brigham, Mary Stevens, and Patay Burger have returned from a whirl in St. Louis. Louise Robinson returned from New Orleans just in time to help her roommate, Carolyn Whited, pack her last bag for a jaunt to the same place. Ruthie Potts had a fine visit in Oklahoma. Theima Martin arrived back from Fort Worth plus a fine new engagement ring. Mildred Scott is going to take a well-earned vacation from the Milestones to her Indiana home soon. Mary Lalla Byrn is practically moving half of Senior Hall to Kentucky this week-end. Among the lucky guests are: Margaret Louise Boyd, Gilbertine Moore, Virginia Richey, Mary Eleanor and Stanley Clay, Matilda Daugherty, Marion Farr, Frances Graham, and Mardie Page. We wager these gals have fun.

Barbara Lee Reed is going all the way to Topeka by herself, and is practically scared to death because she hates to travel alone. Tough luck, I calls it!

The latest scream is the trio of bathing beauties of Senior. These *delightful* creatures attired in bathing suits, caps and umbrellas, begged vinegar and Ungentine to soothe their *terrific* sunburns at 8:30 Monday night, while the rain poured outside. We won't disclose their mode of getting from place to place, but it *was* unique!

Congratulations to the Senior-Middles on such a delightful banquet. The toastmistress was one of the better best. Didn't Tony make a charming hostess in her lovely changeable satin gown? The speakers are to be congratulated on their clever and original speeches, and Moselle and her staff deserve extra special congratulations for the decorations and favors.

Grand and glorious. . . No more regulation!! . . . We are firmly convinced that this is a fine place to be after all.

And what are your views on leisure time?????

Deserving of mention . . . here and there:

Miss O'Donnell shifting gears.

Mary Jane Dulaney's and Elsie Sante's new hats.

Irene Sartor's black net dress with the pink grosgrain trim.

Lucile Endsley's interpretation of the art studio's "Ethiopian."

Cookie Durand's full-length mirror.

Frankie Marbury's room full of spring flowers.

Jeanne Morgan's white lace formal.

Helen Tibbi's smile.

Helen Jones's hair.

## EAGLE FEATHER

## Eunice Mary Bicknell

The following selections have been taken from the *Love Songs*, by Sara Teasdale. Several girls have adopted these poems as their favorites. We hope that you will like them, too.

## SPRING RAIN

I thought I had forgotten  
But it all came back again  
Tonight with the first spring thunder  
In a rush of rain.

I remembered a darkened doorway  
Where we stood while the storm swept by,  
Thunder gripping the earth,  
And lightning crawled on the sky.

The passing motor busses swayed,  
For the street was a river of rain,  
Lashed into little golden waves  
In the lamplight's stain.

With the wild spring rain and thunder  
My heart was wild and gay;  
Your eyes said more to me that night  
Than your lips would ever say—

I thought I had forgotten  
But it all came back again  
Tonight with the first spring thunder  
In a rush of rain.

## THE LOOK

Stephron kissed me in the spring,  
Robin in the fall,  
But Colin only looked at me  
And never kissed at all.

Stephron's kiss was lost in jest,  
Robin's lost in play,  
But the kiss in Colin's eyes  
Haunts me night and day.

## A PRAYER

Until I lose my soul and lie  
Blind to the beauty of the earth,  
Deaf though shouting wind goes by,  
Dumb in a storm of mirth;  
Until my heart is quenched at length  
And I have left the land of men,  
Oh, let me love with all my strength  
Careless if I am loved again.

## WISDOM

When I have ceased to break my wings  
Against the faultiness of things;  
And learned that compromises wait  
Behind each hardly opened gate,  
When I can look Life in the eyes,  
Grown calm and very coldly wise,  
Life will have given me the truth  
And taken in exchange—my youth.

## THE GIVER

You bound strong sandals on my feet,  
You gave me bread and wine,  
And sent me under sun and stars  
For all the world was mine.

Oh, take the sandals off my feet,  
You know not what you do;  
For all my world is in your arms,  
My sun and stars are you.

## RICHES

I have no riches but my thoughts,  
Yet these are wealth enough for me;  
My thoughts of you are golden coins  
Stamped in the mint of memory;

And I must spend them all in song  
For thoughts as well as gold must be  
Left on the hither side of death  
To gain their immortality.

## THE LAMP

If I can bear your love like a lamp before me,  
When I go down the long, steep road of darkness,  
I shall not fear the everlasting shadows,  
Nor cry in terror.

If I can find out God, then I shall find Him.  
If none can find Him, then I shall sleep soundly,  
Knowing how well on earth your love has sufficed me,  
A lamp in the darkness.

## CLUB CHATTER

(Continued from page 3)

It's a good sport. Good for what, did you say? Why that good old Ward-Belmont "figger," of course.

The F. F.'s seem to be having a little trouble getting their pictures taken. But then, how did we know it was going to turn cloudy and rain and snow as soon as we dusted off our cameras?

## A. K.

Another time we did not have a club meeting. If we do not begin having one occasionally, none of us will recognize our own sisters on the campus. But really we have heard so many good things when we were supposed to be at club that we don't mind much. In fact, I think all the A. K.'s want to express their appreciation to the "Y" for letting us hear Dr. Workman.

We all felt so "experienced" during Dr. Barton's talk in chapel the other day, because we had heard all the finer details and enjoyed it even more than we would have usually.

We saw Virginia Richey's father, Virginia Chisholm's mother, and Mary Lalla's family wandering about the campus and showing their respective daughters a good time over the weekend. (I hope that is all, because I don't want to offend by leaving someone out!)

Mary Lalla has taken about nine hours with her, I think. We wish Mrs. Byrn and her visitors well.

Boneva is getting better by leaps and bounds and we are certainly glad. It won't be any time at all now until she is down from the Infirmary and mingling amongst the motley mob. Hurry up, Boneva!

## MILESTONES STAFF OPENS CAMPAIGN

(Continued from page 1)

requested to make out the blank checks that will be on the tables.

The staff will sit at the speaker's table in the small dining-room. The following girls are members of the staff.

Mildred Scott ..... Editor-in-Chief  
Virginia Grotz ..... Associate Editor  
Patsy Schorndorfer

Photographic Editor  
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## DANCE COLUMN

## A Remote Ancestor of the Fox-Trot

Back in the early "teen" centuries, forms of social dancing were developing which served as the very remote ancestor of the fox-trot and other present-day dancing. Strange as it may sound, social dancing developed from one main branch just as an outstanding child is the offspring of a long line of different types of ancestors. After studying Mr. James C. Sharp's history of the dance, I found one of the most interesting ancestors of social dancing is the Country Dance.

Developed by the lower class of English people, the country dances were ordinary and popular dances in the early seventeenth century. They were danced at all social gatherings and developed a variety in performance. In Playford's "English Dancing Master," such individual dances as these are recorded: "The Vicar of St. Fools," "The Shaking of the Sheets," and "Putney Ferry."

Before this time French dances of great formality had predominated in the English Court, but by the end of the century, the country dances had taken a definite place in the social dancing of the Court, as is mentioned by the Earl of Worcester in a letter to the Earl of Salisbury: "We all frolic here at court, much dancing in the Privy Chamber of country dances before the queen's majesty, who is exceedingly pleased therewith." Because of its lively nature the country dances were reserved for enjoyment during the later parts of the evening after formalities had been dispensed.

The country dances brought a new element into social dancing which set it apart from other dances which had preceded it. Being essentially a figure dance, the country dance permitted many different arrangements such as ring-dances, square-eights, dances for two couples side by side, and Longway dances (partners facing each other in a long line). Although the steps consisted simply of running, slipping or skipping steps, the expressiveness depended on figure development. Agile foot-work, delicate poise and balance of the body were demanded of the dancer in order to control the speed and motion of the figures.

It is in this dance that the English people found an expression of their own joyous natures, while dancing in France and Italy continued to be grave and formal. It came as a breath of the happy English country-side into the aristocratic court, and with its adoption the dominating desire for pleasure through dancing was again revived. Its historical bearing on our own social dancing is seen in this same desire for pleasure of an informal, carefree nature. The English people expressed this joy and pleasure at their fairs, merry-makings, and marriage celebrations in these country dances.

## ART CLUB MAKES CAMPUS

(Continued from page 1)

rian; Patty Brown Harvey, Betty Goldstein, assistants. Those who are in charge of program are Marjorie Wells and Lida Alene Brown; of decorations committee, Betty Jayne Reed, and Salanie Sherman; exhibitions, Emalou Florey; Craft Committee, Mary Ellen Peach and Dorothy Jaeger; posters, Elizabeth Evans and Carroll Sheep; ushers, Martha Ann Rogers and Dorothea Johnson.

Plans for the club include the post-

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ing of information of interesting exhibitions to which the girls may go, a library and reading room for the use

of those interested in these activities. Further announcements will be made concerning this club at a later date.

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LUNCHES

## DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

The Reverend Clinchy spoke this morning and won us completely when he gave the little incident taking place on the Yale campus. Hi, boys!

A more or less quiet afternoon with the March wind tearing around again—or yet!

Is this a joke or something? We learned tonight at club that another former Yale man would visit our campus next Wednesday! Just fr instance—is it compulsory that they all be grads? We hear that Yale is still operating and very efficiently, too!

Thursday—

The Senior-Mids played Rip Van Winkle with the Seniors and almost went to sleep on them! Guess we can't win everything, gals! There's always Senior-Senior-Middle Day!

Not even the packing-house could keep Prince and Webbie away from the tournament! Come they did and just as they were! Ooh, boy!

The packing-house again—the gory details were told to us at the table—with gestures! Thank Allah, that trip is taken just once a year!

Milstein gave his concert tonight and the ovation that he received was most unusual—in so many words, he brought the roof down!

Friday—

Dr. Barton gave one of his current event talks this morning which, as usual, was a big success.

To the tearoom this afternoon—what, no athletics? Some one is slipping!

Back to the old grind tonight—study!

'Night!

Saturday—

A gorgeous spring day! How many times have we said that? Oh, well, you know March—never can be counted on—just a windbag!

Spent the afternoon studying at the club—and what we mean—study!

Out tonight and what a grand time! Even the Clays gave way to a burst of song!

'Night!

Sunday—

In the rain to church—most unfortunate! We were confined to the hut the majority of the afternoon and then, in a weak moment, took a powder on the school and toddled for supper! Missed Vespers—another unfortunate occurrence!

Incidentally, we talked to the family representative tonight and persuaded her we are in the profound need of a rest—Kansas, here we come!

'Night!

Monday—

Miss Townsend talked in chapel this morning about Helen Hayes' coming appearance in "Mary, Queen of Scots"!

Athletics started once more and we feel much better—so we went to the tearoom and stuffed!

Study tonight—as much as possible with Wednesday looming so near and so much to be done!

'Night!

Tuesday—

Announcements in chapel this morning . . . and such announcements! There was just one long gasp when Miss Sison said, "There will be no more regulation at Ward-Belmont." It was almost as though one of the lions on South Front had gotten up and roared.

And tonight!

"Tweedledum and Tweedledee

Agreed to have a battle;

For Tweedledum, said Tweedledee

Had spoiled his nice new rattle."

We put the preps to bed early and in a very short time went clear to Wonderland and back, but what a

grand time we had, and what a lot we saw and heard! Nary a flaw was there in the whole evening's entertainment, and never have we attended anything so very cleverly carried out! 'Twas truly colossal!

'Night!

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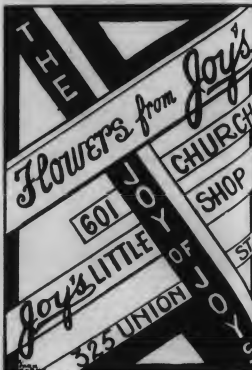


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# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, March 23, 1935

Number 22

## DR. BARTON'S CHAPEL TALK BRINGS LENTEN MESSAGE

Dr. John Barton spoke in Chapel on Wednesday, March 20.

Dr. Barton's talk was in part a eulogy on Dr. Blanton, and he chose a text that he believed Dr. Blanton would have chosen, Philippians IV: 7-8. These verses include,

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

These six words permit no doubt. We all have ideals of life—sometimes placed so high that there is no quibbling on these things; but once in a while we may be called into compromising.

A great many times we think first and then act. This is fine. But many other times we act first and think afterward. We must remember that "school is the lengthening shadow of the sun."

There are things far greater than the transitory activities we indulge in from day to day, and we must think of them. Would our daily activities "stack up against" these six things? Honesty; justice; purity, one of the greatest heritages that we have inherited, and can pass on; loveliness, of life, and of character; things of good report, some of our activities may not be bad, but are they "of good report?"

There is prevalent an opinion of frankness as being a very desirable thing. Some of us have forgotten our reserve, and that quality called lady-likeness. We must remember that "pretty is as pretty does."

"You are the keepers, so far as civilization is concerned, of the prettiest that comes of loveliness," Dr. Barton stated, "of the prettiest that you are learning now." Someday these things may reach across the years and help you.

Dr. Barton said he was trying to talk to each of us personally of things that would help our character—character, "what you are, not your reputation." Not only what would help in school, but in after life. Great characters reach across the years. Timely warnings on the road of life, will restrain you in after years.

## ROOM CHARTS OPEN

FOR 1935 - 36

Tuesday morning Dr. Barton announced to the boarding students that the room charts for the school year 1935-36 are now open. By seeing Mrs. Bryan, a girl may pick out her first, second, and third choice of rooms for each year. These choices will be expected in the order in which they are made, if confirmed by a girls' parents by April 25.

The double suites with bath between which have been \$950 a year will be \$900 next year. Other costs will remain the same.

Dr. Barton urged that the majority of Seniors be in Senior Hall next year, as conducive to class spirit and to the happiness and well-being of the girl. While all Seniors will not be asked to live in Senior Hall, those who do not may be asked to live as a group in one of the other halls.

## SENIORS CHALLENGE SENIOR-MIDS TO COMBAT ON APRIL 13TH

'Tis a dark and stormy night in March. Two soldiers pace up and down North Front, discussing the strange apparitions which do appear each year at this season. As Hamlet and the spirits of past Senior classes appear, the guards leave hurriedly. Hamlet declares that there is something rotten in the state of Ward-Belmont, and urged on by the ghosts, states the situation thus:

Two households unlike in dignity

In fair Ward-Belmont where we lay our scene

From ancient grudge should break into new mutiny

Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean

The House of Thirty-Five has used all toleration

But the House of Thirty-Six tempts with a thousand irritations

Fair young Senior Romeo Class does love

Beautiful young Juliet Victory

Their happiness is threatened by another—'twas

Thus woken by the hand of fate, they two star-crossed lovers.

Ghosts: But now the time has come to set it right forever more. Exit.

Scene two is laid in Juliet's (Elizabeth Gray) garden where she and her nurse (Arlene Hershey) are discussing the loves of Juliet, the fair, young Senior Romeo Class (Nancyann Schmid), and the low, but dashing Senior Iago Middle (Mary Crockett Evans). As they talk a messenger (Rosella Lee Lewis) enters with a "special" from Romeo saying that he will be there soon. Juliet mounts to her balcony and Senior Romeo Class enters followed by Willy's Wildcates, who serenade Juliet with the Tempest (Stormy Weather) and the Winter's Tale (June in January). Romeo offers his pin to Juliet who grabs it with maidenly modesty. Suddenly there is a loud clatter and the villainous Senior Iago Middle rushes on to the stage. He and Romeo meet in mortal combat but are separated by the soldiers (Helen Watkins and Sally Pardee). Romeo then whisks out his paper and writes... he hands the paper to his servant who reads pompously:

I do believe induced by potent circumstances

You are mine enemy... I utterly abhor thee

I make my challenge...

I, Senior Class, do challenge you, Senior Middle

To open combat on April the thirteenth

At dawn, and the day following until strife be at its end,

And all for the sake of my love, my joy... Juliet, my Victory.

(Curtain)

Judy Acheson was the author of the skit, and Frances Graham director. The parts of the ghosts were taken by: 1915—Marian Colletter, 1919—Martha Jane Chittin, 1929—Irene Sartor, 1930—Mary Ellen Hudgins, and 1934—Jean Weis. The blue boys were Frances Street and Patty Brown Harvey. Mildred Clements was Hamlet.

## WARD-BELMONT HOST TO STATE CONTEST

Wednesday afternoon the W-B chapel was the scene of the State Music Contest sponsored by the National Federation of Music Clubs. Mrs. Harry B. Pierce is the State Contest Chairman. The winners of the State contest will go to the District contest which is to be held at the Centennial Club on Friday. These winners will go to the National Contest in Philadelphia in April. The Federation prize of \$1,000 will be presented to the winner. In the instrumental group the National winner is awarded an appearance with a major New York orchestra. The National winner in the Opera Voice Class will be awarded a major role with the Metropolitan Opera Company. Those performing in the different groups of the State Contest were:

Piano—Young Artist Class: Eugenia Buxton of Memphis, and Robert Carter of Springfield.

Voice—Young Artist Class: James Mahoney of Chattanooga, Emma Cornelia Pitt of Springfield, Marjorie Hurst Trim of Greenfield, Katherine Dean of Memphis, and Louisa Hoe of Jefferson City.

Voice—Student Musicians: Kenneth Haley of Clarksville, and Kathryn Matthews of Nashville.

Judges for the Piano Contest were: Sydney Dalton of Ward-Belmont, Roy Underwood of Ward-Belmont, and Mary F. Winkler.

Judges of the Voice Contest were: Sydney Dalton of Ward-Belmont and Frank Morse of Boston.

## ATHLETES HOLD ANNUAL BANQUET

The tea room was the scene of a gala time Tuesday night as seventy active members of the Athletic Association held their annual banquet. The first part of the program consisted of a short speech by Ruth Potts, president of the Athletic Association, and two songs, "Clouds" and "Night and Day" by Nancyann Schmid. Then just as we had settled down to our steak we were interrupted by a chorus of seven songsters dressed in gym uniform. With characteristic poses and delightful phrases they outdid Teaberry in their sports review of the past year. Patty Chadwell, Margaret Greene, Marion Hill, Virginia Smith, Evelyn Braden, Grace Benedict, and Elizabeth Cornelius formed the ray and dramatic chorus. Juanita Roberts was accompanist and the words were written by Patty Chadwell.

Catherine Lanham played "Sophisticated Lady," "Smoke Rings," and "Stardust" until the seven-thirty bell rang and the athletes, who had forgotten to sign out, had to return to their halls.

## ATTENTION, ARTISTS!

There will be a meeting of the Art Club on Monday evening, March 25, at 7:00 in the T.C. club house. The purpose of this meeting is for enrollment and announcement of activities. All girls interested are urged to come.

## VESPERS SUBJECT, "PURPOSE OF LENT"

Dr. Pugh, pastor of the Episcopal Church, spoke of Religion During Lent in vespers Sunday night, March 17.

The purpose of Lent, as expressed by Dr. Pugh, is to have mental life of the individual rejuvenated every day. Religion is hard to keep and since people were saved to serve and to enable them to become true Christians, then the speaker urged the Ward-Belmont student to get the best benefit from religion while she is yet young in order that it may grow in her life and make the years full and rich.

The pastor related three things one must do during this time of sacrifice: give up, give out, and take in. It is best to give up during Lent that thing which detracts from the person's character, appearance or personality. She should give out by being thoughtful and courteous to those around her and take in by meditation and study of the Bible, the Lord's Spirit, and Life itself. "Take in" during Lent which he offers you and your life will be more wholesome, full, and worthwhile. You will be better physically, mentally and spiritually.

## GERMAN CLUB EATS IN SPITE OF RAIN

March 11, in spite of torrential atmospheric conditions, found that eager linguistic group... the German club... en route pour le Rendezvous. The inconsistency of French-German mixture bothered none but the tiresome who tried to make a joke out of it. "Frauhen's" interest has been somewhat diverted of late, but as usual she was responsible for the success of the meeting. The mild observer might have been bewildered by the loud, unbridged, international phrases which flew about the card-tables. However, your timid reporter found language difficulties a swell excuse for trumping aces and overbidding, and so I say *Au Revoir, or Auf Wiedersehen*.

## EXPRESSION STUDENTS GIVE ONE-ACT PLAY

On Monday, March 18, the chapel program was turned over to Miss Townsend, who presented a group of her first-year expression pupils in a one-act play, "Young America." Especially worthy of praise is Sally Bateman in her part of the dignified judge, Louise Morton in portraying the sweet young wife, and Frances Bratten and Dorothea Johnson in illustrating the fine spirit of the two gamins. Extra credit should go to Mary Elizabeth Lauson, who took her part on a day's notice due to sudden illness in the cast. The audience was surprised by the outstanding performance of Bob Ayres, (the dog!) whose dignity and interpretation of character was beyond reproach.

## GOYA HERE TONIGHT

Saturday night, March 23, Goya, the Spanish dancer will appear in the last Community Concert.

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## DRAMATIC CLUB

PLAY MARCH 29

On March 29, at 7:30 in Chapel, the Dramatic club will present three plays. They will be something new in entertainment—just what W-B girls have been wanting, and something they cannot afford to miss.

Here is an opportunity to see your friends doing some really fine acting. *The Ghost Story*, by Booth Tarkington; *Pink and Patches*, by Margaret Bland; *The Ghostly Lovers*, by Beulah King. These are the plays and they are guaranteed to please.

Don't miss this chance. Remember March 29.

## ROMAN DANCE

HUGE SUCCESS

Caesar and Capurnia entertained the X. L.'s and their guests in the atrium of their new villa Saturday night. Roman columns overhung with vines formed a stately background for the many lovely dresses worn by the guests. A fountain in the center of the room completed the Roman motif.

Caesar ordered his soldiers to drill for the amusement of his guests and his wife ("Cookie" Durand). The soldiers were Mary Jane Bass, Elizabeth Rudolph, Kitty Mood, Mary Jane Foulston, Mildred Sartor, and Phyllis Carr. Elsie Sante played the March Militaire for the soldiers' drill.

## STUDENT RECITAL TUESDAY EVENING

Tuesday evening, March 19, the following student program was presented in chapel at 8:15:

- Organ—(a) First Movement,  
Sonata No. 5 Mendelssohn  
(b) Toccata Maitly  
Novelle Hutchinson
- Piano—Sonata Pathetique (first movement) Beethoven  
Mildred Clements
- Violin—Serenade Melancolique Tchaikowsky  
Ella Lu Cheek
- Voice—(a) Sheep and Lambs Sydney Homer  
(b) The Woods Franz  
Mary Eleanor Clay
- Piano—Ballade, op. 47 Chopin  
Juanita Roberts
- Violin—(a) Songs My Mother Dvorak-Kreisler  
Taught Me  
(b) Tambourin Chinois Kreisler  
Betsy Lusk Dudley
- Piano—Concerto, op. 1, (first movement) Rachmaninoff  
Isobel Goodloe

## WORK ON YEAR-BOOK PROGRESSES RAPIDLY

The work on the Milestones is progressing rapidly. The pictures have come back from the printers, and all the club snap-shot editors are endeavoring to "snap" their sister members. If anyone has good kodak pictures of herself or her friends, the staff would be very glad to have the prints for the annual. Come on, bring in those pictures and let's all co-operate to make this year's Milestones the very best one that has ever been published.

## SENIORS GIVE DIPLOMA RECITALS

Mary Lee Wilson, with her usual verve, vivacity, and fine memory, gave the first Senior diploma presentation of a three-act play, Friday night, March fifteenth. In reading Robert Hausen's "The Gypsy Trail," she showed a fine sense of character, and a spontaneity which was delightful. Besides displaying a splendid technical understanding, she presented a regal stage appearance.

Tuesday evening, March 19, in the second studio recital of the senior di-

ploma students, Jean Stewart presented J. M. Barrie's delightful comedy, "The Twelve Pound Look." The lines of Barrie were interpreted in a such splendid manner that the audience was held spellbound throughout the entire performance.

## PREP PATTERN

Do wonders never cease? We've actually gotten down to writing our little column once more. We wonder how many have missed it.

Excuse it if some of our news is a trifle stale. Honestly and truly, we wrote this all last week, but unfortunately (?) it was destroyed by fire. We don't want anyone to be slighted so we're digging up news from the past.

More grand reports from Anne Huddleston's lovely tea for Margaret White's visitor. Everyone was there in best bib and tucker. Anne and Margaret looking especially attractive.

Ward-Belmont has surely had its share of representatives in Florida this past month. Lucille Johnson spent two weeks there, and even visited Riverside Military Academy. The cadet whom she visited (a Nashville lad) is to be honor graduate this year, in scholastic standing as well as athletics. Maybe you know who it is, his name has almost broken into print before, only, with reference to a Junior-Middle.

Susan Cheek returned with a most becoming tan. She had a grime. Shelly Welch has returned after a rather extended stay. We see by our Sunday paper that she almost walked away with the title of May Queen at the school which she attended.

We would like a little more information on the insignia which Marion Latta has been wearing so faithfully for the past week. All we know is that it is from McCallie. We saw the name of a McCallie boy carved on our desk but we're not exactly sure that that's the one.

Miss Townsend has us all excited over Helen Hayes' approach in "Mary of Scotland." We are exerting our will-power . . . even to the extent of not buying a Hershey every day.

Our little Freshmen certainly love skating. We see them every afternoon out on West End. Gene Beasley, Polly Barr Edwards, Emmie Leake, and Jean Caldwell especially enjoy it.

Rebecca Clavton has just returned from a glorious week-end in Henderson. The sparkle in your eye has given you away again, Rebecca. We know why you hated to come home.

And now again the time has come for adios, au revoir, etc. It's been a long time since we've been snooping for news, but watch out for us next week. We'll show you we haven't forgotten how.

## "Y" ACTIVITIES

### "Y"—Junior League Home

High lights of the visit to the Junior League Home on March 10 included: a warm reception in the nursery; the presentation of Kitty's book to a delighted youngster; songs and duets; good news from two boys who are making remarkable progress. In the midst of it all there were lengthy conversations carried on between the patients and Frances Street, Helen Jones, Sally Bateman, Katherine Biedenbarn.

### "Y"—Student Industrial Commission

On Friday evening, March 8, Peabody College was the host to the Student Industrial Commission of Nashville. A large group gathered for an informal dinner; and, after dinner, the regular discussion hour was held with Mary Alice Paine as chairman. Mr. Will Manier was the guest speaker. He described the activities of the Industrial Commission. From his talk, the group was made to realize both the evils as well as the good points of the two-party system

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of the government of the United States. Leora Hill and Mary Jane Dulaney were the other representatives for Ward-Belmont.

## "Y"—Social Tours

Friday afternoon, Miss Bess Sargent gave the members of the Social Tours Committee a warm welcome as they arrived to study the activities of the Wesley House of which she is head resident. It is situated in one of the needy industrial sections of the city. The problems that the people of the neighborhood faced were clearly revealed by Miss Sargent, as she discussed the work that the settlement house was trying to do in their midst. When the girls had all gathered around the table in the kindergarten room, she outlined the daily program of the Wesley House—activities designed to meet the needs of every group from the grandfather to the newest baby. Miss Sargent concluded, "We try to be a good neighbor to the people of the community in every way that we can." A trip through the building followed, and interesting side-lights of a community house in action was seen. Those girls who went to the Wesley House were: Elaine Levinsohn, to be a good neighbor, Dorothy Zimmer, Freda Lee Hess, Pauline Tucker, Rosella Lee Lewis, and Matilda Daugherty.

## P-S-S-T-I

Helen's career is going to be **PLAY**—she even admits it, and tries to tempt us from the duty at hand. Everybody else is leaving the campus—don't see why we can't. Maybe the bright open spaces will lend an ear to our plea and give some much needed inspiration.

Sally's not only been bubbling over, but exploding as well. Why not? She—as well as Janet and Emmarney—has plenty to keep her moving with all the excitement of the Junior Prom. Millie has "helium in her hoofs"—in other words she sort of walks on air and yet is assuredly treading the well known "terra firma."

"Theresa caught cold in her eye But you'll never have to ask her why."

This charming ditty was contributed by Alice who asked that the authorship remain anonymous. Theresa is very charming in black glasses, don't you think?

My, oh my! Has Allie George got us puzzled over that ring which has a date of almost a decade ago. She sort of looks sheepish, too, when you ask her anything about it.

What in the world could have been causing such a scowl on Babs Shields' face the other day in the library? A rather ponderous looking volume seemed to be the object of her scorn.

Virginia wishes now that she had paid more attention to her years of mathematical instruction. You should have seen her trying to make "what she had" and "what she should have had" balance at the luncheon last Tuesday.

Kitty's going to take in washing. Ask her how the old washing machine which her family has in the basement is going to figure in her later life.

"Hamlet" Clements ate foul is fair and fair is foul" onions and then had a date with her Romeo—and was there a moon! (All of which has nothing to do with anything, so just skip it), but the disastrous effects which might have been expected—especially after a startling statement she made!—were avoided.

Sallie P. runs a school bus—but just for one member of the opposite sex. We might get in Dutch for saying more—so we won't.

We don't know which stage of psychological development this comes under, but Marion Truitt is reported to have a crush on a certain male man about the campus, too.

Sally seems a little perplexed over the Beta situation. Wonder how it is going to turn out.

What day student is so fond of uniforms that she goes in for drivers and bell hops in a big way? To give a hint, his name is the same as that of a former queen of England.

We venture to remark that all this tripe will cause us enough trouble and explanation as it is, so we had better get on now.

## COLLEGE GIRLS VISIT

Three Ward-Belmont girls put on the following assembly program at Central High School on Thursday, March 14. The program included: A piano solo, *Habanera*, by Helen Tibbits; a reading, *The Homewreckers*, by Elizabeth Lauson, and a vocal solo, *Will You Remember*, by Lady Corinne Meyers.

## EXPRESSION NOTES

Friday evening, March 22, three groups of first-year expression students presented some one-act plays in the chapel. This was the first of a series of plays to be given in the near future. Miss Townsend, in these presentations, strives not so much for perfection of stage appointments, as she does for the intrinsic value to the student in her ability to interpret voice and body.

Marian Farr will read the well-known "Patsy" next Tuesday evening,

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March 26, in the third studio-recital of the Senior diploma students. Remembering her fine performance in last year's Shakespeare's play, and the beautiful presentation of the aged shepherd in the Christmas pageant, we are looking forward to the "Patsy" with a great deal of pleasure.

Work has begun on "Much Ado About Nothing," which has been chosen as this year's annual Shakespeare play to be presented early in May.

## MUSIC NOTES

Last week Roberta Lincoln, violin pupil of Mr. Rose, and Frances Rose, piano student, went to McMinnville, Tennessee, where they presented a recital.

Mr. Underwood's increasing popularity in the South is keeping him very busy. Last week he presented a con-

cert for the Vanderbilt students, gave an illustrated talk on Folk Music at Peabody, and played a recital for the Woman's Club of Murfreesboro. On March 22, Mr. Underwood will present a concert for the State Federation of Music Clubs in Murfreesboro. On March 29, he will journey to Lexington, Ky., to accompany Wilbur Evans in a concert.

STUDENTS PRESENT  
CHAPEL PROGRAM

The Chapel program on Friday, March 15, was presented by three students of the Music Department. The program included: Piano solo by Helen Tibbits—"Spanish Dance" by Cassardo, two violin selections by John Howard Wise—"Serenade" by Pierne and "Obertass" by Wieniawski, and the piano selection, "Ballade," by Chopin, by Juanita Roberts.

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BETTY CARLISLE, MARY JANE BASS.

## EDITORIAL

## TAKE YOUR MEDICINE!

"Procrastination is the thief of time  
Year after year it steals until all are fled away."  
..... Night Thoughts.

I've so much to do I don't know where to begin! How often have you heard or said these words in the past week? It does seem as though everything is coming at once, but when you consider how much could have been done weeks ago there wouldn't be much to do right now. You've known about those psych and English papers since exams, and those French vocabularies should have been learned as a part of the daily lesson. Miss Ross assigned the major artists ages ago, and you would have known more had you written them up as you came to them.

When you begin to think along this line you wonder where the time that belonged to the doing of these various projects could have gone. Well, what about the minutes you spent playing with your own or your room-mate's hair? How about the hours more than wasted in "hashing" parties, or in just plain gossip? Remember the days you went to town, while the book in which you had been assigned a report lay at home on the table in untouched virginity.

So between your "mad mutterings" against Mr. or Miss Mrs. or Dr. . . . So-and-So think on these things and repent. Turn over still another new leaf and resolve again to "do my work day by day."

M. G., '36.

## AS THE END BEGINS—

As the Senior-Middles start on their many tours of inspection in Senior Hall to make their choices of next year's rooms, we Seniors feel that it is truly the "beginning of the end." Each day seems to bring forth some small milestone further impressing upon us that our remaining days as Ward-Belmont students are few. This thought frightens and depresses some of us, and we wish that it were possible to induce Father Time to postpone his march a little. To some, the closing days suggest a rush of activities of which the mere thought leaves us breathless and fatigued.

For these next two months, although we may be rushed with work and play, and although we feel rather "left out" when we can not take part directly in Ward-Belmont's plans for the year to come, let us make the most of these closing days. Memories make up a vital part of life, so why not have pleasant ones to recall? There are many benefits and pleasures to be gained from your school year, so make the most of these last days with your friends, your studies, and your school. In the not-so-distant future you will want your memories to be those of days of rejoicing—not those of tears.

J. W., '35.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

Merry March the twenty-third to you! Spring is practically here for good, we think; and the forsythia, jonquils, croci, wash dresses, baseball, tennis, soft breezes, and the like all make us feel a little touch of that universal malady, spring fever.

Did you see the men on the campus? Brother Pulver came to pay his well-known sister a visit, and caused a mild sensation in the tea room, in Ac building, and at the Del Ver house Wednesday night. He was accompanied by a friend which made it twice as fine.

The Penta Taus are going to have to build Miss Morrison a new gym if they don't do something about Edwine Schmid's terrific baseball. She surely can swing a wicked bat, and no stuff!

Have you heard about the new club on the campus? They call themselves the Worry Warts, and the exclusive members to date are Thelma Martin, Gilberthine Moore, Margaret Louise Boyd, Martha Jane Chatin, Irene Sartor, Mardie Page. Ask them the origin of it!

Congratulations to Mary Lee Wilson and Jean Stewart on their fine presentations in the Expression Department. They certainly did themselves and their class proud we'd say.

And have you heard of the subtle rivalry between a decidedly cute blonde Senior and a raven-haired classmate of hers? It is all very friendly, though, and over the same person. We certainly are interested in the outcome.

We hear that Pauline Myers had to make her bed at least four times Sunday. What was the trouble, my friend????

Gail Lawrence has just received a copy of the *Cheerful Cherub*. Any interested souls in this fine piece of literature may inquire at the HYPHEN office.

We hear that Sarah Ashley is at last getting the oft-spoken of trip to Virginia. Tell Phil hello for us, Sarah!

New photos of their O. A. O.'s have been received by Barbara Lee Reed of Bill, Katherine Kilty of Reece, and Matha Lou Lawrence of Puckett. Some luck we call it.

Martie Kiger, what did you REALLY mean to say at the *Milestone* banquet??? And we noticed that Mildred Scott didn't have much faith in Dr. Barton as a salesman!

Oddities in the news: Jeanne Brigham and Cookie Durand dancing together at the X. L. dance. You couldn't even see them in the crowd.

We have noticed two tennis enthusiasts, Peggy Frazier and Catherine Crossan diligently holding down the cement tennis court. More power, girls! And speaking of Miss Crossan, did you notice the heavenly blue formal with the quilted jacket she wore to the *Milestone* banquet last Saturday. We surely do covet it!

Poor Mary Jane Dulaney is laid up with the mumps. We do sympathize with her and hope she'll be out soon.

And what is this about Barbs and the traveling salesman? Seems as though it needed going-into, don't you think so?

Miss Sisson should apply for job of Statue of Liberty after her brilliant exhibition Monday night at the Open House when she appeared with a candle held high over her head after the lights insisted on going out. Buford Hayter caused a mild sensation when she caused sparks after stepping on the faulty socket in the middle of the floor.

We hear that Miss O'Donnell has acquired a brilliant sunburn playing golf. In March, too!

## EAGLE FEATHER

The following selections are all from Edna St. Vincent Millay.

## ASSAULT

I had forgotten how the frogs must sound  
After a year of silence, else I think  
I should not have ventured forth alone  
At dusk upon this unfrequented road.  
I am waylaid by Beauty. Who will walk  
Between me and the crying of the frogs?  
O, savage Beauty, suffer me to pass,  
That am a timid woman on my way  
From one house to another.

## TRAVEL

The railroad track is miles away,  
And the day is loud with voices speaking,  
Yet there isn't a train goes by all day  
But I hear its whistles shrieking.  
All night there isn't a train goes by  
Though the night is still for sleep and dreaming,  
But I see its cinders red on the sky  
And hear its engines steaming.  
My heart is warm with the friends I make  
And better friends I'll not be knowing,  
Yet there isn't a train I wouldn't take  
No matter where it is going.

## SORROW

Sorrow like a ceaseless rain  
Beats upon my heart.  
People twist and scream in pain,—  
Dawn will find them still again,—  
This has neither wax nor wane,  
Neither stop nor start.  
People dress and go to town;  
I sit in my chair,  
All my thoughts are slow and brown  
Standing up or sitting down  
Little matters it what gown  
Or what shoes I wear.

## SOUVENIR

Just a rainy day or two  
In a windy tower,  
That was all I had of you—  
Saving half an hour.  
Marred by greeting passing groups  
In a cinder walk,  
Near some naked blackberry heaps  
Dim with purple black.  
I remember three or four  
Things you said in spite  
Of an ugly coat you wore,  
Plaided black and white.  
Just a rainy day or two  
And a bitter wind  
Why do I remember you  
As a singing bird?

## PRAYER TO PERSEPHONE

Be to her, Persephone,  
All the things I might not be;  
Take her head upon your knee;  
She that was so proud and wild,  
Flippant, arrogant and free,  
She that had no need of me,  
Is a little lonely child  
Lost in Hell—Persephone,  
Take her head upon your knee,  
Say to her, "My dear, my dear,  
It is not so dreadful here."

## SONNET

I shall go back again to that bleak shore  
And build a little shanty on the sand,  
In such a way that the extremest band  
Of brittle seaweed will escape my door.  
But by a yard or two: and nevertheless  
Shall I return to take you by the hand.  
I shall be gone to what I understand,  
And happier than I ever was before.

The love that stood a moment in your eyes  
And words that shone on a moment on your tongue  
Are one with all that in a moment dies,  
A little undersaid or overung,  
But I shall find the sullen rocks and skies  
Unchanged from what they were when I was young.

## FIRST FIG

My candle burns at both ends,  
It will not last the night.  
But oh, my foes and ah, my friends—  
It gives a lovely light.

## SECOND FIG

Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses stand,  
Come and see my shining palace built upon the sand.



## CLUB CHATTER

## Angkor

From the looks of things at present the Angkors seem to be keeping their place in the sport light. With such athletes as Ellen Bowers to keep our teams bright in Archery, Marian Hill whose nimble arm may win her fame in baseball and also in tennis, and... yes, I forgot, that great tennis champion, Virginia McClellan, who, so it is rumored, nearly beat Tilden. Hurrah for Shirley Caldwell, the recently-crowned captain of the track team. Every loyal Angkor is looking forward to seeing her as our 1935 track star. Then, we have great hopes for Whoopa who seems to be going out for everything in Ward-Belmont pertaining to gym.

Oh, listen folks! (This is a dark secret, so don't tell). Did you know that Virginia McClellan's future husband is predestined; and we are all dying to know who was the dark hero she shook hands with after seeing three zeros on a car license (for so goes the charm). I have an idea... I'll tell you next week, maybe!

## Anti-Pan

The Anti-Pans were certainly proud of Mary Lee last week when she read "The Gypsy Trail" to her awestricken audience.

Woe is Frankie! After making plans 'n such to go home this week-end, she was very rudely reminded that she had received one of those pesky acorns and had to be campused, starting Saturday.

And did you know that Patty's "Jack" from West Point called her up from New York last Saturday night? Founders Hall was all awitwer.

Has anyone noticed the change in Crockett since she played the part of the villain in the Senior Challenge? And now for the big event of the week. The doors of the Anti-Pan club house were thrown open last Monday night to admit eighty-five boys to a private, formal open-house. The eighteen hostesses looked very winsome 'n demure in their new frocks, and Johnny Miller's orchestra was at its best.

## A. K.

Well, girls, don't you know our baseball team is just going to be the best ever—what would we ever do without Mary Lalla? What power in that swing! Some week-end, eh, Mary Lalla!

Mary Smith, we're glad you got to have your program finally. It was good to be "back together again," wasn't it, A.K.s?

Nancy Jane, Louise, and Richey are all going to "Old Mississippi" Thursday, or rather left Thursday. We hope they don't get "homesick" and have to come back before Tuesday.

Here's hoping that our Milestone snapshots won't give us a shady look. We would wait until the sun took a holiday to have them made.

So long, pals!

## Agora

We sure wish we could look into the future and see how our baseball team is going to come out. Boy, we have some grand players! Three cheers! Betty Jayne finished that gorgeous pink suit of hers! Hurry up and wear it—I can't wait. Then gals what Annie Lou took home with her are all in a daze, poor souls, it seems that they met several big moments who stole their hearts—the rubbers! Ain't love grand! Ollie and Winnie are getting thin running every morning—we should all start that—goodness we'll be home in ten weeks and looking like chubby monkeys if we don't get on the old diet soon. Fran came back Monday plenty tired but still the same. These week-enders are getting us all down we think.

Mrs. Bryan spoke at club meeting on Ward-Belmont traditions. My,

but there certainly are lots of them and plenty interesting at that. We enjoyed the past immensely, n'est pas. No more regulation, but woe is me, all I have is blue and black—what luck! Already we're collecting "He's" for the open house, please fly Mr. Time, we can hardly wait! Bye!

## Osiron

There had been quite a bit of excitement this week-end, especially Friday night when Thelma, Mildred, Mardie Page, Martha Jane Chatten, Judy Berry and Mary Ellen Huggins entertained Jean Stewart and Irene Sartor with a birthday party Friday night at our club. Can't you just smell the hamburgers and onions? The rest of the refreshments consisted of cokes and a big chocolate cake with green candles. Not bad, eh? Thelma was cook (getting in practice) and had some difficulty in getting Mardie and Mary Ellen from the F.F. ping-pong table.

We're all glad (?) to spend our time with gym these afternoons, we have several out for tennis, riding and baseball.

Plans are being made for our club dance with Marty Kiger as General Chairman. May we take this opportunity to say how proud we were of Mildred and Marty at the Milestone dinner. That's all for tonight.

## Eccowasin

Well, well! Spring has come at last much to the joy of everyone. Seems so grand to be able to go about without a heavy coat weighing your soul as well as your body down. Congratulations to Keith Glasgow, our new baseball manager. Here's hoping for a successful season. The belfry has become even more popular than before. Say, you coveys! The freshmen considered that their own private property. A pencil and pad and plenty of power to our new sergeant-at-arms, Josephine Neil. Won't be long now 'til summer will be here again. Heigh-ho! Time flies as time will. So long!

## Ariston

Five cars full of Aristons hurriedly left the campus Tuesday! All arrived at the Dainty Maid at approximately the same time. You can bet that we were all hungry, too. If you have any doubts, just imagine the "oh's" and "ah's" when those tempting plates and the steaming coffee were served. It was too good in comparison with cokes and eat-a-snax that we usually eat at noon-time. Very little conversation ensued. One table was an exception though, since Kitty, Janet, Virginia, and Mary John were amply discussing the costs of married life. Merely a thorough assignment of Miss Norris! Come on, girls, don't get married yet; not until we see the results of these psychology costs and estimates, anyway.

Seen about: Lovely Eleanor Bailey driving a shining new motor; Rebecca's hand-knitted swagger coat; Patty elated over being told she is getting thin; Miss Major as busy as ever; Allie George recuperating from a bad cold; Katherine Mills and Mary Ann worried about some test (as if they had to); Camencia Torrey smiling winningly away (I wish I had that gift of hers); and a grand finale of baseball prospects.

## F. F.

Nita was the lucky one this week. She went to Kentucky with her roommate for the week-end. She said that she was thinking of us while she slept until 10:30 every morning, but I'll bet she was too busy in the land of nod to think much. After all a week-end is the time to relax, not to think.

Miss Ruef, you are a very hard person to locate, especially when we are in the act of picture-taking. Maybe by the time this is in print we will have had better luck.

Moelle's faculty made quite a visit. They seemed to enjoy the ping-pong



## PROMS... PROMISES... PROBLEMS...

Yale and Vassar ran into quite a stew. Proms on succeeding nights. How could a girl week-end in New Haven and stay in Poughkeepsie?

They ironed it out. The Yale boys promised to escort all Vassar girls, who came up, back to Vassar for their fracas. A perfect solution!

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table very much. Speaking of ping-pong, did we hear a rumor of a tournament? That would be something new and different.

After this Conklin is going to keep up with her Chemistry experiments. Better luck next time, Conklin.

The F.F. house was the scene of a birthday party Monday night. Patty Brown Harvey was the guest of honor.

## Penta Tau

Club meeting was not held at the

club last Wednesday. We went to Rec. Hall and enjoyed a talk given by Mr. Workman on the "Meaning and Practice of Prayer."

Alice Buchanan and Evelyn McCall reported Monday morning that the good old country around Birmingham looked just as attractive as ever.

Our club certainly is proud to have such a fine toast-mistress in their midst. Edwina, you were swell. Maybe your mother's nice trip up here helped give you the fine spirit for the evening.

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LUNCHES

## DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

Freeze my knees, the March lion  
not only blew our hair all over to-  
day, but it also blew compliments to  
the speakers of last night's banquet.  
I'm sure that no one ever enjoyed  
Wonderland more than did the Ward-  
Belmont students. To make this  
morning a complete success that  
inimitable personality, Dr. James  
Workman, thrilled us with a delight-  
ful talk in chapel. Miss Van's table  
was certainly the scene of much  
laughter all through lunch. Person-  
ally we don't think the Doc is such  
an ugly duckling . . . how about  
you? . . . anyway he's got what  
we all crave . . . personality!

Thursday—

"As a pitcher you make a good  
frame," so says Jean Stewart com-  
menting on Winnie's throwing during  
baseball practise. Several broken  
fingernails gave mute evidence that  
the spring sport season has begun in  
earnest. Dr. Workman concluded his  
forum here with an interesting dis-  
cussion on "Immortality." The li-  
brary was most disorderly tonight and  
the disturbance was, of course, due to  
Huggins and her chums cutting up  
outside. . . . Why don'tcha come  
in sometime birds . . . guess  
spring's here at last.

Friday—

Breakfast was plenty exciting with  
coca-cola bets placed as to whether  
Miss Clark or Miss Seay would come  
into the dining room first. Marian  
Colleston and Miss McElfresh collect-  
ed five cokes apiece on Miss Clark  
. . . they collected in the tea room  
pronto, too. Nancyann appeared at  
dinner decked out in a ducky white  
sweater she'd knitted . . . and  
have you noticed Mardie Page's?  
Mary Lee was grand in her dramatic  
debut . . . oh for much talent!

Saturday—

Another week has flown by! Sen-  
ior hall was half emptied by the gay  
crowd which went off to visit Mary  
Lalla. The rest of us enjoyed  
"Roberta" . . . such gowns . . .  
and the Milestones banquet . . .  
five dollars, please . . . that's  
where our money goes! The X. L.  
dance was lovely but we were ever  
so disappointed when no one fell into  
the fountain. But it rained so we all  
got wet anyway. So long!

Sunday—

New dress regulations into effect!  
Everyone certainly looked gay . . .  
green and brown were the most popu-  
lar colors! Supper time and what an  
empty dining room! Everyone seemed  
to be out with "him." Dr. Pugh talked  
on Lent for vespers. Shiver my tim-  
bers, it's getting cold again. Sweet  
dreams!

Monday—

Ho hum . . . week-enders all  
returned . . . in body if not in  
spirit. Study hall in the library and  
who should be there but the members  
of the "Worry Club." Quite a club,  
my friends, quite a club. You've  
probably guessed that most of the  
members are the tired week-enders.  
Guess we'll all be joining soon. . . .  
Night children . . . did you see  
the swell moon?

Tuesday—

Rain, rain, go away. I guess the  
old saying, "April flowers bring  
March showers" (revised and copy-  
righted) is quite true. Doggone these  
jougills and croci! After Dr. Barton's  
speech this morning we're all set  
to storm Senior and pick out our rooms  
for next year. Jean Stewart gave her  
diploma recital this afternoon. Nice  
going—Jean. About seventy husky  
athletes stormed into the tea room  
tonight for the A. A. banquet. Ohoooo  
those strawberries! Guess all our  
hard exercise this year was worth  
while 'cause we sure did have fun.  
Here's to your knotty muscles . . .  
so long!

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# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, March 30, 1935

Number 23

## JEANNETTE VREELAND IN CON- CERT APRIL 4

Jeannette Vreeland was born in Denver, Colo., and received her entire artistic education in this country. She has been called "a first class example of the fact that America now has the best of teachers as well as the best of talents."

As the daughter of a business man, she should, by all story-book accounts, have had her musical ambitions strongly discouraged. But against all the precedent of fiction Mr. Vreeland took a strong interest in his daughter's musical propensities and encouraged and aided her at the beginning of her career.

Although the possessor of a naturally beautiful soprano voice, Miss Vreeland wisely made no professional appearances until after she had gone through a thorough course of study. Percy Rector Stephens, one of this country's most prominent voice teachers, heard her in Denver and was so impressed with the beauty of her voice

(Continued on page 3.)

## HAPPY APRIL FOOL'S DAY!

## SARAH BRYAN, '33, LEADS DEVOTION- AL SERVICE

Ward-Belmont's student body was held spell-bound by Sarah Richardson Bryan, '33, who led the devotional services on Wednesday morning. Miss Bryan was introduced by Dr. Barton who said that he could not say all he would like for the students to know about her, because he felt sure she would be embarrassed by the list of her accomplishments when she was in Ward-Belmont.

Miss Bryan spoke on "A Ward-Belmont Girl's Copybook," and because her audience felt that it was one of the best speeches delivered this year, the HYPHEN takes pleasure in printing it in its entirety in the editorial column of this issue.

Miss Bryan is a graduate of both the high school and junior college department of Ward-Belmont. She served on Day Student Council for several years, and was also connected with the HYPHEN and *Milestones* staffs various years. In her Senior year she

(Continued on page 3.)



Head of Boarding Council is Miss Mardie Page. And the reason Council meetings now are all the rage is 'cause it's worth a minor just to get to see President Mardie Page on her dignity.



Of Day Student Council Patty is President. Of fair Nashville she is a resident. Into her lap have just been split Enough Varsity letters to make a quilt.



Where the Senior Class follows Jean leads the way. There is very little danger That the Class will go astray.



From the East did Tony come The Class of '36 to run. It's quite a job . . . she does it well And as a gal . . . we think she's swell.



The *Milestones* Editor Mildred is. And on that book she is a whiz! But try and find her sometime without Martin! Behold, our efforts, we just couldn't part 'em.



Ruthie Potts looks happy Dressed up in her new spring grin. She says—Athletes use Pep . . . so dent. With it you're sure to win.



Lookie, lookie what we found— A real, live Gail newshound! News of true things or of mythical; Siv, now—ain't that sign just typical.



As president of the Y.W.C.A., Chastin likes to have her way. Vespers and Sunday school are in her keeping. Come now, Chat, we'll have no sleeping.

## APRIL FIRST REVEALS CLUB IDIOSYNCRASIES

### Anti-Pan

Tee-hee—surprise! It's gonna' be April Fool's Day, Monday, and your faithful reporter has thrown discretion to the winds and gone off the deep end!

Just think how positively goofy and carefree we'd all feel if we could go crazy just for one day. Let's see what we could see. . . .

Martha Anne and Bill sitting in Rec Hall playing dominoes when they could be out in town—well—ah—enjoying themselves.

Crockett filling her life-long ambition by swimming around in the goldfish pool keeping the other insects company.

Ginny Grotz as a flagpole sitter perched up on a telephone post swinging her legs and cheerfully munching on a crescent cookie.

Martha Carson saving up her pennies to buy a measley little posie because she loves nature and has never had an opportunity to even wear a dandelion.

Well, me fat frans—on-accounts-of because it's soon to be April Fool's Day, don't be too good. Why don't 'cha swap the salt and pepper shakers, put a dead cockroach in your roommate's bed, or even give the teachers a shock of the life-time and write an excellent exam paper? Anyway, good luck to you, if you do happen to take

(Continued on page 2)

## BURK & COMPANY

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### APRIL FIRST REVEALS

(Continued from page 1)

my advice, we'll be seeing each other again in the hoose-gow.

#### Ariston

Oh, what a relief for the Aristons! We have a club house all by ourselves. No longer do we have to crowd in one little upstairs room and sit in straight, uncomfortable chairs. It's such a delight to lounge in a deep-cushioned, easy-chair. Virginia—she's still president—has her feet propped up on that nifty footstool while she's listening to Betty Roberson's (still secretary) new ticker calling off the roll. Miss Major, looking like a high school girl instead of a teacher, is wondering if all the members are still making A's, while she is relaxing in her chaise longue (especially adapted for our sponsor). Jayne Allen looks lonesome. Why? She can't decide what to do with all the money the club has on hand. Carmencita Torrey makes a motion that the club have a luncheon and invite the boys. Allie George seconds the motion, much to the happiness of Elizabeth Noe, Dorothy Elliot, Mary Anne Evans, and Grace Lutz. Helen—the vice-president—objects to her being over-worked with club duties that always fall on the vice-presidents.

Come on gals, it's time to turn to the calendar and realize it's the first of April. April Fool!

#### A. K.

GUESS WHO!

A very dignified young lady who is forever playing Liebestraum.

A tiny, little, blonde gal who just couldn't stay away from this school no matter how hard she tried.

Tall, dark, and queenly with a yen towards acting and poetry.

Tall, red-haired, and positively refuses to write club news when told to.

A quaint little girl who, on her recent visit home, acquired that certain love-light in her eyes just at first sight.

Tall, dark, and handsome—had a hard time at it at first, but is coming through with colors flying higher than anyone had expected.

A real Southern girl—with red hair, blue eyes, pretty, and does anything and everything well. Always poised and at ease.

#### Triad

As the Triad's April Fool was wandering about the campus, this was what she found—some most peculiar things:

**Athletic**—Lady Corinne Myers; **bashful**—Theresa; **Calm**—Sallie W.; **Daffy**—Cynthia; **Energetic**—Nina F.; **Footish**—Mamie H.; **Girlish**—Miss Ordway; **Happy**—Mamie; **Irresistible**—Martha C. Horn; **Jaded**—Elizabeth Noe; **Knute**—Dot Guy; **Lunney**—Anne Hardeman; **Monotonous**—Duncan; **Naughty**—J. Patton; **Obstinate**—Elizabeth Noe; **Pest**—Sally Pardue; **Quaint**—Ellen Martin; **Restless**—Elizabeth Penner; **School Spirit**—Emmalyne; **Tactful**—Theresa; **Useless**—M. A. Herbert; **Vanguished**—Mary Benson; **Winoose**—Peggy W.; **X. Y. Z.**—Sally, Juanita, Emmalyne.

#### Angkor

Well! Well! Another month has just passed. It won't be long now. My... just look at the long list of celebrities that the Angkors have with them this month! Topping the list is that famous base-ball star, Madame Nancy Houghland, who is noted for the miraculous way in which a large indoor ball slips through her fingers. Looking on down the list we encounter that greatest of all track champions, Senorita Mary Anne Farries, who made her record-breaking, non-stop flight from "leettele Ac" to Senior in one day, on one foot. Think of it, folks! Next comes—oh, my, this must have cost them a fortune—that wonderful horseback rider, Virginia Smith. Surely you remember the one who won the American Derby when only three years old... with her stick horse! And here is—oh,

how thrilling—Monsieur De Shirley Caldwell, champion of the king's archers (bow and arrow men), and the hero (ess) who had the skill and the design of benefiting students, to shoot public enemy No. 1, Julius Caesar, through the head. Hurrah for you, Monsieur! And last but not least we are happy to welcome into this group, that beautiful ballet dancing team, Virginia McClellan and Whoopa Cornelius, who are greatly distinguished for their lovely version of the "Minorette" by Hohan (written especially for Hohan cows) and carried out so effectively by this famous team. Well, time's up... hope you get to meet these famous people. So long April Fool!

#### Del Vers

Things we couldn't do without—Sarah Ashley—the ten-pound weakling who just can't play basketball. Mardie Page—our solemn member. Judy Acheson—our silent one. Teddy Krauss' subtle mentionings of Bill—and all the other! Jeanne Roseland's pale pink hair. Becky Hall sitting in the corner looking on. Our kitchen shower—for which a great number (?) of gifts were gathered. Martha Jane Chatten yelling constantly and never dignified. Jean Stewart—that poor unpopular Miss (deep sarcasm). Judy Berry saying meekly "Just scream all you want to at meetings, girls." Eunicemary's ferocious "I'm mad on my club." April Fool! Guess Who: Our famous actress—M. F. Our efficient, household manager—and all the other! Miss (deep sarcasm). M. A. W. Our graceful dancer—E. N. Our celebrated knitter—E. R. The girl with the hot-cha dance steps—E. A. R. The girl who has all the boys guessing—M. L. L. The girl with the sunny smile—H. H.

#### T. C.

Monday we will expect these things of the following: Salanie Sherman doing a fan dance (double-time). Laurie Butler with a boyish bob. Virginia Lose smiling. Peggy Nye looking tacky. Fran Prince skipping the rope. Gwen King getting an F. Helen Hall with nothing to wear. Louise Longworth with no mail. Dorthea Johnson whooping it up in Middle March. Mary Patterson reciting the Gettysburg address for chapel. Dotie Smith getting on a diet. Evelyn Frazier looses a tennis match. Jane Meyer passing around dollar bills. Dawn Chiarenza losing an argument. Mary Jean Kirwan singing Grand Opera in Rec. Hall. Mary Jac not saying a word about anything, not even Johnny.

#### F. F.

Can you imagine...? Alice Adams without her Southern accent. Nita Bogus being here for a Sunday night Vespers and tea. Carolina Concklin without her Chicago hop. Ruth Davis without Jane Cravens. Dorothy Elliot telling people where to "get off." Elizabeth Evans not looking perky. Muryle Hall being late for breakfast. Alice Hancock not doing her duty to the best of her ability. Katherine Hayes not being generous. Rosemary Horstmann without her good nature. Mary Ellen Hudgins without her puns. Mildred Huley not rolling her eyes. Pony Irwin without something dealing with horses. Jane Latz telling people about herself. Louise Lillard without a minor. Betty McHenry not complaining about her complexion. Jean Moroney not looking sophisticated. Louise Morton without her celophane bow (maybe that's the best she can get or maybe she prefers it) or without her soap bubbles. Ruth Porter bursting out laughing. Elizabeth Quinker without her two pieces of candy each day.



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Jean Reinhardt not being able to swim.

Leah Rochelle voicing her opinion. Frances Street without her dimples.

"Tinky" Timberman married to a "six footer."

Mozele Trout with a windblown bob.

Eula Wade without her roommate.

Jean Weis flunking anything. Don't get worried about any of these happenings because it is only APRIL FOOL!

#### Penta Tau

A few incidents in the private lives of Penta Taus: What would Carolyn Whited do without her eyebrows? If Ziegfeld Follies seems to be minus a pair of legs see Grace Willis. Ruth Potts is seriously contemplating taking a few days off from her strenuous athletic schedule. Why does Patty Brown Harvey repeat everything she says? She must like to hear herself talk—what say you? Boots, let's go out and get a dose of nature. Mary Norman, we are wondering how you and your Springfield crew are progressing? Ask Miss Robinson, an authority on football and baseball. Edwina, we haven't had any spring dances lately. Virginia Reed, we are all extremely interested in Mr. Templeton. Patsy why don't you give some of the other girls a break?

Mary Stevens is wondering if the affairs in Europe have disturbed the mail service between here and Great Britain. The club is certainly proud of Joyce, she is no one pin woman. Trudy Potts, Mary Elliot, and Helen is one of the talented girls. What would we do without Mary Alice to entertain us? Helen, we are all still wondering who painted George's picture to look like a gay Lothario. And also who fixed up Elizabeth's legs?

#### X. L.

Wheweeeee! Those X. L. ladies really did do themselves up proud at that perfectly scrumptuous Open House! The House was overflowing with good-looking grand dancers. There was quite a noticeable delegation from Lebanon and Murfreesboro. These little ladies go in for more than local swains. Only two corsages were visible on the floor. Eliza, the gardenias were really gorgeous and so was HE the nicest person. Incidentally, he came all the way from Cherokee just for the dance! And Irene, where did you say your gardenias came from? Betty, we noo eunsead thq noo ssuj pp Ajyud



were having one grand time with your family. We wondered why they played "Here Comes Cookie" so much—Oh, yes, almost any boy on that floor would have done anything for Cookie. We wonder why one little X. L. looked so disappointed the day of the Tri-K dance? Yes, he came in from out-of-town to the Tri-K dance, and didn't even so much as call her on the telephone! We think we'd be provoked, too. After all that discussion—the Eats really were delicious—we're sure it couldn't have been a very bad mistake. OOOOOH—we could ramble on forever on what a grand rush every one got and what a marvelous time we all had, but then 'tis sufficient to say that a date has already been set for a duplicate—no hope! And that's no joke, either!

### MUSIC NOTES

Our W.-B. music teachers really are getting popular, or maybe they always have been, but we were not so obligated to notice it before. Mr. Sydney Dalton is leaving for Paris next Monday to judge a contest. How perfect Mr. Dalton! We always did want to go abroad; mayn't he go, too? AW, Heck, April Fool! He's just going to Paris, Ky., to judge a

State Federation Contest. We should think that he would have had enough after the contest the other afternoon.

### "Y"—Sunday School

Jane Flannigan chose as her subject in Sunday school last Sunday morning "God, the Omnipotent." She told of going away to school last year to a state where she knew no one; naturally, she was very homesick. However, it was at one of the beautiful and impressive Vesper services that she suddenly seemed to become aware of God. It was then that she realized, as never before, that the same God was with her there who had been with her at home. The very God who watched over her, likewise watched over her family and friends elsewhere. It was then that she lost much of that homesickness and felt more secure with her God. When we know God, our prayer becomes more personal and less formal; and we are able to realize that God is ever present with us. The geniuses of the world have portrayed this presence of God; George Inness' pictures are examples of this. In closing Jane read the beautiful and familiar poem—"Some Call It Evolution and Others Call It God." Mary Eleanor Clay sang the prayer hymn, and Arlyne Milligan read the morning lesson.

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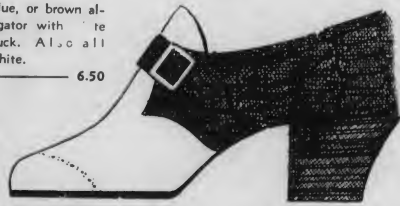
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### JEANNETTE VRELAND IN CONCERT

(Continued from page 1)

that he encouraged her to come to New York to pursue her studies. The "Blind Bow Boy" was busy meanwhile and in 1921 Miss Vreland became Mrs. Percy Rector Stephens.

Suddenly Miss Vreland found herself in the limelight by becoming the first singer to give a radio concert from the air. While flying over New York City in an airplane piloted by Bert Acosta she broadcast a complete program.

Jeannette Vreland made her first professional appearance in January, 1922, and scored such a success that numerous engagements were booked for her the remainder of that season. Her subsequent rise was rapid but from first to last every success she

made rested upon a solid foundation of ability and preparation. Her ever increasing popularity and reputation is earnest of the still greater fame forecast by all who have heard her. Jeannette Vreland will appear here Thursday evening, April 4, at 8:15.

### SARAH BRYAN LEADS DEVOTION

(Continued from page 1)

was president of the Senior Class of 1933, she was also Ensemble Girl in the Milestones' ABC Contest, and was elected the 1933 May Queen. Besides this she had the highest citizenship rating among the day students.

As a speaker who knows and loves Ward-Belmont there could have been found no one better equipped to talk at this devotional service.

## WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of  
Ward-Belmont.For advertising information, address Emmett Russell, Sr., Advertising  
Manager, 162 4th Avenue, North, Presbyterian Building,  
Phone 6-1171.

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## EDITORIAL

## A WARD-BELMONT COPYBOOK

"When Miss Norris asked me to talk to you this morning at this devotional service my first reaction was, Who am I that I should come before the student body of Ward-Belmont? The answer came immediately and I knew it to be a truthful one. I was asked because I am and always will be a Ward-Belmont girl. I am very grateful for this opportunity to come back to talk to you, and I wish that I might share it with all the other girls who have gone from here, and who, as I, would like so to return and to tell you of the experiences and the thoughts which have come to them since they left the campus. There are so many lessons that are learned during the days spent here which we do not realize have struck so deeply until there comes a time when they may be recited again.

"This chapel is and always will be somewhat of a sanctuary to me, for within these walls are still resounding the words of wisdom, spoken from wiser minds and heads, which have grown more precious as they are recalled from day to day.

"So this morning I want to make believe that I have a big copybook here . . . a Ward-Belmont copybook, and I want to recite to you some of the lessons written in it.

"The first one is written in a scrawly childish hand. It was the instruction given us repeatedly in the elementary school by our Miss Annie Allison. 'Remember always to be ladies.' What more fundamental lesson could be taught any girl? Certainly there is no other which could come back more strongly as we go further into life and into situations which become almost too complex. It is so easy to forget ourselves when things go wrong; but if we can hold on to this lesson and to our own selves be true, we have the starting point from which to cut a life pattern. From here we can go on building more stately mansions.

"The next lessons in my copybook are written over a period of four years in high school in which we were constantly building, preparing, and looking forward. We were becoming more and more a part of a great whole—a part of Ward-Belmont. We began to share the responsibilities which occurred in our school life. There were monitorships, class offices, student government offices, club offices. In each of these new situations there were new adjustments to be made, new viewpoints to take, new stumbling blocks to clear from the way. These things called for greater stability of character, and we wrote in our copybooks Dr. Blanton's message—and it appeared then as now, a torch to light the way, a symbol of courage. Those of us who were privileged to know him can always turn to Philipians Four, eighth verse, and gain from it guidance and strength to live a nobler, fuller life, and in so doing each of us school not less, but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.

"Having successfully completed four years of preparatory work we were ready to cross a threshold which would lead us into the bigger world ahead. We breathed in a different atmosphere, and the deeper the breaths, the more we were invigorated. Suddenly there was an awakening. Each stood as an individual and the open road called. There lay ahead of us highways and byways suited to us. Miss Ross often told us, we were 'Exposed to a multitude of worthwhile things.' A Senior-Middle year was a time of opportunity. If the exposures are good and develop, well-rounded individuals will emerge—individuals who have learned the true meaning of friendship, of attainment, of opportunity. Each finds for herself a role to play; it is a harmonious role that is, it is played with consideration for others, with appreciation of the rules of the game, and with a determination to succeed. The Seniors ahead of you beckon you on. This time of the year things look

(Continued on last column this page)

## CAMPUS COLUMN

With a hey and a ho, and a hey-nonny-ho! And wasn't the snow storm fun! We had such merry-making helping Mr. Berry shovel all the snow.

## LOOF LIRPA!

And another thing: Richey is forever through with men! They're all alike, aren't they Richey? . . . Gilbertine refuses to look in her mail box 'cause she's afraid there will be a letter from Earl. . . . Winnie Coffee is now taking a course in art and has given up all athletics.

Catherine Crosswell has a new boyish bob. . . . Mary Crockett spent a whole penny the other day to weigh herself and—lo—she weighs all of 98 pounds. . . . Judy Berry is having a time deciding whether to study two hours or three hours on each subject.

So Goldilocks went into the forest and what do you think she found? 'None other than Marian Farr meditating' and sayin', "Absolutely!" . . . Mary Lalla stuffing herself with a few love letters so she can get "fed up." . . . Carolyn Conklin wonderin' what became of her Chemistry experiments.

Verily, verily, verily . . . What ho! And all that sort of rot! Rest thy weary head on my shoulder and I'll tell you a bed-time story. . . .

There was once a time (many years ago) when we all had a few leisure hours, and we had great fun doing nothing. But woe! how time has changed! . . . we find poor Irene Sartor hunting in vain for a private secretary to keep up with her social engagements. . . . Tell me, Jean Dayton, why is it you are always eating raisins?

These ramblings could go on indefinitely, but it might bore you, so here goes for some high-class boredom!

Can you imagine:  
Gilbertine without a dreamy look in her eye?

Bettie Jayne Reed without mail in her box every morning?

Leora Hill in a bad humor?  
Any girl not wanting an open house?

Catherine Crossan without a smile on her face?

Jean Stewart not looking just so?  
Margaret Louise Boyd with straight black hair?

Tita Clay without a thought of Billy?

Senior without a little noise?  
The radio without Guy Lombardo?

All of us without a "sleep Sunday"?  
Romeo without Juliet?

Ward-Belmont without homecoming?

Hudgins without a joke?  
At any rate, here's to you and yours for the best APRIL FOOL'S DAY that you've ever had, and we want no foul play among you gals!

VIOLIN HEAD SOUGHT  
AS CONTEST JUDGE

Kenneth Rose, head of the violin department, has been honored by several invitations to judge violin contests in various states. His invitation came from an autographed Texas, which unfortunately he was unable to accept. Mrs. W. H. Raymond, first vice president of the Kentucky Federation of Music Clubs, has recently written asking him to be judge and soloist at their contest on April 1, 2, and 3. He has just finished judging the Tennessee contest which was held in our own auditorium.

Perhaps the most outstanding of requests he has received is the following: "You have meant so much to the Federation—inspiring so many of the Juniors with your music—I am asking for an autographed photograph to the Juniors of our state to enter into my scrapbook." This was signed by the State Junior Councilor of the Federated Music Clubs of Tennessee. This lady is compiling the scrapbook which is to be sent to the National Music Meeting of Federated Music Clubs of America.

## EAGLE FEATHER

## Eunicemary Bicknell

The Cheerful Cherub greets you!

## SEA-SAW

I've always been fond of the sea  
But I think I like mountains the best—  
A mountain will stay where it's put,  
While the ocean is never at rest.

## SUCCESS

I've failed in some things, I admit,  
But that can't make my strength the less—  
For what I've learned from failures past  
Will later help me to success.

## CHANGING SEASONS

It's nice to think these winter days,  
So cold and bleak and drear,  
That spring is somewhere on the earth,  
And slowly moving near.

## RUNDOWN HEELS

Unless I keep abreast of things  
And learn what each new day reveals,  
I find I'm thinking slipshod thoughts  
As if my mind had run-down heels.

## WEEDS

Weeds are stupid, trustful things.  
Their lives are so pathetic—  
And, while I have to pull them up,  
I feel apologetic.

## DOGS

Dogs go tripping here and there  
Cheerfully without a care,  
With simple courage live each day—  
I wish that I could act that way.

## GIVE AND TAKE

When I give my best to life  
Happy are my days.  
But when I merely take, I'm sad—  
It seems that giving pays.

## BLOTS

A blot upon the paper  
Is surely of no place,  
But isn't half so ugly can,  
As a frown upon the face.

## HOUSECLEANING

I always clean and air my house  
When I am feeling blue—  
Somehow I find this airs my mind  
Of foolish worries, too.

## THREE LOVELY THINGS

Three lovely things life gives to me—  
Whatever else fate sends.  
My heart is filled with gratitude  
For trees and books and friends.

## GROWING UP

If the work I do at my little job  
Is always the best I can,  
Whenever it grows to a bigger job  
It will find me a bigger man.

REBECCA MCCANN.

(Continued from first column of this page)

## A WARD-BELMONT COPYBOOK

so different than they have looked before, perhaps. Bonds are being formed between the two classes, friendships are growing deeper, and there is a fullness, a depth of feeling, which we indicate in our copybooks by writing, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'

"And then we come at last to the Senior year . . . the year for completion, the year to participate for the last time in the campus activities. How well do I know the privilege that is yours, Seniors. . . . the gladness of these days, and yet the sadness of it all. Soon you will have your heart-to-heart talk with Dr. Barton, and as you sit opposite him at his desk you will realize as never before that your place in this big Ward-Belmont heart is one all your own. You will, I believe, appreciate the fact that when you leave here you will be followed all along the way. You will still be a Ward-Belmont girl, and while your mistakes will be understood, Ward-Belmont's faith is in you and you will want to live up to it. I hope you, too, will want to write in your copybooks the words of the song which the class of '33 had as a platform.

I would be true, for there are those who love me;

I would be pure, for there are those who care;

I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;

I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend to all, the foe, the friendless;

I would be giving, and forget the gift;

I would be humble, for I know my weakness;

I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

"To each Ward-Belmont girl, both old and new, there is a challenge and a responsibility to live up to the ideals of our school. Much has been given to you that perhaps now you do not fully realize. Soon you will have other contacts, will be in different environments, which I believe, will make you appreciate more fully the real values you have received here; the truths which have become a part of you in an almost unconscious way will often guide you. Let us cling to these truths and let each of us say, 'Be still, and know that I am God.'"

SARAH R. BRYAN, '33.

## THE "SOCK AND BUSKIN," NAME OF DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club is no longer nameless. It is now called *The Sock and Buskin*. The organization voted for this name at the second regular club meeting, held at the Agora clubhouse on Thursday, March 21.

Mildred Dougherty gave a report to the reading committee, which has been considering three-act plays. There was a discussion of the publicity and final arrangements for the three plays to be given as a debut on Friday of the next week.

## MARCH PARTY BRINGS FORTH RHYME

Friday evening, as you know, March birthday girls to dinner did come.

The color motif was yellow and white, with daffodils the table was bright.

Dr. Barton, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Rose were hosts, and none at the table acted as ghosts.

The amount of food each did consume, if indulged in often would result in ruin.

Each girl received a talisman rose, from Joy's Little Shop, as you might suppose.

Here are inscribed the names of those who March for their birthday as thoughtfully choose:

Gail Lawrence, Mary Ellen Hudgens, Katherine Mood, Charlotte Ann Dougherty, Irene Sartor, Mary Ann Foley, Frances Prince, Barbara Lee Reed, Jean Stewart, Margaret Louise Boller, Patty Brown Harvey, Margaret Hetherington, Jonny Walker, Margaret Ashley, Marian Farr, Jane Longnecker, Leora Hill.

## EXPRESSION NOTES

The next studio-recital of the Senior diploma students will be given by Carolyn Bryant on Friday, April 6, at seven o'clock. She will read Barthe's delightful three-act play, "Quality Street."

At the dinner given by the Public Relations Committee Thursday evening, March 21, Miss Townsend spoke on "The Place of Fine Arts in Community Betterment."

The date of Marian Farr's studio-recital has been changed to Tuesday night, April 2, at seven o'clock. She is reading "The Patsy."

Miss Townsend presented a group of her Expression students in three one-act plays in the Chapel on Friday night, March 15. These were by way of examinations, and the students were judged in their understanding and output of character, action, diction, and situation. The cast of characters were as follows:

"CLOSE THAT BOOK"  
 Rhansie ..... Betsy Jones  
 Peyton ..... Emma Lou Florry  
 Root ..... Marian Colletter  
 Grandma ..... Betty Burns  
 Uncle George ..... Mary Curtin  
 Patsy ..... Rozelle Emery  
 Senator Byrd ..... Betty Lou Pfeiffer  
 Mrs. Byrd ..... Eleanor Cleghorn

"MARTHA'S MOURNING"  
 Martha ..... Mathilda Dougherty  
 The aunt ..... Arlene Hershey  
 The neighbor ..... Rosella Lee Lewis

"THE FLORIST SHOP"  
 Maude ..... Marjorie Crume  
 Henry ..... Elaine Levinsohn  
 Svisky ..... Marian Weber  
 Miss Wells ..... Lattie Miller Graves  
 Mr. Jackson ..... Ruth Jones

On Sunday afternoon, March 31, Miss Townsend is speaking at the Watkins Forum on "Some Ways To Use Our Leisure Time."

## HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT AWARDED LITERARY PRIZE

Alice Overton has been named a prize winner in the annual creative writing contest sponsored by the

Modern Literature, a publication for high school students. Alice has just recently received a letter from Miss Gertrude Wolff, editor, advising her of the fact, and asking for her picture which is to be published along with her autobiography which was the manuscript on which the prize was awarded. Alice's manuscript and picture will appear in the June issue.

The magazine is wide in its distribution in this country and in Canada, so the winning of prizes in their contests is a distinct honor. Alice is a member of the Junior-Middle Class and has long been a member of Pen-staff. Her work has appeared at various times in the HYPHEN.

## MISS RHEA ENTER-TAINS AT TEA

Miss Linda Rhea entertained the girls in Founders Hall and the A. K. Club, both of which groups she sponsors, and the members of her English and History classes with a delightful tea dance in the A. K. clubhouse, Wednesday, March 27.

The club was tastefully decorated with spring flowers. Miss Rhea received her guests at the door; and was assisted in serving by Miss Sisson, Mrs. Tate, Miss Casebier, Barbara Lee Reed, Jean Stewart, Virginia Richey, Sally Womack, Mildred Clements, Tony Treadway, and Jonny Walker.

Much for the afternoon was furnished by Johnny Miller's orchestra.

## PIANO, VIOLIN RECITAL MONDAY

Frances Rose, daughter, of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Rose will be presented in a piano recital on Monday evening, April 1, in the school auditorium. Frances is a talented pianist, pupil of her mother, Hazel Coste Rose, and will be assisted by Roberta Lincoln, violinist. Roberta is a pupil of Mr. Rose.

The girls are cordially invited to attend this recital which will be at 8:15 P.M.

## MUSIC STUDENTS PRESENT RECITAL

The Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music presented the following pupils in a Recital in the W-B Chapel on Friday afternoon, March 29, at 4:15.

Piano—  
 To the Sea ..... MacDowell

Voice—  
 BETTY PENICK  
 (a) Sonny Boy ..... Curran  
 (b) Come to The Fair

..... Easthope Martin  
 JEANNE COOKSON

Piano—  
 Scherzo-Caprice ..... John Thompson  
 ELSIE SANTE

Voice—  
 My Heart Ever Faithful ..... Bach  
 ARLENE HERSHEY

Organ—  
 Dawn ..... Jenkins  
 THELMA MARTENSEN

Piano—  
 Liebestraum—No. 2 ..... Liszt  
 GEORGANNA MARTIN

Voice—  
 Solvejg's Song ..... Grieg  
 LADY CORINNE MYERS

Piano—  
 Polonaise in C Sharp Minor Chopin  
 FRANCES RUCKS

## "Y"—Vanderbilt Hospital

Last Tuesday night, as Catherine Croswell went into the medical ward at the Vanderbilt Hospital, several patients called out "Hello, Catherine, so glad to see you"—they were patients whom Catherine has come to know after many weekly visits to the hospital. Lucille Endsley and Alice Webb shared in the welcome. In the surgical ward, "Little Jane" from the Junior League Home and the other patients greeted Mary Crockett Evans and Anna Katherine Howard; and a happy hour passed very quickly in the ward.

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## DIARY OF MISTRESS

BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

Dr. Barton, according to a custom  
established by Dr. Blanton, gave a  
Lenten talk in Chapel this morning.  
Tennis classes are under way and  
so is spring, without a doubt! Miss  
O'Donnell even showed up with a  
little sunburn acquired on the golf  
links! What more proof could you  
want!

Along with spring came Buzz Pul-  
ver, Jane's "little" brother! He held  
his own very well with the Del Vers  
at club tonight—and that's decidedly  
to his credit!

Such excitement this evening when  
the ambulance backed up to Founder's  
steps! Everyone almost tumbled out  
of the window trying to see what was  
what. The victim: Mary Elizabeth  
Herder. The trouble: appendicitis.

'Night!

Thursday—

The birds woke us up at 6:30 this  
morning, drat'em! We suggest blind  
folding them until at least seven, ei-  
ther that or pasting adhesive tape  
over their beaks! This is nice grounds  
for a libel suit by just any ol' humane  
society! Tweet! Tweet!

Dr. Barton made an announcement  
concerning rooms for next year.  
Speaking of queer feelings! Then the  
Athletic Association held away and the  
day students, by popular request,  
repeated their little stunt previously  
shown at the Athletic banquet.

A busy afternoon, what with base-  
ball and tennis both! Just a sucker!  
Sara's theme song—A week from  
today! Tra-la! Here she comes, Vir-  
ginia! P. S. Not a girl's name!

Friday—

Came the challenge! Such schem-  
ing as we Senior-Mids will have to do  
to answer such a work of art! After  
that intimate glimpse we feel as if we  
almost know Shakespeare!

Our first (there's a catch to this)  
birthday dinner! All yellow and  
white! We know positively that it's  
the prettiest one ever, barring none!  
Hint—sit next to Dr. Barton and  
you'll get his flowers!

'Night!

Saturday—

The final proof of the arrival of  
spring—ice tea! Great day spent  
down in club village trying to study,  
and succeeding only in communing  
with nature! By the way, for quick  
action in locking up an entire club  
house, see Tourney and Pulver! All  
work done in record time!

Tonight another feeble attempt at  
studying and another complete failure  
—so—Aw g'wan to bed!

'Night!

Sunday—

We fool 'em, we study during church  
time! One way of getting it done!  
One of the more graceful attempts  
at running through the raindrops was  
exhibited by Page, of the Student  
Council Pages! Result—one battered  
right wing!

Out to the Toddle House tonight  
where we spent a riotous evening dis-  
cussing what and what-not!

More studying and then bed!

Monday—

The prep's future Cornells ex-  
pressed in chapel this morning and  
right good it whar, too!

Not taking anything very seriously,  
Cayce refused to hold classes this  
afternoon! The riot act was read and  
we refused to go, even if she did!  
Right back at her!

Nothing new, no dirt (that's all in  
Kansas), no nothing!

'Night!

Tuesday—

Announcements and more announce-  
ments and then lunch and then class  
and then walking and then dinner and  
then study! Interesting?

ri-K's danced with the males t  
night—and, know what? We heard  
the orchestra! Webbie's Jimmie came  
and now we can sleep!

'Night!

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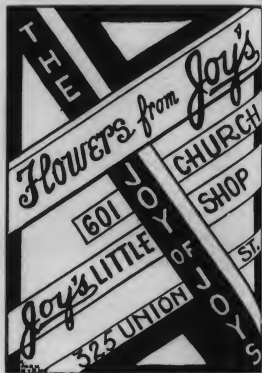


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# PENSTAFF EDITION WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, April 6, 1935

Number 24

## APRIL TWELFTH BRINGS ANNUAL DANCE RECITAL

The dancing department under the direction of Miss Jeter and Miss Smith will present the yearly recital April 12 at the Scottish Rite Temple. The recital comes as the climax to the year's work and the dances range widely as to type and interest.

Part one of the program is devoted to the children with the opening number, "Valentine Greetings," performed by the baby beginners. Following this number comes a series of dances including a stair tap by Judith Brandon, "Tulip Time," a plasticque (an interpretative number) all of which differ greatly in character. Nine-year-old Ann Diehl with Thelma Ross makes her appearance in a toe adagio, "Pas de Deux." Anne has studied with Miss Jeter for five years and represents the most advanced dancing in this division. The program, composed of other group numbers and specialties, is closed with a beautiful group number, "Children of the Great Masters." Each child representing a famous child portrait is first seen dressed as the character of the portrait. The picture frames, arranged in an art gallery, are judged by a little Cockney maid, Grace Benedict, with Mary Alice Paine, as the gendarme, provides the comedy element. As the story is further told by the dancing, each picture comes to life, and the daintily dressed children step from their frames for the final scene.

What an assembly of interesting dancing makes up the rest of the program—banjo-strumming tap, a water study movement, Golliwog's Cake-walk, specialties including "White Peacock," "Camel Boy," "Blue Moth," and various types of group numbers by the advanced students! One of the outstanding numbers is "Greek Games," which is characterized by the strength and vigor of the ancient Greeks. Representatives of modern dancing is the Prelude op. 28 by Chopin, a study in body fluency, while the "Water Study" number shows the trend in modern interpretation. Miss Jeter is keeping her solo, "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12, secret from eager eyes, so curiosity will have to be curbed until the night of the recital.

The program is concluded with the beautiful Ballet from "Faust" which contains all the vividness and technique of pure ballet. The first movement is danced by advanced ballet pupils and progresses from a dreamy beginning through rapidly changing ballet formations to a picturesque ending. The second movement is danced by the advanced toe pupils while the third is a toe solo. The entire ballet group dances the final waltz which culminates in color and movement. From beginning to end, the program is filled with colorful, individual numbers. Jimmie Gallagher's music serves as the accompaniment and adds musical interest to the program.

## KANSAS CLUB ELECTS

Jeanne Morgan was elected president of the Kansas Club at a meeting held Tuesday, April 2. Mary Jane Foulston was appointed chairman of the committee to make arrangements for the dinner and line party which is planned for next week.

## STUDENTS CAST A. B. C. BALLOTS

The annual Milestones A. B. C. Contest was held in chapel April 1, the results of which will not be known until Milestones are distributed. The most important thing to vote on was the "Ensemble." This is one of the greatest honors at Ward-Belmont, and the girl who is so voted by the students represents the best all-round girl in every respect.

## PARTIES BACK FROM NATCHEZ: OFF TO MUSCLE SHOALS

Girls, who are interested in true ante-bellum homes filled with exquisite rosewood furniture, rare Bohemian glass, superb old English silver; or in broad acres covered with live oak and gardens of azaleas which whisper of romance of bygone days, have enjoyed hearing of the trip to Natchez, Mississippi, made by a Ward-Belmont party during pilgrimage week there. Natchez is a fascinating old southern town which still shows the Spanish and French influence in the architecture. The homes which were open to the public during pilgrimage week were true ante-bellum homes. Special entertainment was planned for each evening and the girls had a grand time. The Ward-Belmont trip began on Sunday, March 31, and ended on Wednesday, when Judy Acheson, Eunimacary Bicknell, Frances Graham, Mary Ellen Hudgins, Mary Curtin, Louise Witherspoon and Mrs. Handley returned to school.

A bus-load of girls left this morning for a day's trip to Muscle Shoals, and other trips will be announced in the near future.

## SOCK AND BUSKIN MAKES DEBUT

The *Sock and Buskin* made its debut before a "full house" in the Ward-Belmont auditorium, Friday evening, March 29.

Members of the *Sock and Buskin* dressed formally, and occupied reserved seats. Many town guests as well as students enjoyed and were greatly impressed by the fine acting of the three one-act plays: *The Ghost Story*, by Both Tarkington; *Pink and Patches*, by Mary Ellen Hudgins; *The Ghostly Lovers*, by Beulah King.

Antoinette Treadway was convincing as George, the boy who, in *The Ghost Story*, had great difficulty in proposing. The characters were: Anna, Elizabeth Ann Reed; Mary, Emmie Leake; Grace, Elizabeth Pinner; Lennie, Shirley Leake; Tom, Polly Ann Billington; Floyd, Lyra-beth Fitzpatrick; Lynn, Charlotte Ann Doughty; Fred, Pauline Tucker.

Mary Louise Henderson was very manly in her portrayal of Brandt, the "hero" of *The Ghostly Lovers*. The cast included: Judith, Bettie Jayne Reed; Mrs. Rand, Elizabeth Cornelius; Mrs. Caswell, Mary Clark Crimm; Lesby, Betty Ann Bell.

*Pink and Patches* was admittedly the feature of the evening. It was the pathetic story of a little girl who wanted a pink dress. Rebecca Hill as "Ma," and Betsy Jones as the little boy, Rexie, were outstanding; and Dorothy Elliot as Texie, and Betty Penick as Mrs. Allen, portrayed their parts with great feeling.

Mrs. R. B. Milling directed the (Continued on page 2)

## SENIOR-EXPRESSION RECITALS CONTINUE

A most enthusiastic audience acclaimed Marion Farr in her senior expression recital on Tuesday evening, April 2, in the expression studio. Marion chose "The Patsy," a comedy in three acts for this recital which is the examination all diploma expression students must take.

Marion was very convincing in all the eight characters which she portrayed in the cutting of the play. With change in voice, mannerism and spirit the various men and women were painted plainly for her audience. The spirit of the play, light, clever, and delightfully youthful, was beautifully done.

This was the third of the senior recitals all of which have been excellently done and greatly enjoyed by the really large audiences which have attended.

Because of illness the other senior recital scheduled for this past week, that of Carolyn Bryant, has been postponed.

## DR. HILL SPEAKS ON "GOOD DAYS"

A Recipe for Good Days was the theme of a talk delivered by Dr. John L. Hill in chapel Wednesday, April 3.

Dr. Hill brought to mind the foolish things people so often do and say, and commented especially upon the habit manifest in greetings, salutations, and farewells.

"Good-morning, how are you?" we say, with no thought of the meaning in the words. We quit the meaningless "goodbye," and "good-day," only for the more meaningless "so long," and "I'll be seen' ya." Dr. Hill attempted to put some meaning in the trite "good-day" for us, because "everybody wants the days to be good, and everybody wants to guarantee good days." On this subject the Bible is a great help, and from it there are four points in the recipe.

1. "Refrain our tongues from evil." This is a commonplace suggestion, but failure to observe this simple injunction spoils many days. Words spoken in haste, confusion, petulance, displeasure, or anger, sound awful later. It is impossible to bring them back, for they are lodged deep in some one's heart.

2. "See that our lips speak no guile." See that no deception or fraud issues from our mouths.

3. We must eschew evil and do good. Our every opportunity to do evil should be a challenge to do good.

4. Seek peace and pursue it. This means peace of mind and of heart, conscience, and soul as well as peace of relationship. This is the genesis of world peace; all peace must start in the heart of the individual.

"They who follow this simple recipe, may claim the right to love life, and to have good days."

## COUNCILS HOLD JOINT MEETING

A joint meeting of the Boarding and Day Student Presidents' Councils was held on Tuesday, April 2, at the A. K. house. The topic for discussion was "Relations Between the Boarding and Day Students." Elizabeth Gray spoke on "Organizations," Louise Robinson on "The Boarders' Attitude," and Anne Whitmore on "The Day Students." Tea was served at the close of the discussion which followed the reports.

## COLLEGE CLASSES PREPARE FOR TRA- DITIONAL BATTLE

"Blow bugle, answers Seniors dying, dying, dying," was the end of the beginning of the annual spring contest between the Senior-Mids and the Seniors. The Senior-Middle's answer to the Seniors' challenge consisted of a "Review of English Literature," a take-off of "From Beowulf to Thomas Hardy," the anthology which is used in the Senior English course. The various characters by cleverly paraphrased verses and costumes tormented a Senior (ostensibly studying for an English test) until she decided that it was better to be a Senior-Middle.

The focal point of the entire rivalry between the two classes is Senior-Senior-Middle day next Saturday, April 13. This year a thorough point system has been worked out. Each major sport: hockey, basketball, bowling, archery, baseball and one-half five points to the winner. The first three matches were played off at the end of their respective seasons with the Seniors winning the two winter sports and the Senior-Mids the hockey. A mock swimming meet and a mock track meet come next, each one-half points each, but both are divided into events worth one-half point apiece. These will take place on Senior-Senior-Middle day, as will archery, baseball and tennis.

This year, aside from the points gained by winning in the various athletics, points are given (by a secret committee) for cheering, for the challenge or answer, for the parade and decorations. A complete list of all rules and instructions has been handed out to every Senior and every Senior-Mid. May the best class win!

## STRING QUARTETTE IN CONCERT

The Nashville String Quartette, of which Kenneth Rose, director of the violin department of Ward-Belmont is a member, was recently heard in recital at the Centennial Club. One of the South's leading chamber music ensembles, the Quartette was organized in 1932, and Mr. Rose, first violin, is one of the founders.

The *Nashville Banner*—Of the recent recital Sydney Dalton, critic for the *Nashville Banner*, and head of the voice department at Ward-Belmont, said: "This recital not only confirmed the fine impression it made last year at its debut, but was given in such a manner as to inspire music lovers with the hope that it will be a permanent organization. For Nashville may well be proud of it, and be grateful for the opportunity it may afford concert-goers to become acquainted with some of the beauties of ensemble literature—all too rarely heard in this city."

"The difficulties involved for four individual performers in welding themselves into a unit of musical expression are indeed great. Constant rehearsal and frequent public appearances are essential for the best results. A year of serious rehearsal has done wonders for this group. There was better balance of tone and greater coordination and elasticity than last year's concert showed. The intonation was very good—despite weather that was by no means ideal for stringed instruments—and there was more poise and surety in the performance."

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### NIOBE DRIES HER EYES

EDITOR'S NOTE: Extract from "Niobe Dries Her Eyes," which won a special prize in the autobiography contest sponsored by *Modern Literature*.

The next summer my mother contracted typhoid fever, and I went to spend the summer with my grandmother in a small country town. Here I spent every summer until I was ten or eleven, and I think those summers, while entirely uneventful, were undoubtedly the happiest and most contented periods of my life. They are the only times I can look back on with complete happiness and no regrets for anything I did to mar the perfect picture.

Never have I found so perfect a companion, so understanding a friend, so wonderful a teacher as my grandmother. I was named for her and I suppose that that is one reason for her kindness to me, but I do know that I am her favorite grandchild, and as for me, I love and admire her more than anyone in the world. Never once has she failed in her understanding of me, never once has she given me any advice I could go wrong by following, and above all, never has she faltered in her faith in me. And to me, that is the most wonderful thing one person can give to another—the feeling that there is someone who believes—there is no inspiration, no sensation like it, and I am thankful for having someone of whom I thought everything, feel this for me.

It was in those quiet, hot summers spent in the little white cottage in the drowsy Southern town, that my first ambition, which was to consume all of my thoughts for many years to come, was conceived. For three summers I had been content to learn how to spell and read and count; content to learn how to baste and hem; content to be read to from the huge illustrated book of Bible stories, from which my own mother read when she was a little girl, until I knew every frayed page by heart; content to sit in my own little rocker on the porch and listen to the people singing in the church next door on still Wednesday and Sunday evenings; content to help my grandmother feed the chickens, prepare the evening meal, and then sit in her lap on the porch, and while she rocked me, listen to the crickets and tree-toads till bedtime. But now I wanted something else. I thought about it all day; it kept me awake long after my grandmother had tucked me in bed, and when I slept I dreamed of it so intensely that I awoke thinking of it just as though I had never slept. I wanted to play the piano. I drummed on the table constantly with my fingers. I played on the bedclothes in my sleep, and finally I slipped away to the little church next door and with awe and reverence in my heart softly touched the keys of the little organ.

My grandmother, when she learned of my great desire, wrote my mother to ask her if I could start lessons. Of course, mother said "yes," and every day I walked down the shaded streets and up the hill to the big white house where I took lessons from mother's dear girlhood friend,

and became fast friends with her little girl, just my age. That was a wonderful summer for me. Every night, still sitting in my grandmother's lap, though I was seven years old, I would report to her my progress that day. It was not long before we were planning concert tours of Europe and America, and every other triumph that my grandmother could think of. Of course, this was all new to me, and how wonderful, how rosy my future seemed! And wherever I went over land or sea, my darling granny was going with me. But that, like most other dreams, is forever shattered. For if I ever do have any triumphs at all, which is extremely doubtful, I can hardly hope that she will be with me. For the swift years go by, and as they pass they bring many changes, many burdens, many sorrows, and no matter how vital, how strong, how filled with the love of life we are, we cannot live forever.

ALICE OVERTON,  
Junior-Middle.

### AT THE FOOT OF THE PYRENEES

It's a quaint little town nestling dreamily at the foot of the vast Pyrenees mountains, as colorful and picturesque as a painting on a back drop. St. Jean de Luz, cooled by the sprays from the waters of the Bay of Biscay, and warmed by their perpetual visitor, the sun, is a popular seasonal resort for the English and Americans.

The inhabitants, no less colorful than the town itself, are the Basque peasants familiarized in fiction. Dressed in bright colors, they make gay the narrow crowded streets, wide boardwalks, or the shabby wooden wharfs. The women sway along over the rough cobblestones with a long, hard loaf of bread under one arm and a gayly-striped basket hanging over the other. On their feet are the characteristic "espedrilles" which take the place of our stout, hard shoes. They consist only of a gaudy-colored canvas stretched over a sole of twisted rope and bound on by gay ribbons. Surprisingly, they are very comfortable and the Basque need several pairs for walking in the wet sands. Colorful in nature as well as in costume, the peasants are very easily excited, and even angered. It is a treat to hear them bargain for their prices in shrill, crackling French voices in their narrow crooked affairs called "shops." There you find the rare treasures of that country. There are beautifully woven blankets, baskets, pottery, often hand-painted, and many odd curios.

In order to calm the waters near the wharfs so that the boats may load safely, there are long, brick "breakwaters." The waves must break and throw their heads high into the sky to leap over these "breakwaters." It is a picture of supreme beauty to see these white forms mount—mount—until they seem to touch heaven itself. Occasionally, one of these escapes the "breakwaters" and plunging onward over the sea wall surprises the unfortunate passers-by.

Sardine fishing is the main trade. An entire book could be written about the picturesque arrival and departure of the white-sailed ships. It is only necessary to mention the return of one of these ships to give you a glimpse of the occasion. Everywhere



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on the ship are piled trays of shiny silver 'ardines.' They are packed too tightly to squirm and not tightly enough not to smell. Heaps of tangled nets, hooks, pails, and coiled ropes are everywhere on the dripping wet decks. The busiest activity is the weighing of these fish and their transfer from a scale-covered fisherman's hand to a dirty gnarled one of a Basque farmer.

These farmers spend their leisure time at their favorite sport, "Plata." The teams are composed of six players with long, curved baskets attached firmly to their right arm. They dart back and forth on a white cement court in front of a large square wall where the balls are thrown. Between halves of these intensely exciting games, a fat peasant sings the popular songs of the day in a rich tenor voice. He is rewarded by coins flung onto the court by the spectators in the grandstands.

The homes are usually white or red brick with red shutters and doors. Long verandas run around the entire second floor. Porches, in the American sense, the old-fashioned wooden ones, are very seldom seen. The lawns are beautifully landscaped, after ending abruptly in a stone wall at the front of which are the swirling waters of the Bay dashing angrily over the rocks.

A tall white ghost of a lighthouse looms on a distant hill watching with the never-ending searchlight for ships at sea and guarding the pretty little town of St. Jean de Luz.

BETTY CARLISLE,  
Junior

### SOCK AND BUSKIN MAKES DEBUT

(Continued from page 1)

plays, and was assisted by Miss M. K. Ordway.

Committee chairmen were: Lighting, Betty L. Heck; Scenery, Olga Vanta; Costumes, Theresa Howley; Make-up, Mary Alice Paine. Acknowledgments were due to Rebecca Hall for properties; Beverly Lack and Cynthia Tompkins for posters, and to Mr. Berry.

The plays are to be presented in Goodlettsville on Monday, April 8.

## TAXCO

As we turned an extremely sharp curve, we caught a glimpse of a splotch of color on the side of a rocky hill. It looked like a mammoth palette all ready with its array of colors for some giant artist. As we drew closer, small hut-like buildings took form and out of their midst rose the spires of a cathedral, the whole seeming a doll village.

When we crossed the bridge marking the city line, a group of friendly Mexican children shouted "Hello" to us in English, an accomplishment of which they were obviously proud. We drove along narrow cobblestone streets, twining in and out around the houses which formed walls on both sides. A car could hardly pass through without touching the huts. As we passed the homes, we could see through the open doors the whole family working, usually at some silverware, around a table. As we proceeded, we came to a short, almost perpendicular, hill. We could well believe that these roads were built centuries ago. A burro would have been the most satisfactory means of clambering up such an incline. At the top of this climb was the town square where all the business transactions took place.

The business world of Taxco consists of small canvas booths, in which are displayed trinkets, baskets of all kinds, shapes, and colors, sarapes and every sort of leather goods. When you approach one of these booths your eyes almost pop out in your effort to see everything at once. The merchants try to sell you their goods by jabbering Spanish just as fast and hard as they can. I, being an American, just stared and looked stupid. I'm sure, and experimentally proved in my only acquired Spanish word, "Quanto." Because you speak Spanish with an English accent, it is next to impossible to be understood; so in desperation you resort to sign language which is the most universally used.

On the other side of the square are very dirty little counters displaying small quantities of vegetables. To one used to great American markets, it was a novelty to see a little box where only one tomato, one carrot, one potato, one bunch of onions or the more common garlic, and a few peppers were offered for sale. On each side of these box-like counters at mealtime small fires are kindled. A little child can be seen stirring some concoction for the family's dinner. They eat right there and go right on trying to sell things to their fellow Mexicans, for, of course, they don't expect to sell anything to the tourists. Their trade is only among themselves.

Opposite the square is the famous cathedral of Taxco, built ages ago by a very wealthy man for his son who was a priest. This ancient relic of former magnificent war built over a silver mine, sealine it from the world. After seeing the interior of this church you can well imagine what a beautiful structure this must have been because of the beauty it still presents after centuries of war, revolution and hard work. There was the most elaborate gold carving on both sides of the altar and still more magnificent was that which formed the altar itself which was further adorned with great gold containers of fresh, lustrous calla lilies. Around the sides of the cathedral we saw a number of Mexicans worshipping humbly in front of the small statues of different patron saints.

When we left the cathedral and drove on through the cobblestone streets, we passed by a picturesque fountain and trough out of which some heavily-loaded burros were drinking. We then climbed a very long slope, turned a hairpin curve, and struggled up another pathlike road which was twice as steep. Turning in at crumbling catapots, we found ourselves in front of a lone white stucco building, trimmed with

bright green. This was to be our lodging place for the night.

From the balcony of our room we had a most beautiful view of all Taxco, nestling close in the lengthening shadows. A colorful sight presented itself in the white houses with bright-colored roofs and doors of red, green, orange and blue. Most of the huts had window boxes of bright flowers, and some of them boasted tall trees of poinsettias or some flowering bush. As we looked at this peaceful scene, we could hear only the jangle of some boy's milk pails or the hoof beats of a homeward-bound train of donkeys. The cathedral stood out in majestic splendor against the neighboring mountains as the sun sank beyond the horizon leaving quaint Taxco bathed in a rosy afterglow.

LLEWELLYNA GRANBERY,  
Sophomore

## SATURDAY IN TRI CITY

It is Saturday in Tri City, any Saturday. From all the nearby communities the farmers flock to this, the county seat, to trade their crops. On this day the place takes on new life and awakens from the lethargy it has fallen into during the weary stretch of days from one Saturday to the next.

Tri City is built after the pattern of most small Southern towns around the court square. This square is the center of all industrial and economic life of the town. Here on Saturdays, in spite of the fact that the town census boasts of only five hundred inhabitants, there is a traffic jam that would rival State Street, Chicago.

From early in the morning the farmers trail in, prepared to spend the day. By nine o'clock noon into the courthouse fence is a solid line of Fords—old, dusty, battered, T Model Fords, among which a 1920 model would have been a youngster. Wired to the side are chicken coops, the fowls cackling and feathers flying; or gunny sacks bulgy with potatoes. Within are baskets containing fresh country butter, and eggs (one can be sure they are country, but the freshness often is questionable); and packed in among the produce is the farmer's wife with the usual brood of children.

Down the side streets leading off the square, with proper modesty according to their station in life, stand old relics of buggies and wagons. If one labors under the delusion that horses and buggies are a thing of the past as a means of transportation, let him visit Tri City on Saturday. Here, caught in an eddy, a very slow eddy, to be sure, are people traveling in horse-and-buggy style, going about their weary, uneventful and unchanging lives. Here one sees buggies and wagons that would be museum pieces thirty miles away. Nothing outside this people's world touches them. They are content to plod along, unmindful of the constant change of time and life outside.

Spiritless and sluggish horses droop at their hitching posts in the intense heat of the court yard. The dust lies in waves under their hoofs. They seem too lazy even to sweep the drooping flies from their backs or pay attention to the yelping dogs biting at their shanks.

The market place presents a more active scene. The merchandise is displayed in the open stalls about which gather the women clothed in hat, brown lincey dresses with sunbonnets and print aprons. Upon meeting, they put to each other the inevitable questions as to the price of eggs, a new quilt pattern, or crochet design, and maybe a preserve recipe. Once these are out of the way, one discloses a choice bit of gossip which she has been treasuring all week to give out to her gaping audience.

The old cronies congregated in the doorways discussing the drouth and the low price of cotton. One has his

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hat pushed off his forehead as if he were too lazy to take it off and had left its fate for gravity to settle. Another chews listlessly on a straw or whistles aimlessly at a piece of wood. On the curb sprawls an "overhauled" figure reaching grubby hands into a bag of bananas, with a telltale pile of peels lying in the gutter bearing witness to those gone before.

The noises are typical rural noises brought to town: The squalling of tired babies, the children begging for ice cream cones, the barking of dogs, an occasional neigh from the horses, and the murmur of voices as the people push through the sweaty crowd. This, with the heat and unappetizing odors, makes the town anything but an attractive place.

When dusk rolls around, the people gather up their purchases and belongings, collect their children, pile into their buggies or "Lizzies" and start home, there to prepare for the next pilgrimage at the end of the week. The town, now virtually deserted, seems to fold up and stand still. It never pulls out of its lethargy until it is again reawakened on the following Saturday.

BEVERLY LACK,  
Junior-Middle.

## NIGHT MAGIC

The sailing moon is a magnet To draw the pricks of day, And star beams make a silver broom To whisk them all away.

CATHERINE CROSSAN, Sophomore.



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## EDITORIAL

## WORDS ARE OUR TOOLS

Different arts touch different sides of a person's makeup. Dancing appeals to the senses; art to the intellect; but music, more than anything else, to the heart. And words are music. They rise and fall in cadence as surely and as beautifully as musical measures. Their rhythm is always subtly present; their adaptability limitless. And there is a word for everything. For narrative there are swift, vigorous words, moving across the pages with breathless motion. Description employs graceful, slow-moving syllables that glide smoothly over the paper. Poetry uses musical tones and colors of all kinds. Those who have felt the lure of a clean white sheet of paper and keen-pointed pencils; those who have felt a thought rise in the mind and grow until it must find some kind of expression, well know the illimitable scope of creative writing. There are no rules concerning subject, form, or feeling. The words are your willing tools, to become in your hands weakly-constructed buildings or works of strength and beauty and grace.

Since first the gift of speech was bestowed by a compassionate god upon the human race, man has expressed himself in the wide field of literature. Crudely, at first, perhaps, he experimented with his newly-found power. Gradually he learned how to fashion his words so that they became more and more beautiful. He fought, and wrote of his struggles; he loved, and wrote of his emotion; he dreamed, and sought for a way beautiful enough to express his aspirations. And the ultimate result of his expression was a wealth of great literature that we cherish highly today.

We, as students of the art of writing, are still young, and cannot hope to realize our highest ideals immediately. But we have known the magic of creating something beautiful, and we hope to make our work stronger and more lovely as each year goes by.

FRANCES ROSE, President Penstaff.

## TO STIMULATE—PENSTAFF

"To stimulate an interest in creative writing, and to develop an appreciation of literature," says the Constitution, "is the purpose of the Penstaff." At its meetings, members read their compositions, which range all the way from short stories, critical and personal essays, and humorous sketches to poetry. After each is read, it is discussed; members compliment it or try to offer helpful criticism. We enjoy hearing the work of others, and, in trying to evaluate it, we develop a power that helps our own. When we hear some of the compositions read, we feel that our writing is hopelessly inferior. But excellence is like a star, to be reached for even if it's never grasped.

Writing is such a personal thing that when we hear someone's essay or poem, we feel as if we know that person better. Each personality tints its individual pigments, and every now and then there is a little masterpiece. When one has tried to mix one's colors and get them to dry right, one can appreciate the portraits by one's fellows and by the famous writers of all time.

In Penstaff we share our work and ideas, and from this striving toward a common goal, come friendships that unite. Through the writing of others, we find that new vistas lie before us: we are transported into lands which, otherwise perhaps, we never should have seen. The pleasure this gives us makes us want to write something which will be half that fun. And so through association, sharing, striving upward, we enter into the spirit of Penstaff, which is always encouraging us to write and to love the beautiful.

LYRABETH FITZPATRICK, Junior-Middle.

## EAGLET FEATHER

## SONNET

This polished wood, these simple, fragile strings—  
No more—yet from this violin such fire  
Is struck as makes Apollo from his lyre  
Shrink back in shame. This artist's soul that sings  
For pure love of singing has tonight  
Borne MY soul far into infinity,  
Lifted it high in throbbing ecstasy,  
And left it hanging, breathless from its flight.  
Surely this is life made consummate—  
To transmit into music dreams for men  
And so make their mute hearts articulate;  
To love the high impossible, and then  
To breathe with longing through the common air  
This beauty made of sound, this living prayer.  
FRANCES ROSE, Junior-Middle.

## RESTRAINT

Emotions well within my being, yet  
None ever knows the tides that ebb and flow,  
Near bursting is my heart, so full it is,  
My quietness is such they never guess;  
The unshed tears wash back into my throat;  
I scarcely breathe, so does it ache and swell.  
An aching for an agony not mine.  
I deeply wounded one I loved, and when  
They spoke of it, I seemed to feel no shame.  
None ever knew; I locked them tight inside;  
I let the hurts in silence throb away.  
I loved a tawny collier once,  
Not knowing they would ask if he had grown.  
Indifferently, it seemed, I'd say, "He's gone."  
I made them think it mattered not at all.  
No one knows the surgings deep within;  
No one knows, I stay so still.  
MARION HILL, Junior.

## YOUTH

Youth is a Grecian boy,  
Just on the threshold of manhood  
Who runs along the shore's sand  
In the early morning,  
Bronzed,  
Muscular,  
Beautiful and glowing in his strength, he runs,  
His copper shield glancing off shafts of the sun,  
His new sword raised,  
Shouting his song to the sky,  
He sings: "See here! I am I!  
I'll conquer the world,  
And set it aright,  
Ere come night!"  
Thus am I.  
LYRABETH FITZPATRICK, Junior-Middle.

## CHALLENGE

Autumn came rushing down over the  
hill  
To stop with out-flung arms  
And sudden feet,  
At a field of green wheat.  
CATHERINE CROSSAN, Sophomore.

## THE HUNTSMAN'S APPROACH

A full moon had risen o'er a forested hill, and its silvery rays sifted through swaying tree-tops.  
Night, the woods had enveloped with a formidable blackness, and the shadows of the leaves danced  
On a narrow path winding among the gnarled trees, and away in the distance faintly resounded the regular rhythm of a horse's hoofs.  
An owl hooted weirdly from his perch in a tree; a night-hawk swooped low in search of his prey.  
The branches stirred slightly in the wake of a breeze, and a cricket chirped sleepily from under a log.  
A group of wild rabbits leaped out in the moonlight and danced on a clearing, their sleek white backs gleaming  
A wild boar snorted as he nosed at the carcass of a dead squirrel, and growling softly returned to his log.  
The hoofbeats became more distinct.  
Then suddenly the owl ceased his eerie proclaiming and withdrew to a shadowed niche in a tree.  
The hawk circled again, then raced shrieking upward, disappeared into the blackness above.  
The wind seemed to rustle once more, then the branches were still.  
The cricket was quiet in his secret abode, and the group of wild rabbits, alarmed, raised their heads, with noses twitching.  
Then, quickly, they turned and scurried back to the thicket with feet thumping upon the damp sod.  
And as the wild swine wobbled down a bushy incline, he grumbled his thoughts of resentment.  
The woods were so still, all life seemed to fade in the darkness and everything slept under the power of God.  
The huntsman and his hounds were approaching.  
LAWRENCE BUTLER, Sophomore.

## LATINWOCKY

'Twas bellum and the male-words,  
Did vir and verito in my mind;  
All vastudo were the ablatives,  
And vocab birds left me behind.  
You must learn the Latinwoek, my girl!  
The vowels, you hate, the verbs you dread;  
And soon the conjugations  
Must fill your aureus head.  
So, I took this graviter task in hand;  
For the dubito meaning I sought;  
And I beat my chest as I sat at my desk,  
And labored with misera thought.  
And as my ignors brains did mind,  
The Latinwoek with verbs of flame  
Came ramping through my ruinade mind,  
And conclaimed as it came.  
Un, duo-un, duo—I've learned it through;  
It's finally sunk through my dome;  
The graviter task has been performed,  
And I go ecurrando home.  
And hast thou learned thy Latinwoek?  
Come to my arms, my pulcherra child!  
Oh, nobilis day! aequus aequus!  
Ma appelloed all the while.  
JUDITH DAVIS, Sophomore.



## WORD PICTURES

## Cold

Gaunt, gray buildings etched against a bleak, gray sky; a frozen sun clinging to a blackened chimney top; clouds stretching icy fingers across the horizon; staring windows, caught in the teeth of the wind, flinging back a dismal echo; the huddled form of a newsboy, prey of frosty blasts; cold jewelry behind panes of cold glass in a nearby shop; metal window facings touched by the breath of winter; a woman swathed in a fur coat, her breath staining the atmosphere white; white vapor rising from an iron grating in the sidewalk; the frosty glint of street car rails; a creeping cold slowly enveloping the neighborhood.

MICKIE PERRY,  
Junior.

## The Lake

I suddenly reached the end of a seemingly everlasting forest of birch and pine trees and beheld before me a lake, bright with the rays of the noon sun. On the rocky shore where I stood, some slender green canoes rested on pine racks. At one end of the oval-shaped lake, there were clumps of gorgeous white water lilies that looked like wax, so perfect were they. A rough dock and a raft of the same type in the middle of the lake were reflected in the pellucid water. Far in the distance I saw the White Mountains intermingled with the clouds. The highest one could not be seen on misty days, but that day its snow-capped peak showed clearly above all the rest.

I ascended the path but came back at twilight to gaze at the metamorphosis. It is hard to decide at which time this spot was the most beautiful. Now the mountains were silhouetted against flaming colors in the gray-blue sky. The shimmering waters were pierced with flickering lights from the sunset. All was quiet and beautiful. God was in everything.

GRACE BENEDICT,  
Junior.

## White Swan

Come forth, O majestic monarch, from your palace of closely woven willows! Come out of the cool depths of their protecting foliage, and greet your admiring subject! Glide soundlessly through veil-like, gray-green tendrils; arch your splendid neck, and let your dark, soft, jeweled eye bore through my very soul! Little liquid pearls roll off your downy throat, and from the snowy fluff of your sides. A gray flash, a red streak, and a school of bright-eyed fish have fled from your kingly presence, leaving only vague, transparent bubbles in their wake, to weave their slow way to the clear surface.

Your eyes hold the knowledge of forgotten ages; you seem to see through me, and beyond into the ages yet to come. Why do I feel little shivers chasing through me, even as I watch with exquisite pleasure your every graceful turn of head, your gentle, rocking motion against the gentle current?

You do not fear me; why should you? You are a monarch. As you turn with a parting, questioning look from starry, brilliant eyes, and soundlessly, effortlessly glide back into the curtain of willows, it is as though I had witnessed the passing of a great prophet, who holds the knowledge of the ages in his serene, tranquil gaze. Oh white swan, monarch of beauty, I salute you!

SUE PERKINS CRAIG,  
Freshman.

## Home via Street Car

The wheels screech to a grinding halt and even the dignified elderly

lady across the aisle looks jarred. A sober-looking, middle-aged woman staggers to the car door and hurriedly descends the single step to the street. Her gaze toward the stopping automobiles, her halting, half-hurrying gait suggests tiredness, hopelessness. Does she go home to a bare boarding-house room? Or a next-best room at Sister Ann's? She looks as if she expects little life and gets even less from it.

Again a stop! A young boy swings off the car and shifts his books to a better position as he nonchalantly plows through the five o'clock traffic. An eight o'clock class, hard trig, "will Betty give me a date tomorrow night?" flash through his mind as he makes his accustomed way home to mother and the rest.

An old man, a little girl, plod and skip their respective ways home, to supper, Martha and the papers, to dinner, homework, and maybe a picture show with Mother and Daddy.

The car stops. I step down that same single step and begin the three-block walk through the cool twilight. What good orchestras come on to-night occupies my mind for the first fifty feet. With the turn in the road the harsh geometry lesson looms in view. But what about the strange disappearance of that little girl while walking home from school—a big, dark shadow—just a bush—the Hauptmann trial—the sky getting darker—Mrs. Stoll's kidnapping—Nashvillians mixed up in it—and I start running toward the light that is home.

CARROLL COLE,  
Sophomore.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF PHILLIP FLEA

I am a flea. Phillip is my name, and I am an aristocrat. One of the bluebloods I, as my ancestors before me did, only inhabit the hair of thoroughbreds. My first home was a delightful spot on the tail of a "Curly Flagg," champion sealyham terrier. "Curly" was not supposed to have fleas, but he did, and a goodly bunch they were, too.

My mother was a lovely person, and I remember distinctly the many times she said to me, "Phillip, you are of a hated race. So watch out for flea powder, and bite hard, and you'll get along."

My father was as daring a flea as ever lived. Why, he died, during his lifetime inhabited six different dogs' coats of hair, and the average flea only makes two, or perhaps three.

So you see I was born of illustrious parents, and may I assure you that I inherited all their sense and ability. And now that you know what a famous person I really am, I think I should tell you more of my adventurous life.

"Curly Flagg's" tail proved to be a comfortable home while it lasted, but he was washed too often, and sprinkled with the detested flea powder too many times for that residence to remain very safe.

Next we took up our abode in a basement. A nice, roomy place, where I was instructed in all the arts of biting, hiding, and dodging. (The last two were taught me in case of an emergency.) But too soon we left this, my second home, for the people who owned the basement caused a great massacre of the fleas, and many of my friends and relatives were ruthlessly slaughtered, including my handsome father. From that day forth, Mother was never the same. Her bite was not so sure, nor her senses so bright.

At our third home, on the neck of "Madame Muffet," a nice gray Persian kitty, we lived a comfortable existence until that sad day when my mother passed away.

I am alone in the world, alone, and so now I close this recording of the

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glad years of my life before sorrow becomes my burden. I do not know what will befall me, but I am a flea,

and a great flea, so courage—I shall not despair!

POLLY EDWARDS.

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## THE PARTY

"Why, yes, Mrs. Martin," I heard Mother say, "Ole Miss would simply love to come. It was so sweet of you to ask her." My heart sank, because I knew I must be destined to attend another birthday party. I never enjoyed the carefully supervised games of "Going to Jerusalem," and although I had a most healthy appetite for ice cream and cake, I always felt embarrassed for my small host or hostess when it came time to sing "Happy Birthday to You." I was simply born without a talent for blowing out candles, making wishes, and wearing hair ribbons.

Mother had my party dress cleaned for the occasion and purchased me some white shoes. The pinkness of the dress made me feel uncomfortable. The primness of the slippers and the "sissyfied" ruffles and ribbons aroused some opposing forces in my nature, but the crowning blow and bow was yet to come. On the day of the party, Mother announced that I must wear a ribbon upon my hatless head. I almost pined for the measles. Why was I born that I should see this evil day? Freshly bathed and dressed, I looked like what unthinking elders sometimes refer to as "a sweet little girl"; yet I felt neither sweet nor ladylike. As a lamb lead to slaughter, I allowed Mother to place the hated ribbon on my head. At that moment I perceived the advantage of being bald-headed.

As I climbed unenthusiastically from the automobile, Mother admonished, "Ole Miss, don't forget to tell Mrs. Martin what a nice time you had; and did you bring a clean handkerchief?" I nodded glumly and walked up the strain aimlessly pushing a pebble with the toe of my shoe. With a strained smile, I rang the bell. To my amazement, no childish screams of laughter greeted my ears. Instead, Mrs. Martin came to the door in a gingham dress.

"Why, child," she said. "The party was a week ago!"

ELIZABETH LOVE,  
Junior-Middle.

### OUR STREET

By Compton McKenzie

In Compton McKenzie's recent book, "Our Street," London suburban life in the early part of this century is well portrayed. The story is told in the first person, from the viewpoint of a young boy visiting his aunt, who lived on a street where there were once about a dozen houses. The inhabitants were so friendly and intimate with each other, and loved their secluded street so much that they fondly called it "Our Street." The houses were all alike as to exterior, but very different inside in their reflections of the tastes and personalities of the occupants.

The boy takes each house separately and gives various incidents occurring during his frequent visits on "Our Street" that endeared that room or this person to his memory. The afternoon teas among the young folks are delightfully related. The customs and clothes of this period are described, as well as the shops, the London thoroughfares, and the churches.

The most striking quality of this book is its delineation of character. Each person is so decidedly different from the others that it is hard to believe in the congeniality of the group. There is a pompous retired general, who has fought in India, twins that are always dressed in Kate Greenaway pinafores, a family of ne'er-do-well scapegraces, and many others just as individual.

The author has combined vivid descriptions, clever characterization and amusing incidents in such a way as to make extremely entertaining reading.

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BEGINNING FRIDAY

LEE TRACY — HELEN MACK  
HELEN MORGAN

— IN —

"You Belong to Me"

**KNICKERBOCKER**

Beginning Friday

MARGARET SULLAVAN  
IN

"The Good Fairy"

# WARD-BELMONT-HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, April 13, 1935

Number 25

## COLLEGE CLASSES MEET

### Sports, Parades, Decorations, Acclaim Traditional Day

The Senior section of the parade this morning carried out the idea of Shakespeare and English literature as represented by the Seniors' challenge and the Senior-Mid reply.

Two pages carrying gilded trumpets heralded the arrival of the Seniors. They were followed by two other pages bearing a placard on which was written:

"Shakespeare Portrays the Trag-edy of the Senior-Middles." Follow- ing them came the band dressed in yellow shorts and white shirts, led by Cesar (Mary Lee Wilson.)

Hamlet (Mildred Clements) of chal- lenge fame, followed, this time su- perbly mounted upon a bicycle. He was attended by the ghosts of past Senior classes.

With the passing of the ghosts came other pages. Their placard read:

"Hounding After the Senior-Mids" And here came a Senior-Mid (Joyce Martin) in full flight, pursued by a doughty Senior (Rossella Lee Lewis) and her dog (also of challenge fame).

More pages—this time announcing "The Taming of the Shrew"—were followed by a truck which was the rebellious Senior-Middle shrew (Eu- genia Vick) securely caged and tamed by the blustering Senior Petruccio (Mary Jean Kirwan). Wandering aimlessly along behind the truck came Ophelia (Buford Hayter) with flow- ing hair and sad expression.

The next pages announced the re- sult of the battle. On the placard of one was written:

"Macduff and His Moving Trees," represented by Seniors in yellow and white hidden behind the branches they carried. Following them came:

"Macbeth and His Defeated Forces," typified by a dejected group in regu- lar gym outfits, with purple ties and bearing shields.

Following the placard reading: "From Shakespeare to Ward-Bel- mont, Victory Floats On."

came a float on which the fair young Senior Romeo Class continued to woo and win his lovely Juliet Victory (Elizabeth Gray), this time by boat.

"Cleopatra and Her Slaves," said the placard which preceded the last float. Cleo (Jean Stewart), dressed in Senior yellow, drove royally in a chariot drawn by the characters

of English literature who in the Senior-Mid reply had tried to tempt a Senior to become a Senior-Mid.

The Senior pep squad in white with yellow bands across their chests fol- lowed Cleopatra. All along the edge of the entire parade fairies and clowns of Shakespearean fame, on foot or on bicycles, kept the crowd in good humor.

The Senior section of the parade was preceded by a procession of cars, headed by Miss Sisson's in which were faculty members wearing the Senior colors. The Junior-Middle and Sopho- more classes of the high school also wore Senior yellow.

#### "Y" SPONSORS SERVICES

The Easter services conducted from 7:10 to 7:30 every morning during the week before Easter will begin Monday morning. These services, sponsored by the "Y" cabinet, take the events of the last week of the life of Christ day by day. They cul- minate in the early service on Easter morning.

### PARTICIPANTS IN MOCK AND MAJOR TRIALS REPRESENTATIVE OF BOTH GROUPS

Senior teams for the three major sports played off today were made up of the following girls. Baseball:

G. Moore	c.
N. Bogue	p.
M. L. Boyd	1b.
V. Smith	2b.
B. Heck	3b.
R. Potts	r.s.
M. Page	l.s.
E. Boyd	r.f.
A. Webb	r.f.
S. Clark	c.f.

Substitutes on the baseball team were: Alice Williamson, Frances Street, Mary Ellen Hudgins, and Jean Stewart.

Senior archers were: J. Newbury, M. Collesher, B. Shields, M. Trout, M. Clements, and W. Marsh.

The tennis doubles teams were: Carolyn Concklin and Frances Street; Jayne Allan and Mary Ann Evans. Patty Chadwell was the Senior representative in the singles tournament.

One of the features of the afternoon will be a mock track meet. Features will be a potato race, three-legged race, chariot race, obstacle race, and a relay race.

Those taking part in the potato race are: Georganna Martin, Edwina Hol- land, Frances Street, Eugenia Vick, Edith Manly, and Virginia Richie.

The obstacle race includes: Rose- mary Horstmann, Lida Allen Brown, Jean Weiss, and Mary Ellen Hudgins.

Partners contending for Senior honor in the three-legged race are: Catherine Crosswell and Mary Crock- ett Evans; Ruth Potts and Louise Robinson, and Sally Pardue and Ther- esa Howley.

Relay contestants are: Irene Sar- tor, Carolyn Concklin, Sally Womack, and Salierne Sherman.

Yellow and white charioteers will be Arylene Milligan, Charlotte Ann Doughty, Louise Longworth, Anna Katherine Howard, Elizabeth Gray, Pauline Tucker, Lattie Miller Graves, Marion Farr, Mary Eleanor Clay, and Jean Dayton.

Senior contestants for the mock swimming meet remain a mystery. Whether they resent having their swimming made mock of or whether they are only modest remains to be seen as the paper goes to press.

One of the major sports of Senior- Senior-Middle Day was baseball, and the Senior-Middle team was composed of:

M. Worsley	c.
F. Schmid	p.
W. Coffee	1b.
E. Siegmund	2b.
M. Weber	3b.
B. L. Reed	r.s.
P. Schorndorfer	r.f.
H. Tibbets	r.f.
M. J. Foulston	l.f.
P. Burgher	c.f.

Substitutes: Modesta Good, Evelyn Braden, Eula Wade.

On the Senior-Middle archery team were: Ellen Bowers, Dorothy Jaeger, Janet Pascoe, Frances Prince, Frances Etheridge, and Elsie Sabin.

The Senior-Middle tennis doubles teams were composed of Edna May Bradley and Sara Ashley, and Mar- garet Greene and Mildred Sartor. The singles representative was Connie Chase.

One of the numerous contests be- tween the Seniors and Senior-Middles will be the swimming meet. The meet will be a mock one and will comprise such events as the following: Sweat- shirt race, newspaper relay, umbrella r lay, egg and spoon relay, and the stunt entitled "School of the Fishes."

The girls taking part in the sweat- shirt race will be: Teddy Krauss, Mo- desta Good, Billy Frank Smith, and Margaret Greene. Substitutes: Eve- lyn Norton, Edwina Schmid, and Fay Stipp.

Those in the newspaper relay will be: Martha Thompson and Roselle Emery. Substitutes: Elisabeth Car- ruth and Mary Jane Foulston.

The girls in the umbrella relay will be: Libby Siegmund and Sara Ashley. Substitutes: Elsie Sante and Mabel Claire Breeden.

The egg and spoon relay will in- clude: Helen Jones and Louise Fos- gate. Substitutes: Jonnye Walker and Mary Ellen Peach.

The "School of the Fishes" will have as its teacher Elizabeth Cornelius. The pupils will be: Mary Stevens, Olga Vanta, Jeanne Brigham, Char- lotte Watkins, and Mary Beth Caton. The substitutes will be: Lea Hill, Helen Tibbets, and Ruth Jones.

### CLASS COLORS BEDECK CAMPUS

What confusion must have been cast upon the squirrels who ventured out upon Ward-Belmont's campus this morning! For with the dawn of Senior-Senior-Middle Day, the aspect of southern college life amid stately colonial surroundings, to which Ward-Belmont squirrels are accustomed, was entirely changed. To their un- discerning eyes, it seemed at first, per- haps, a mere maze of colors—purple and yellow, but upon further investi- gation, various banners, flags, flower gardens, and even cemeteries attracted their attention.

(Continued on page 3.)

### PLAY EXPRESSES SPIRIT OF EASTER

Not as an exhibition, but as a ser- vice by man in the glorification of God during this Easter season, is the play, "Thy Kingdom Come," by Flor- ence Converse to be presented by Miss Townsend on April 18.

The play opens at early dusk on the first Easter Even; the Roman sol- diers who had been present at the Resurrection are gathered around the tomb in a lonely garden. The chil- dren of Sals appear to deck the tomb with flowers, and discuss with the soldiers their love and belief in their Master. The soldiers are great-

(Continued on page 3.)

Darwin's theory of evolution, de- spite the fact that this illustrious state disapproves of the idea, was realis- tically depicted from the Ward-Bel- mont point of view this very morning at 8:30 by the Senior-Middle class in their parade.

Floating around the circle were five floats, each representing a certain year in the life of good old W.-B.!

In order to acquaint their audience with their idea, the Senior-Mids. had on their first float Mrs. Barton and Mrs. Benedict perusing a *Milestones*. The evolution idea began on the sec- ond float, where were seen the gay lassies of Ward Seminary. Hold everything, boys, they were well chap- eroned in those days, just as they are today!

For the year 1900, the Senior-Mids. showed Belmont College on a tour, but from the looks of things we don't think that they got very far. And still the years go on; in 1925 there were legs and more legs—just as there were on the fourth float! This was one of the shortest and snappiest years! As last, came the year of 1935, with the Ward-Belmont girls in all of their glory on the fifth and last float!

Thus ended the Senior-Mids' evo- lution and the parade floated on!

### W.-B. TO GREET ALUMNAE APRIL 19

Easter week-end, April 19, 20 and 21, will mark the thirteenth annual Homecoming at Ward-Belmont. Next week at this time will find the campus overflowing with girls from many classes who are back to renew memo- ries, friendships, and to find again in part the happiness they knew during their years here.

The alumnae will arrive for the fes- tivities on Friday, spending the bet- ter part of the day settling in their rooms and seeing the others who are back. Friday evening, plans are un- der way to sponsor a Varsity-Alumnae basketball game immediately after dinner. In former years this has proved very amusing and will be car- ried out if the alumnae are interested. From about eight to ten following the game will be a reception for the faculty and alumnae in one of the club houses.

On Saturday noon the annual busi- ness luncheon will be held in the little dining-room. About one hundred and fifty guests are expected. During the afternoon there will possibly be some entertaining in the club houses by the clubs. After dinner the school and the alumnae will be invited to a dance in the gym, given by the Alumnae As- sociation. There will be a "special," the details of which cannot be re- vealed at this time.

Sunday morning many of the clubs are planning breakfasts for their own alumnae after the early morning Eastern service. Immediately after dinner the Seniors, alumnae and household will be served coffee in Rec- reation Hall. There will be a musical program at this time. The final gath- ering is the A. K. Club's annual Easter tea, to which they invite all the visiting alumnae.

Should any other club plans be in formation, the Alumnae Office would like to have word of them immediately so that they may make arrangements for notifying the visitors.

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## DR. WEATHERFORD SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

Dr. W. P. Weatherford of the Y.M.C.A. graduate school gave an interesting discussion on "Friendship" in chapel, Wednesday, April 10. According to Dr. Weatherford, there are four laws that govern friendship, those laws being as definite and important as the physical laws of nature.

The first law may be classed as a mutual law. "Friendship cannot grow where there is no trust or confidence. It is only in that way that we are able to know people. The same law may apply to God, for God can not reveal himself to those who do not trust him."

The second law of friendship is based upon self-surrender. "There must be joy with this. Friendship will never live if you adopt a policy of doing for others just as much as they do for you." The third law that governs friendship is that one must have common ideals, and the fourth dealt with association. "Association does not come by merely seeing and reading records about people, but friendship consists of an interchange of ideas."

Dr. Weatherford pointed out that we Americans are not taking time to really find out about our fellowmen. We are said to be a nation of busybodies, but we must realize how much friendships are worth, not only friendships with our fellowmen, but friendships with God. If we wish to find this which is the greatest gift of all, we must learn to pay the price.

## MARIAN TRUETT IN STUDIO RECITAL

Saturday night, April 6, Marian Truett presented the ever-popular "Daddy Long Legs" in her Senior recital held in the Expression studio. There was no hesitation during the entire three acts for want of lines or character, and she held her audience spellbound by her fine interpretation of the spirit in the orphan asylum.

## WASHINGTON. WHAT — HO?

On April 9, 1935, it was announced that a great event was to take place in the rather near future—Thursday, the twenty-fifth, to be exact. A trip to Washington, all planned to the very largest degree. For quite some few years this opportunity has been presented to the girls of Ward-Belmont, and the response has always been hearty. Just to impress the particulars upon you, here they are again:

Total cost, including everything except some few incidentals that are entirely personal, is seventy dollars, if you're going to be with the party during the whole business; it's fifty-nine if you're planning to stay with friends in Washington. Sight-seeing, reservations at the Willard Hotel, trips to Alexandria, Mount Vernon, Arlington, and all such like are set for the two days' stay in the capital. At a rather late hour on Saturday evening everyone leaves for Natural Bridge, V. M. I., and Washington and Lee. No doubt, a mighty fine time will be had by all.

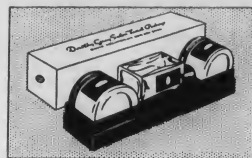
If you would like to sit in the pew that Washington sat in, visit the capital, look at the view of the river from Mount Vernon, go through Stonewall Jackson's home, enjoy quaint Alexandria, and spend a most excellent Sunday in an unusual manner, this trip offers you that opportunity. This is something to write home about.

Random comments about the trip last year:

"You never will get to see Washington like you could on this trip. We did all the things that everybody wanted to do and it was grand."

"A very full trip, full of things to

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## REAL RELIGION. VESPER SUBJECT

Judge A. B. Neil spoke in vespers Sunday, April 7, on the subject "What the Church Means to Me." His speech was chiefly drawn from a paper he had written upon request on religion for the Cumberland Law School.

He used as an example a girl whose belief and trust in God had been tainted by the selfish and narrow creeds of those who had tried to guide her. Judge Neil emphatically expressed his opinion on this by, "Away with creeds and dogmas and the petty quarrels and disputes of men of theory. I find the church is glorified in what men and women do for God, and not by a fanatic following of its local laws."

From the battlings of pretended representatives of the church, the speaker brought to light the young girls who beat their tambourines and joyously sing hymns on a dark and dirty street trying to save a soul for God. That is the spirit of the living Christ.

Concluding his speech, Judge Neil made the statement that "God is everywhere. He may come to this lost girl in some heroic struggle in which all that is left of life is faith. Above the selfishness and greed of the world to all that is good and real in life, she will find the church just as we find God in a budding flower or the laugh of a child."

do that we wanted to do. We really hated to have it end. I'd go on it again if such were possible."

Well, there you are girrls; how goes it? To Washington and all that is included, or to town on Saturday with them that miss out. Anyhow, have fun!

## DEL VERS INAUGU- RATE "MAN-DANCES"

Members of the Del Ver club were hostesses at their annual gymnasium dance Saturday, April 6.

The Del Vers had the distinction of being the first club in the history of Ward-Belmont to invite men to a gym affair. It was a program dance. Over two hundred invitations were extended.

A Hawaiian scheme was carried out in the decorations. A dark blue drop with waves and many-colored fish and sea horses lined the walls. Flowers, Jackson vine, and Spanish moss were woven into the grills of the windows. The gym was covered with a dark blue sky from which silver stars were suspended. Six palm trees formed part of the decorations as well as a thatched cottage from which punch was served throughout the evening.

The chairmen of the committees were: Decorations, Elizabeth Caruth; Invitations, Judy Acheson; Refreshments, Mary Ann Wirtz, and Music, Elizabeth Ann Reed.

Music for the evening was furnished by Johnny Miller's orchestra.



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## DAY STUDENT CLUBS GIVE TYPICAL SCENES

The day student clubs were in charge of chapel Friday, April 5. Take-offs of two familiar school scenes were presented. The first was laid in the college library. Mildred Clements as Miss Church was very clever, while Juliette Craig as Mrs. Armstrong put over a bit of good characterization. Anne Huddleston, Sally Womack, Theresa Howley, Patty Chadwell and others contributed to the familiar general uproar. Alice Overton as Miss Ordway followed by her clamorous host of freshmen was the finishing touch.

The second scene took the dancing studio as its setting. Miss Jeter, played by Grace Benedict, was conducting in her own inimitable way (which became for the time Grace's) a dress rehearsal. A large group of bathing-suit-clad beauties took part in the scarf ballet dance. Solo dances were contributed by Mary Alice Herbert, who did a fetching balloon dance, and Frances Bratton and Alice Williamson who clogged their way to fame. All musical accompaniments were furnished by an excellent orchestra conducted by Cynthia Tompkins. Members were Juanita Roberts, Patty Chadwell, Evelyn Boyd, Sally Womack, and Jayne Allen.

## MUSIC NOTES

All the students and friends of Ward-Belmont are looking forward with much anticipation to the concert of the Ward-Belmont orchestra, under the direction of Kenneth Rose to be given on Tuesday evening, April 16, at 8:15.

The Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music presented a group of students in a recital on Tuesday evening, April 9, at 8:15. Those on the program included:

1. Piano—Sonata, 1st movement *Grieg*  
CATHERINE LANHAM
2. Violin—Prize Song from Die Meistersinger *Wagner-Wilhelmj*  
CATHERINE ANDREWS
3. Voice—  
(a) Veghissime sembenza *Donaudy*  
(b) Spring Morning *Carey-Wilson*  
ISABELLE NASH
4. Piano—  
(a) Maiden's Wish *Chopin-Liszt*  
(b) Rondo from the Toy Box Suite *Debussy*  
LISBERT SMITH
5. Organ—Festal Offertorium *Fletcher*  
ELSIE SANTE
6. Voice  
(a) My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair *Haydn*  
(b) Two Folk Songs of Little Russia *Zimbelist*  
(c) The Last Song *Rogers*  
MARY BROWNING DENNIS
7. Violin—Concerto, No. 4 *Vieuxtemps*  
Adagio  
Finale  
VIRGINIA TAYLOR
8. Piano—Valse Brillante, op. 18 *Chopin*  
MARY JEAN KIRWAN

P-S-S-T-I!

Well, and it's out now! Dot Guy was the fair miss who "is going to announce her engagement in June"—only she fooled us, and she is already married. The best of luck, Dot Guy—the first of the Class of '36 to get her MRS. degree.

And wasn't the day student stunt a whiz of a surprise—even to the day students! We guess that Woppe feels sufficiently hacked—she was hoping that someone would trip over the curtain, and she did it herself!

We never knew that Rebecca Rice had such talent for the art of the dance, but she surely proved it to us

with her graceful interpretation of the poor little thing who gets lost on the stage. We heard that the name of that most unusual combination of peculiar movements was the "Dance of the Seven Veils"—minus, of course, six of the veils.

Mary Wilson was there to display her Nijinsky ability, too. She reminded us of a picture that we saw once that had something to do with grace.

The prize for the event, however, ought to go to Juliette in her perfect role of Mrs. Armstrong. Incidentally, have you been over to see her yet this morning?

What was that mild cyclone that we just heard coming into the library? Oh, just Sally again—she's forgot that she is through playing a part. (If you have been offended by our calling you a "mild" cyclone, Sally, don't be that way, for we think you make a pretty good full-fledged one.)

Jayne says that she was so scared that she could hardly sing. We advise you to get her to render a choice morsel about a key, a door, and a dame. "Madam" Allen has several songs that you could add to your collection.

It's been reported from the best of sources that Evelyn Braden's beau has been getting into sort of a habit of being considered one of the family. If this keeps up,—well, you can observe that it won't be long now.

Dr. Hollinshead surely put Margaret Greene in her place. He was explaining to the class the reason that he wasn't going to let them work with arsenic gas was because it would kill them. As usual, she had to ask how he knew, and he said that he had never experimented on human beings, BUT THAT HE LOST TWO VERY FINE MULES THAT WAY!!!!

Dot Colmery is getting in practice early. Ask her what occupation nearly ran her ragged while her mother was away.

Who was the girl who seemingly thrust herself upon her date on the trip to the station? The story goes that he was worried over stains of lipstick, and that he swears the idea was all the dear damsel's.

And now, my little friend—I forget myself in thinking of Dot C. Gotta go!

## CLASS COLORS BEDECK CAMPUS

(Continued from page 1)

Perhaps the squirrels would have mourned a great deal after reading the sad epitaphs of their departed Senior and Senior-Middle friends. But they were too amazed at the sight of the old stone statues clothed in yellow skirts and tunics to express any other degree of emotion! Even the old retreat to the summer houses was barred to them, for they stood in great awe of the flying purple colors. The discovery of the jonquil flower garden dazed them, for they were unable to account for such rapidity of growth—even of paper flowers!

It is fortunate that the poor little squirrels were denied admittance to the Ward-Belmont dining-room, for it is certain that the life-sized dummy of a Senior would have been too much for them. The purple and yellow streamers hanging from the white columns and on the tables might have produced a semi-color blindness because of their brilliance, but to the ones who placed them there, it signified just one thought—Class spirit and loyalty!

## PLAY EXPRESSES SPIRIT OF EASTER

(Continued from page 1)

ly stirred, and fall asleep; time marches on.

In the darkness before dawn, the white-robed angels of the Resurrection come to the tomb, set their winged shoulders against the rock, and slowly and silently roll it away. In the distance, the faint voices of the choiring angels are heard chiming, "He Is Risen."

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that wears like a "million," that makes your ankles look like the slim, trim "stems" you've always imagined; and the complete absence of those unsightly rings is conspicuous in the fine, even, unclouded clearness. They're

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## OFFICE ASSISTANTS

BETTY CARLISLE, MARY JANE BASS.

## EDITORIAL

## CLIMAX

As I glanced through a small, dainty book, entitled *Women's Thoughts for Women*, I chanced upon the quotations for the month of April. I found there was a thought for each day of the month beautifully stated by the novelist, Charlotte Bronte. To my delight, my eyes fell upon the one for the second Saturday, and I read "There is a climax to everything, to every state of feeling as well as to every position in life." These words seemed to express to me the very meaning of Senior-Senior-Middle Day. This clash between the two classes is one of the oldest and most beloved of traditions, and every girl who looks back upon her school days remembers this day as being the culmination of what has been built up throughout the school year. However, it was felt by some that up to this time there was something lacking in this great event; as if this so-called class spirit had been created in a superficial way just for the day, when actually we wanted to grasp this ardor of spirit and kindle it gradually to produce a fiery display. With this thought in mind, we set about to see if we could find some solution to the problem. A new plan has been instigated and has been on trial this year. Perhaps the main purpose of our experiment has been for the good of both classes, but most of all it is hoped that it has been a means of illumination and giving life to the Senior-Middle class who will be the ones to carry on the life here next year on our beloved campus. It is a difficult and intangible process to construct a class with the vim and vitality which it should have when we live so short a time here at school. Therefore we started in the fall the competition to see if we could seize this abstract thing. It was decided that points should be given to everything that was done in connection with Senior-Senior-Middle Day, so that more girls would be included in this scheme and the desire for enthusiasm and competition would be keener among a large group than just among a few as it has been in former years. Although it still may seem as if success had not been reached, nevertheless there has come to realization that there is a stronger bond and closer relationship between the two classes than has ever been known before. Now we have reached a climax in the bringing together of the Seniors and Senior-Middles this day. Our experiment is finished; yet only for a year. A new year is to come and with these principles and ideas that we have learned and gained this year may they be passed on and enlarged upon in the years to come; for "when a thing does not waste, it gathers and there is one thing more important than action, and that is growth."

Jean M. Stewart '35.

## THE GUERDON IS WON

As the Seniors feel that Senior-Senior-Middle Day is the climax of their work together as a class, so do the Senior-Middles feel that it marks our final welding together into a body united in spirit and endeavor. A real class with a spirit and a soul of its own. We have served our apprenticeship on other class projects—our banquet, our dance, our sports. Yet, even these were mostly the work of individuals and of individual groups. Today we are working together as a class for a common cause.

(Continued on last column of this page.)

## CAMPUS COLUMN

Here's to more and better Merry-go-rounds! They will hold no terrors for Ward-Belmont girls after this past week. Now honestly have you ever seen so many people dashing around with wild-eyed expressions?

Wasn't the parade clever this morning? Where but in America, or to be specific—where but at Ward-Belmont would you find the Queen of the Fairies riding on a bicycle? And if Shakespeare did turn over in his grave—which we doubt—he was probably tired of the same position anyhow.

Rah-rah-rah, Senior... Senior-Middle! Power to both of you, and may the best team win!

Did you ever see a dream walking? Cast your eye on Theresa, Buford and Gail as they practice the dream-parts for the Easter play. There is a technique even to dreams.

Tita didn't slip today, but she furnished much excitement at Senior pep meeting the other night. Just a slip of the tongue, though!

We wouldn't say anything—but while we are on the subject of slips, did you notice the place of the dance recital as printed on the tickets?

Well, we see that spring has come—the state clubs are honoring themselves with parties and picnics already. The Kansas club had a right "scrumdulous" party Tuesday night with Mr. and Mrs. Underwood as guests.

Congratulations to the honor roll (even though you won't know who you are till Monday) and the rest of you Seniors had better be a-polishing up your brains 'cause we know what we know, and take our word for it, you'll need 'em come the last of the week.

Judy... we thought you were a loyal Senior... but those lovely yellow jodphurs leave absolutely no doubt on the subject. Perhaps you needed a little cheering up after the Shamrock episode the other day?

Nomination for the week's most industrious person: Barbara Lee Reed.

—And they got left! Who? Rosemary, Pony, Jean and "Huggins." And came home with a cop. Let this be a lesson. Next time you go to Percy Warner, be more careful.

"Rain—when you gonna rain again—rain?"

Honorable mention for the week goes to several of our "high-lighters."

Marian Farr for her good taste in gentlemen friends.

Catherine Crossan for her ability of leadership.

Crockett's ability to show us all that she can make many B's.

Gilbertine's ability in making the Dean's list (?).

The Senior Class for their fine spirit.

The Senior-Mids for staying out of Senior Hall.

The Del Ver's for the best dance of the year.

Carolyn Concklin for her ability as a songwriter (?).

Bettie Jayne Reed's nonchalance after receiving three letters from her recently acquired boy-friends.

"Nuff said!"

And now to continue with these inane prattlings—thus and thus. To begin with, gossip is not on my mind—whassa matter with you gals, can't you even stir up something for me to write about?... Methinks it's the beginning of the end... Seniors are already having their measurements taken for our caps and gowns....

According to the sounds in Middle-March during the Junior-Middle dance those people were seemingly dancing a mean flea-hop, or was it a hop, skip and jump?... Mary Lalla is finally convinced that she'll hire a few friends to write her a few letters each month so she'll be sure (Continued on page 5.)

## EAGLE FEATHER

## SENIOR AND SENIOR-MIDDLE SONGS

## SENIOR

We pledge now our love for our old W.-B.

We vow to be ever true,  
We pledge too our love for our dear Senior Class,  
God bless them, the old and new.  
We'll hold high our colors the gold and the blue,  
Our banners will kiss the sky,  
Our faith all resisting, our goal for life's best,  
Our motto to do or die.

The joys we have here will not fly as the leaves  
They'll last us life's journey through,  
And the love we have now for the friendships we've made  
Will live in our memories too;  
And though we must part from each other some day  
As Seniors have parted before,  
The glorious spirit of old '35  
Will linger forever more.

## SENIOR-MIDDLE

We are Senior-Middles,

Ward-Belmont's pride!

Forward together

We're marching side by side

The best of all the teams.

Here's to our colors,

Purple and white!

Here's to the Senior-Mids,

Let's fight, fight, fight!

## SENIOR

(Tune: Song of the Vagabonds)

In the battle royal

Senior hearts are loyal!

We will beat the Senior-Mids.

Seniors have the spirit,

Senior-Middles fear it!

We'll defeat the Senior-Mids.

Forward, forward Senior banners go;

Onward, onward, vanquish every foe.

Senior love will bind us,

Senior faith's behind us;

Seniors—on to victory!

## SENIOR-MIDDLE

Way down South at Ward-Belmont

There's a class called Senior-Mids,

And they took the cups and honors

Boy, they were sure some fine kids!

And if one day to this school

You should chance to take a tramp,

Just put your bet on the Middles

'Cause they'll always be the champs.

Oh, rah, rah, rah for the Middles

And Seniors, ooh, ooh, ooh!

We know we'll win each battle

And we feel sorry for you,

Ooh, ooh, ooh-o-o-o-o-o!

## SENIOR

Senior Class ever true,

Faithful and loyal,

Brave in everything we do—

Be it play or toil,

Our endeavors so sincere it

Makes us have that fine old spirit

For the class of '35.

For the class of '35.

## SENIOR-MIDDLE

Give a cheer for the Middle side,

We will fill W.-B. with pride!

Our girls have the pep and the vim,

And the cup we'll be sure to win.

Just you wait till you see how we run

And the honors each one of us have won.

We'll all be true to our side!

Senior-Middles, Senior-Middles,

Senior-Middles!

(Continued from first column this page.)

Whether we win or lose, we know that we have gained something worth more than mere victory—an intangible something which we have envied and wondered about in the Seniors—something which has set them a little apart, though we have worked, studied and played with them in the past eight months.

Now we know, and today as we go forth to combat we carry with us the proud knowledge that our guerdon is won. We too, are a whole being in ourselves; and, as the class of '36, can add our part to the Ward-Belmont which has been built up through the years by many girls and many classes.

## THE DIARY OF MIS- TRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday—

Surprise! Dr. Hill spoke in chapel this morning. Even if he was a pinch-hitter, we want more like him!

To the HYPHEN office this afternoon to read some of the Penstaff's contribution to the literary field. With the use of the dictionary we managed to get an idea of what 'twas all about!

The worries and frets of a gym dance (and no ordinary one, either!) We ate at the club tonight and worked on things and stuff.

We're mad with Guy Lombardo—it seems he refuses to recognize Ward-Belmont when playing his five favorites! 'Night!

Thursday—

Class meeting in the gym this morning and it seems that there are evidences of an approaching Senior-Senior-Middle Day already!

And coming up to lunch—guess who! Webbie! They may leave but they always come back!

The roomie has been in a state of jitters all day—in fact, all week! Ex-

pecting her parents—and noon they descended on us and carted Jeanne away for a glorious week-end!

Out for dinner tonight and back in time for the concert which was good and to this *petite enfant* the nursery rhymes still hold good!

'Night!

Friday—

This business of imitating is getting to be a second nature at Ward-Belmont! Such talent as the day students displayed in this line in chapel this morning!

In the rain we wandered down to club village this afternoon where we found mothers and daughters (namely Mrs. Daugherty and Matilda) alike cutting and pasting for the dance tomorrow night!

We're leading a double life these days to keep us company in the roomie's absence!

'Night!

Saturday—

Came the day—we spent the afternoon impartially between the gym and the tea room but tried to keep off of the campus as much as possible! The reason—'cause love was everywhere and we just couldn't take it! Marion

and Ab, Thelma and Claude, Ruthie and Mickie, and Judy B. and Knapp! In spring a young man's fancy—!

The dance was a success 'cause at the doorway we heard, "Oh, South Seas, huh?" As far as we were concerned that settled the successful part of the evening!

Four of the cuter dancers—Marion and Ab, having the time of their lives dancing a straight program—and Vance and Mardie—just having the time of their lives and forgetting about the program!

'Night!

Sunday—

A rainy one, too! To church this morning and to the library this afternoon!

Just a suggestion—bigger Toddle Houses! We arrived to find it filled to overflowing! Not that we went hungry, but Mr. Toddle lost some six meal tickets!

Back to ye campus in the rain—it (the rain) was so intriguing that nothing would do but to go walking—and we did! Some fun running between the raindrops!

Back to the campus to find the roomie sitting safe and snug waiting to take us out! Did we hesitate? You guess!

Monday—

The high school gals expressed again and we noticed a slight improvement!

The halls have their keep-out signs up now for Senior-Senior-Middle week and the prevailing atmosphere is very forbidding and belligerent!

The roomie is really doing right by us and took us out to dinner again tonight! The bestest time!

Tuesday—

Mrs. Bryan made the Washington trip sound too, too inviting this morning but—unless we get a special invite—no go! Ha!

Rain or shine, we play tennis, so since it was cloudy we played anyway!

The Kansas club patriotically went to dinner and the show tonight which was "The Little Colonel." Good show for a bunch of Yankees to see!

'Night!

## JUNIOR-MIDS DANCE AT ANNUAL PARTY

The annual Junior-Middle dance was given Tuesday, April 9, from five until eight o'clock. It took place in Recreation Hall. The guests were received by: Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Benedict, Miss Shackelford, and Mamie Howell, president of the class. A floor committee composed of the following girls: Virginia Lee Smith, Mary Ann Farris, Sara Joyce Beasley, Ann Huddleston, Nancye Brown, Polly Ann Billington, Mary Alice Herbert, Betty Butterfield, Martha Claire Clay, and Josephine Neil, saw to it that everyone had a good time.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

(Continued from page 4)

and get one from George just to remind her who he is. . . . Thelma seemed in all her glory with Claude—we, too, thought him nice, but there seemed to be a "Hands Off" sign. . . .

Latest song hits of the week: "I'm Goin' Shopping With You"—sez the chaperone to you high school gals.

"Clouds"—There you are, Miss Martin, or wasn't that the name? Oh, yes, Claude!

"If the Moon Turns Green"—It ought to after this rain!

"I Was Lucky"—Must be referring to Eugenia Vick and her Ford.

Rickey should be the happiest girl on campus today, 'cause today the one and only Johnny, from "Ole Miss," is comin' to see her, and also tomorrow she leaves for Washington, where she will be a page at the D.A.R. Convention, a great honor to be bestowed on such a small little girl!

## "In your Easter Bonnet"



"With all the frills upon it,  
You'll be the grandest lady  
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SECOND FLOOR

Top your Easter outfit off with a lovely straw hat from Castner's—one so smart and so enhancing that you'll have the grandest feeling way down inside when you see admiring eyes following you in the Easter Parade.

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## Let's Go Shopping--

with Donna Baird

If I had the slightest talent in the "vodeling" line I'd get me a Tyrolean hat and a pair of Peasant Oxfords and strike out. (Of course with the rest of the Alpine outfit.)

The success of these new shoes has echoed from Maine to California, and back again to the little town of Kitzbuhel in the Austrian Tyrol, where they were originated. These shoes are gay, colorful and care-free, and quite the most appropriate thing you could have for country, campus, aboard ship, or ashore. Just for instance—let me give you some of the color combinations: White with coxcomb brown tongue and trim, and leather sole and low heel. All Navy blue oxford with white plug lace stay and latice crepe sole and heel. Beige with brown trim and coxcomb tongue, leather sole and heel (and this one is a knock-out). All white two-eyel oxford with leather sole and heel.

Now, don't think these are just ordinary sport oxfords, for they aren't. You'll have to see them to really appreciate the sportiness of this new shoe vogue that has been shown first at Cain-Sloan. These low-heeled shoes give the newly chic "little girl" look to your ankle. Ask for them by name—"The Yodler" Peasant Oxford. Price \$4.85.

Cain-Sloan Shoe Department

Of course, you either have a suit or you are on your way to town to get one, for no self-respecting wardrobe would be minus at least one suit for wear right now. You may have your choice of fur-trimmed or severely plain; long coat or short—doesn't matter about that, just so long as it's a suit. If it's a short coat you can do lots of tricks with it, for it may be worn with a white flannel skirt or a checked skirt, and different blouses, so that you'll get credit for having been awfully extravagant this spring, when all you've really done is use good judgment in choosing accessories. If it's navy you are choosing, use instead of the ever-pleasing white, the new accessory colors—cameo pink or chamois, to say nothing of soft powder blue and light gray, and don't forget the importance of the little cluster or single flower in your button hole. You know even the men have taken to that, and the smartest thing shown in New York with men's dress clothes is a deep, dark-red carnation—sounds goofy, doesn't it?

To be nonchalantly tailored and feminine all at the same moment is quite an achievement. But a posh with a Spectator sports wash satin frock. These come in the most adorable pastel shades and have small figures, dots or scattered floral designs. They are made very tailored, but the fabric makes them quite dressy enough for luncheon, tea, informal dinner or date dresses, and they are so very, very new. Price \$17.50.

For you athletic gals the new Budget Shop on the second floor has a grand lot of tennis or golf dresses with shorts and skirts all together, and a wrap-around skirt, which buttons on at the waist. These are of pique and linen, and they aren't one bit expensive either—only \$5.98.

The store is so full of so many things that all I can do is ask that you come in and let me take you on a Personal Shopping tour and show you the things that I haven't space to tell you about here. I'll promise I'll not be snooty if you don't buy!

Cordially yours,

**DONNA BAIRD**  
Personal Shopper

CAIN-SLOAN CO.

## CLUB CHATTER

A. K.

We were favored again by a visitor this week on club night. Mrs. Bryan talked to us Wednesday night. It was so nice of her to come, and we certainly did enjoy her talk. Come again, please.

Richey is being visited this week by her new Knight. Such a romantic case I have never heard of before. And whom do you suppose he is bringing with him but Louise's Cooper. Schnowzy I calls it!

We just can't wait for Homecoming to see all our old friends like Bomke, Charlie, Winston, and maybe Nooky and Dukie. Won't it be fun? The tea looks now as if it will be a history-making one. Let's do our best anyway.

## Anti-Pan

Zounds 'n zithers! No wonder those Anti-Pans are drifting around in starry-eyed ecstasy! They had another open house last Monday night and are still reminiscing about the deeee-vine music (Johnny Miller style), the ducky new formals, the scrumptious punch, and, of course, the dancers—a minor detail. Rumors are floating around that the regular Monday night frat meetings were postponed—either that, or they all came A.W.O.L. We were especially honored to have as guests, Miss Sisson, Dean and Mrs. Burk, and Miss Loeft.

Lack-a-day! 'Tis spring 'n here we sit in classrooms studying about the present economic revolution in the U. S. and the like. 'Tain't fair, in fact, 'tain't fair one bit!

Frankie is planning to pack up her duds and hop the first train heading for Atlanta, right after the dancing recital. Kinda' nice, we calls it!

And then there was the time Marian had to retreat to the infirmary as an

escape from a date resulting from the open house.

Ginny Grotz week-ended in Mississippi to see how it could compare with Iowa. She had a swell-elegant time, but we understand she is still satisfied with good ole Ottumwa.

The Anti-Panners certainly appreciated the good little fairy who planted all the vines and shrubbery outside their club house one deep, dark night. It makes us feel all dressed up and right springish.

## Ariston

Speaking of breaks, we Aristons hardly know what having to take baseball means! We think we're lucky now, getting to go home and play around instead of staying for gym. Maybe we won't think we're lucky, though, by the end of a few weeks, when the rest of the club will be displaying real skill while we'll still be struggling amateurs.

Virginia in her new coiffure could entice everybody to leave the second time.

Kitty might be slow-moving now, but she'll certainly be swift soon. It's track that she's taking, girls!

Mary John was dreaming away so happily in the library Saturday. She's got us wondering though 'cause we can't decide who's the "dreamed about," or should we say, "the inspiration"—Jimmy, Tommy, Bill or several others.

We're going to need another mantel-piece built for our trophies if they continue to increase, and we are confident they will.

I really thought I was in club meeting the other day, I saw so many Aristons pass while I was watching the crowd go by on Church street. Jayne Allen in a tricky hat pushing people out of her way—Barbara Shields and Eleanor Cleghorn walking along slowly while "window shopping"—Marian Nicholson with a distressed look (probably she left that shopping list at home) and Kathryn Mills, Elizabeth Cooper, Mary Ann Evans, Grace Lutz, and Rebecca Rice rushing in and out, all trying to walk together (on Church Street). Loyal group!

## F. F.

The old girls will be glad to hear that Mary Hobson is having a nice time in Washington. She sends her best regards to everyone.

We also hear that Viva Lee and Eva Charity are going to drive down for homecoming. It won't be long now!

As the paper goes to press, the weather looks very promising for the F. F. picnic. Let's hope it stays that way.

How would you like to come home from town and find your mother waitin' to surprise you? That's just what Jean did the week before last. She not only surprised her by coming, but she stayed almost a whole week.

Pony sure did get a break that week. Both her roommate's and suitemate's mothers were here and were good enough to take her out. Just ask her about the time she had trying to get her hours straightened out. She hasn't recovered yet.

Judging from the pleased expressions Wednesday morning, we take it that Louise Morton and Jean Reinhardt had a pretty good time at the Junior-Middle dance Tuesday night.

Congratulations to "Judyjins" and "Fanny" for making the Senior baseball team! Let's see some action now.

## Osiron

No club notes for weeks and weeks, and such a lot of news as has piled up! Everyone, it seems, has been doing things, going places or having people come to see 'em.

First and foremost we are most awfully proud of Miss Smith and Miss Jeter, as old Osirons, for the dance recital last night. Congratulations,



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# Armstrong's

"Armstrong's Corner"

CAPITOL BOULEVARD AT CHURCH STREET

too, to Jeanne Morgan who was elected president of the Kansas Club. Then our trippers and visitors. Porgie and Mary Ellen took a jaunt to Morganfield last week-end. Katherine Kilty honored Kansas City with her presence. Jeanne's folks not only came to see her but took her to Atlanta with them. Rosella's folks were here, Gail's mother came, bringing most of Topeka with her. Claude, the one and only Claude, came all the way from Texas, and Thelma was in seventh heaven for two days. Margaret Bolter's folks are coming again, and maybe lots of others whom we haven't heard about!

We are making great plans for our buffet-supper garden party Thursday night. It simply cannot rain, but if it should, the party will go on . . . in the tea room.

We have a new ping-pong table too. Baseball is really progressing with Marty Kiger as manager.

## X. L.

All the X. L.'s surely enjoyed having Miss Townsend at the club with us last Wednesday evening. We appreciated our interesting talk, Miss Townsend, and hope you will come to visit us again real soon. The X. L.'s feel very close to Miss Townsend, because before club village was built, the X. L. meetings were held in Miss Townsend's studio.

We were surely glad to see Mary Frances Launius running around the campus this last week-end. We really have been missing you, Mary Frances, and we hoped you were back for good. We are holding a good thought

## Happy Easter

to

WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

## Yes...

we had you in mind for

## Easter Toggery

and our shop is brimful of new spring dresses for every occasion, and we invite you to come in to see them.

They are the latest creations and specially priced for the season—\$6.99 and \$10.99. You are always welcome at our store, to shop or just to be comfortable.

## GRAYSON'S Shop

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that you may be back here next year to help the future X. L.'s carry on! Our fair president and her little (?) sister journeyed home to Indiana for the week-end. Have a grand time, girls? We know you must have by the look in your eyes, and that rather weary appearance that is always indicative of week-ends.

A bit of gossip! We hear that one X. L. snatched one of her club sister's boy-friends for the Del Ver's dance. My! My!! Has it come to this?

We sincerely hope the above news is not too stale, but for lack of much more news we are still going to use it. (We hope you noticed there was no club news in the last HYPHEN.)

Lattie Miller was among the gay week-enders of the past week. She went home with one of her *sweet* mates. Well, Georganna, even if your own parents won't come to see you, you surely do get a break with all the other parents. Doesn't that make the third straight week-end? So glad you have had such grand times!

Alas! and Alack! How many days did you say it was till May 17? Oooh! do we have to wait that long for our next open house? Well, we only hope it is as successful as the last one. If many girls hand in a list of 35 to begin with like one girl, you probably won't have much trouble!

### Eccowasin

The Eccowasins have certainly been very much in evidence in dramatic events lately. The day student club program brought many dancers to light and the plays lately have certainly shown we have some veteran actors in the raw. We'll remember that in the future. Speaking of talent, we are all bursting with pride over Frances Rose's prize in the state poetry contest. Congratulations, Frances! And incidentally did you notice how many Eccowasins had contributions in the Penstaff edition of

the HYPHEN. Maybe we ain't versatile.

There seem to be quite a few Eccowasins signed up for the tennis doubles tournament. Here's hoping we can stick in there and show those people we are athletic as well as artistic.

Won't somebody help Peggy and Nelly locate the Eccowasin pants? Poor souls! Every meeting they get up and beg that they be returned. So, please, for the sake of peace at club meetings, hunt around at home and see if you can't find something resembling a pair of green pants. Which reminds me—maybe we've been concealing something! So—Goodbye now.

### Triad

And were we ever surprised at Dot Guy and her wedding announcement of February 1st. We can't understand how it was kept such a secret here!

Seen here and there—Marion L. dashing around in a snappy spring frock at the gym dance.

Juanita trying to remain so "cool and aloof" and knowing it wouldn't work.

All the club talent was forcefully impressed on the audience Friday, at the day student club program. Have you noticed the change in Miss Church since?

Why has Rebecca Clayton suddenly become so quiet? We wish she would give some kind of an answer!

Emmalyne was in one of those "trances" again last week. Why!!

### Tri K

Yes, indeed; we had an open house! We'd postponed it several times, but from the evidence of the crowd we finally picked a very good date. Nearly everyone sprouted new spring and summer formals; taffetas, especially with quilted accessories, were very popular. It sounds so dry to say we all had a "good" time. I think "ripping good time" expresses it much better!

At our club meeting Wednesday night we had several book reviews. *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, by James Hilton; *The Green Light*, by Lloyd Douglas, and some poetry by Rupert Brooke. The reviews were spiritedly given and anyone hearing them would decide immediately to read these books.

Some of our high school members spent last week visiting or at home. Humphy Lack took Susie Cookson to Paducah with her. Betty Carlisle took June Weeks home with her while her woolf suitemate, Slim Bridges, held down the fort at Heron.

A former Tri K president was with us for our meeting. Marjorie Remington hadn't found much change in the Tri K Club but the new faces. She and Ginny Barrett had a grand conversation about the good old days.

### NEBRASKAN TRAGEDY

The Davenport children left for school that morning in high spirits. Their shiny new lunch pails glittered in the unusually hot November sun, and there was not a cloud in the sky. Father had said these days were sure weather breeders. Mattie trotted docilely behind her sisters and wondered what a weather breeder was. She would ask father when they got home.

They approached the cottonwood grove and skirted the creek. The sod school house was tucked between two rolling hills, protected on the north by the cottonwoods. By the time they reached it, puffy white clouds were already dimming the sky.

Long before lunch hour the cottonwoods stood gaunt and bare in a gray world, and the cutting wind had driven the temperature down several degrees. Miss Raasch shivered at the door looking apprehensively at the sky. It was foolish to suppose—She started the primary grade on its sim-

For Easter!

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ple arithmetic. An hour later, as Mattie struggled with the overwhelming words in the primer, snow floated gently, threateningly over the prairie grass and rolling tumbleweeds. Miss Raasch felt a sudden fear; she turned quickly with her accustomed efficiency. "We'll go to Benton's farm. It's started to snow."

Mattie looked at her sister. At any sign of storm the Davenport children were forbidden to leave the school until someone came for them. Miss Raasch would take half the class to Benton's. The Waldecks and Lizabeth Erskine would stay and wait in the sod house with the Davenports.

It was fun at first. Mattie and Lizabeth cut funny paper dolls and the older girls and boys chattered busily, until Olivia opened the heavy door. The wind whistled sharply across the dark little room, carrying a swirl of snow. The Blizzard! Fear gathered in a tight little knot in Mattie's chest. Her brother banged the door shut, and the room became silent. Mattie whimpered once, but Frank's face reproved her. The hours dragged into years—years marked by eight silent children. The wind whistled through the cottonwoods.

Suddenly, unbelievably, something

banged on the door. In a small hurricane of frost stood the hired man, his face stiff blue marble. His blond mustache stood out, firmly incised in a coating of solid ice. Icicles dripped from his nose, his cap; his eyes were frozen shut. He collapsed on the floor.

The children spent the dark night on the hard benches. Sunrise showed the men of the territory digging to the schoolhouse door, praying that the children had not attempted to go home.

Mattie rushed into Father's arms. But he looked over her small head to the gray, stricken faces of other fathers.

They combed the road with no result. Only the Thaw could find the evidence; tell the story of wandering children, lost in a white sheet.

The thaw arrived as suddenly as the blizzard. High mountains of snow crumbled before searching, grieving eyes. Young Ted Giske found them. His foot sank into a strange hard mass in the melting drift. He found them in a clinging, frozen heap, far from the road, where they had wandered on and on in a blinding storm.

Sorrow enveloped the prairie. Tragedy had come to Nebraska.

CHARLOTTE ANN BRIDGE, Junior.

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## BEES

Betsy Mountcastle and I were going to sleep together. We took our packs out of the canoes and selected a place to make our bed. We piled a lot of blankets and ponchos into a fairly respectable, if slightly bumpy, bed and went to help fix supper.

That night when we finally slipped in between the now "chiggery" blankets, I realized that the place was even bumpier than it looked. There was a big hump just at my hip where there should have been a hole, and also a pointed root sticking in the middle of my back. Between the numerous other sharp objects it was impossible to get into a comfortable position.

Finally when I got shaped to the ground I dozed off. Several hours later I awoke to find that, because of the steep slant of the ground I had slipped down to the foot of the bed and my feet were sticking out in the bushes. Sleepily I crawled up to the top and again began adjusting my limbs to the lay of the land. This occurred every hour or so all night. My impressions of the night as a whole was a continuous slipping down and crawling up again. Each time I was conscious of a faint buzzing sound, but I was too sleepy to pay much attention to it.

Early the next morning I woke up feeling very surely the effects of the hard ground. Betsy was awake also. "Look," she whispered. I looked and heard the buzzing and humming of flying in circles above us. In a little while it flew away, but in a few seconds five bees returned. They were headed straight for our faces and just in time we pulled the covers up over our heads. There we stayed, while the buzzing and humming got louder, and we got hotter and hotter. Everytime we tried to get a breath of air, a bee would try to get in. We could feel them trying to bore through the cracks, but fortunately they couldn't sting through the heavy blanket.

After what seemed like hours we heard people stirring around. Two of the councilors had discovered our plight and were trying to decide what to do, but unfortunately they could think of nothing. By this time Betsy and I were very uncomfortable mostly because of the fact that we couldn't breathe. "They stand there discussing while Betsy and I slowly smother with hordes of bees swarming over us. What a horrible death!" I thought.

However, there was not much time for thought, for just about the time one of the bees got under the cover, Betsy screamed and dashed out, leaving me to die alone. Finally, I could stand it no longer, so I threw the blankets back and escaped uninjured, to find Betsy applying soda to an upper lip which was about an inch thicker than usual.

JANE VANCE,  
Sophomore.

silk, and my teeth, and to say, are not like pearls.

I think that producers must be real psychologists, for they certainly manage to send out circulars or advertisements that reach you when you are less radiant and more grumpy than anything more reassuring than to flick magazine pages and read here that Sally Gibson is practically engaged because she has used Ivory soap all her life? (Personally, I used Ivory soap for one whole valuable month, at the end of which time I became so peculiar looking that my family threatened to call the doctor!) Or to see how Miriam Tilden, deb of Philadelphia, avoids "run" trouble with Lux? I think not, and the day after my sojourn with the *Ladies Home Journal* finds me once more before Mother with an appalling list of cosmetics, which she promptly destroys. She forbids me to use more than one brand of soap and one of cream; therefore, by process of elimination I, at the end of the year, have tried them all, but, finding most promises false, wind my way to a specialist as a last resort. So goes the "schoolgirl complexion."

DOROTHY PARKER,  
Sophomore.

## GOODBYE MR. CHIPS

By James Hilton

This is a touching and sentimental little book, yet it is not entirely without humor. In a few pages, the author completely and sympathetically reveals the life character, thoughts, and aspirations of a lovable old man. A schoolmaster for sixty-three years, the old man was loved and admired by all who knew him. The small Brookfield school contributed all the elements which formulated his world, and in return, he pledged it unending loyalty. Loyalty in itself seems to be one of the main stays of his character, for he gave freely of this quality to England, the classics, which he taught, and to Katherine, his girl-wife, who left him so soon. His deep devotion for and his moral dependence on Katherine is beautifully done.

The author is extremely skilled in vivid characterization, for, although little space is devoted to any but Mr. Chips, each character mentioned stands out as a living individual. By the end of the book, the reader feels as though he has been present at one of the little informal teas, which Mr. Chips has for the new boys of the School, and has partaken of the customary carefully mixed tea and walnut cake with pink icing.

Like *Ethan Frome*, this little book is on the borderline between the short story and the novel and should prove enjoyable to anyone who reads it.

VIRGINIA BARRET,  
Junior.

## TAWNY CAT

Tawny cat, sitting silent like the Sphinx.

Feet under you, reclining on the couch  
with paws stretched out in front,  
head half-raised,  
With ears alert and sleepy-watchful gaze.

What wisdom is there in your topaz eyes?

What secret from primeval earth and skies?

What age-old knowledge is it you possess?

That eludes me, that defies my guesses?

LYRABETH FITZPATRICK,  
Junior-Middle.

## CONTRAST

Rhythm in the sea that laps the rocks.  
Rhythm in the white cloud's swirl.

Rhythm in the breath of summer wind.

Rhythm in the white sail's fur.

Rhythm in the sea that pounds the rocks.

Fury in the dark cloud's swirl,  
Fury in the last of stinging wind,  
Fury strikes the white sail's fur.

CHARLOTTE ANN BRIDGE, Junior.

## THE LURE OF ADVERTISEMENTS

Why does a new *Ladies' Home Journal* attract me so? What can there be in a few printed pages to make me so hopeful? It can't be the stories that produce this attitude; it certainly isn't the editorials, for I never even notice them; therefore, it must be the advertisements that thrill and inspire me.

In fact, I am sure that the charm is advertisements. Three-fourths of the things in my room and in my bathroom bear witness to that statement. New types of atomizer, discarded compacts of various brands line my dresser and its drawers. Hand lotions, face creams, astringents, and tooth pastes stand in glittering array in the medicine cabinet. All these have been, or are, favorites for a day, week, or at the longest, a month.

My face vouches for me also; however, not always for the good of advertisements. My lips are not chapped, thanks to mentholatum, but, thanks to Lady Esther cold cream, my face is more like a gunny sack than

# WORDSMITHS EDITION WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, April 20, 1935

Number 26

## ALUMNAE ON CAMPUS

### Many Events Scheduled in Their Honor

This week-end, alumnae from all parts of the country are visiting at Ward-Belmont at the annual Homecoming festivities. Plans for the visiting alumnae are being carried out by the Alumnae Association. All the visitors staying in the school are rooming in Fidelity, where they may all be together.

At the request of the alumnae, Mr. Henkel will play the chimes at the following times during Homecoming: Friday evening from seven to seven-thirty o'clock, Saturday noon from eleven-fifty-five to twelve-five, Sunday morning just after breakfast, and Sunday evening after vesper.

Last night after the Easter pageant there was a Faculty Alumnae reception in the Del Vers House. Refreshments were served and a very informal evening was had so that the visiting alumnae could have this opportunity to see and talk to their friends among the faculty.

Today at noon the annual business luncheon was held, at which time over a hundred alumnae were served in the small dining room. Dr. Barton was the speaker of the occasion.

Tonight in the gymnasium the Alumnae Association is entertaining the whole school and the alumnae at a dance. A special will be given during the evening.

Tomorrow, Easter Sunday, there will be an after-dinner coffee in Recreation Hall for the household, Senior Class and Alumnae. During the afternoon a short musical program has been arranged.

Sunday afternoon the alumnae are invited to the annual A. K. Club's Easter tea. Most of the other clubs will entertain their own alumnae at breakfast after the early morning services.

Vespers will be held at the usual time and will be the closing, not only of Easter, but also of the Homecoming of 1935.

## HONOR ROLL ANNOUNCED

Announcement of the mid-semester Honor Roll and Achievement List was made in chapel on Monday, April 15.

Sixteen college freshmen and eighteen sophomores made no grade below "A," which entitles them to a place on the honor roll. Sally Bateman was the only girl making straight "A's." Twenty-nine freshmen and sophomores are on the Dean's Achievement list, which means that they are the ten per cent of the college classes who have shown the greatest improvement. The lists include:

### HONOR ROLL

Freshmen—Sally Bateman, Ellen Bowers, Evelyn Braden, Phyllis Carr, Mary Beth Caton, Margaret Greene, Ruth Jones, Jane Latz, Jana Longnecker, Evelyn McCall, Mildred Sartor, Patsy Schorndorfer, Helen Tibbets, Annie Lou Wall, Marion Weber.

Sophomores—Carolyn Bryant, Patty Chadwell, Neila Chambers, Martha Jane Chatten, Mildred Clements, Jean Dayton, Mary Ann Evans, Lattie Miller Graves, Edwina Holland, Rosemary Horstmann, Anna Katherine Howard, Kathryn Hyde, Rosella Lee

(Continued on page 6)

## ACHIEVEMENT TESTS TAKEN BY SENIORS

On Wednesday, April 17, the members of the Senior Class of the college department were given the opportunity to take the Co-operative Achievement Tests. These tests are given for the purpose of letting the student find out the amount of general information she has upon certain subjects, such as foreign literature, English grammar, social sciences, and the fine arts. This type of test originated in Pennsylvania, and was once known as the Pennsylvania Tests. Any members of the Senior-Middle class or the Seniors of the high school department who desired to take these tests were requested to do so. The results of the tests will in no way affect academic standing, and are mainly presented for the personal good of the students.

## EARLY SERVICES ON EASTER MORN

As a climax to Easter week services, which have been held each morning from seven-ten to seven-thirty o'clock, the "Y" will sponsor an early service from seven-thirty to eight o'clock tomorrow morning in Recreation Hall. Dr. John L. Hill will be speaker. The service will follow the traditional Easter carols, sung in the halls by members of the "Y" cabinet and the Glee club.

Special Easter music is planned for Vespers at which Dr. Barton will be the speaker. An offering is to be taken after the service which will be sent to aid a former Ward-Belmont girl, Mrs. Eva Jakeman, who is engaged in missionary work in Rhodesia.

## DANCE RECITAL OUTSTANDING FOR BEAUTY AND PROFESSIONAL TONE

The Ward-Belmont dance recital is over, but the memories, colorful and exciting, still arouse exclamations of pleasure from Nashville audience as well as the student body. The recital has received praise for its professional finish, as well as for its originality and deftness and prompt execution.

The curtain opened to the soft music of Jimmy Gallagher's orchestra, and lights changed gradually from a shadowy rose to a clear white, revealing a group of pink tarlatan-clad cupids posed around a huge valentine. The audience clapped delightedly as the baby cupids shot with their golden bows and threw loud kisses into the air. In rapid succession the numbers of the children's program passed in revue so that the impression became a hazy remembrance of dancing figures, a galaxy of brilliantly colored skirts and shining boots of the whirling Russian group—pastel shepherds and shepherdesses—crisp military tap of the chorus in shiny red satin uniforms and cocky patent leather caps—Judy Brandon tapping up and down the steps—rhythm changing to the lazy dreaminess of "Plastique" as Edith Davis and Clara Knox drifted into poses with a tray of purple flowers and a long green chain—"petite" Ann Diehl in a saucy pink and silver toe costume being whirled on the shoulder of her adagio partner, Thelma Ross. The climax of the children's part was a stately art gallery where the "Children of the Great Masters" posed in their frames as startling reproductions of the well-known pictures. In sharp contrast with the atmosphere of stillness was the hilarious comedy dance by the cocky maid (Grace Benedict) and the lively gendarme (Mary Alice Paine).

The second part of the program opened with a lively banjo tap by the advanced girls, dressed in white cowboy hats, vivid satin blouses, and fringed skirts. In rapid succession the lights and music changed with each new number—Tonya Jones in the grotesque black-faced Golliver—blue lights glittering on Dolly Dearman's white peacock train as she flirted with her image in the mirror—a startling impression of rippling greenish-blue water as the prone figures of dancers circled and extended in rhythmic timing—red and white semaphore flags waving in an interesting formation of the tap chorus—Evelyn Norton executing difficult acrobatic stunts in a billowing yellow and gold costume.

"The Customary Line"—blue pant leg and yellow short leg, kicking in precise rhythm, Miss Jeter's interpretation and Hungarian Rhapsody—a subtle increase in emotion and spirit until the audience was swept by the same fire of enthusiasm that accompanied her swirling skirts and emphatic stamps. Frankie Marbury as a "Blue Moth" with fluttering wings and a silver-sheathed figure—and the grand climax, The Faust Ballet! Beauty, music and lights combined in a harmonious whole as the ensemble in lavender ball costumes and gleaming white wings melted into their final pose! Curtains for a wonderful recital!

## SOCIAL SERVICE WORK OUTLINED

Miss Margaret Gooch, a former Ward-Belmont student, spoke in chapel on Friday, April 12. Miss Gooch is employed by the Welfare Commission which cares for people who are, for various reasons, unemployable so do not come under the TERA. The Welfare Commission gives relief in the form of groceries, coal, and clothing as needed.

Routine work for a relief worker consists in: her field work, keeping "contact" records of her relations with a client; office consultations with her clients; a monthly report. Miss Gooch said that there is a large field for trained relief workers. Training consists of a college degree and two years' additional work in an accredited school. Qualities necessary for the successful social worker are: adaptability, patience, courage, resourcefulness, sense of humor and imagination.

## OSIRONS ENTERTAIN WITH BUFFET SUPPER

The Osirons were hostesses to their guests at a buffet supper-dance in the club house on Thursday evening, April 18. The house was decorated with palms and spring flowers. A picnic dinner was eaten at small tables with pastel coverings. At each place was a small corsage of spring flowers. Murray Harmon's orchestra played for dancing during and after supper.

## SENIORS VICTORIOUS

### Senior-Mids Find Pennant

Senior-Senior-Middle Day for 1935 has come and gone, leaving behind only a host of memories and two business-like columns of figures which when correctly added give the victory of the day to Senior Class by the narrow margin of four and three-fourths points. This year, five points were given for winning a major sport and two and one-half for winning a minor sport. Other points were judged by a secret committee. The scores of the two classes are:

	S.	S.-M.
Hockey		5
Basketball	5	
Bowling	5	
Archery	5	
Tennis	5	
Baseball		5
Mock Swimming Meet		2 3/4
Mock Track Meet		2 3/4
Challenge	5	
Answer		3
Parade	3	2
Decorations	2	1
Cheering at Season Games	1	1/2
Cheering S-S-M Day	1	2
Pennant		5
	32	28 3/4

### Highlights of the day:

The presence of the Senior pennant in the Senior-Middle parade. For the first time since 1926, when Frances Cochrane found it, the Senior-Middles were proud possessors. Moselle Worsley and Libbie Siegmund found it where the Senior committee had hidden it in the chapel balcony.

Outstanding in the Senior parade was the band, with Mary Lee Wilson as drum-major, and Edwina Holland as the ghost of Shakespeare. Bunn, that one bare shoulder! Barbara Shields' target-hitting ability in the archery contest, and Winnie Marsh's jitters.

The wild third inning of the baseball game, which, though played indoors because of the weather, provided many thrills before the Senior-Middles came out on the long end of the score.

Some of the volleys in the Chadwell-Chase singles tennis match.

Superior substitution in the mock track meet. At the very last minute both sides discovered that participants in the track were not allowed to take part in the swimming and there was rapid volunteering and substituting on both sides.

And in the mock swimming—Edwina Schmidt's nonchalant winning of the egg and spoon race. One would think that she spent her days swimming with one hand and carrying a spoon with an egg on it in the other.

The fact that the HYPHEN editor won the newspaper race. Which all goes to prove something.

The hi-de-hi song of the Seniors. The lusty voices of all the Senior-Mids.

"The End of a Perfect Day," as sung by the white-clad Seniors while they marched to the gym for picnic supper.

The hush that greeted Dr. Barton as he prepared to announce the winner of the day. It could never have been obtained in chapel... it was the climax of all the "baby lulls" which came during supper.

All in all, the day was a success in spite of cold winds and threatening clouds.

## "THY KINGDOM COME," EASTER PAGEANT

Students and friends of Ward-Belmont had the privilege of witnessing a beautiful Easter pageant last Friday evening, April 19, in celebration of Good Friday. The play, under the direction of Miss Pauline Townsend, was "Thy Kingdom Come," by Florence Converse.

The curtain opened upon three Roman soldiers who had recently been present at the crucifixion of Christ and who were now keeping vigil at the tomb of the Saviour in a garden on that first Easter Eve. The three are talking together in low voices, the soldier who plaited the crown of thorns (Mary Elizabeth Lauhon), the soldier who pierced the side of Jesus (Nancyann Schmid), and the soldier who won the seamless coat in a game of dice (Martha Craig), when four little Galilean children enter with flowers with which to deck the tomb. (Georganna Martin, Frances Graham, Annie Lou Wall and Jean Weis.) They discuss with child-like simplicity and beauty their love and belief in the Master. The soldiers who have become greatly stirred by their conversation, fall asleep. Out of the dusk the dreams come drifting in (Theresa Howley, Buford Hayter, Gail Lawrence) carrying a crown of thorns, a spear, and three large iron nails. The new dream typified by the Angel of the Cross, appears (Louise Robinson) and carries them all away.

That hour for which all creation awaits is silently approaching: the dawn of Easter morning. In the darkness, the white-robed Angels of the Resurrection (Jean Stewart, Mary Lee Wilson) appear and set their winged shoulders against the heavy stone. Slowly and quietly it rolls away from the mouth of the tomb. In the distance are heard the voices of the choiring angels (Stanley Elizabeth Clay, Mary Eleanor Clay, Jeanne Cookson, Mary Sudhoff) chanting "He Is Risen."

The curtain slowly closed with the music of the organ and choir fading away in the distance.

I loved my love with youth's sweet passion  
Until my love went out of fashion.  
JULIA ACHESON, '35.

### ECSTASY

I watched a sunset from a cliff top  
Gray, gigantic, crazy.  
I stood between two swaying pines,  
Dark, stalwart, and shaggy.  
I saw the west all splashed with  
splendor,  
Red and purple bleeding  
Reflected in the crying waves below,  
Up the cliff side leading.

I looked up, and back and saw clouds  
threatening,  
A black forboding shade;  
I stood in awe of such great vastness,  
Trembling, half afraid.  
I saw a wind-bowed flower at my  
feet—  
A yellow tender weed;  
And pulses quickening caught it up—  
Ah, ecstasy indeed!  
BARBARA DRATZ, '36.

### TREES

Trees—standing in the rain  
At night—leaves dripping,  
Bring a calm—and all the pain  
Of life is smoothed away.

Trees—making an enchanted land  
At night—all shadows  
Shut out care—and all the bands  
Of time—just drift away.

Trees—looming tall and black  
At night—all masses,  
Give place—and all man lacks  
Is forgotten—strife fades away.  
ROSEMARY HORSTMANN, '35.

## REV. TIMMONS IN VESPERS

On Palm Sunday, Reverend Grady Timmons was vesper speaker. He talked on "The Significance of the Holy Day."

"There were three reasons for the presence of the Son of God on earth. He came to save our lost ideals, and make us capable of distinguishing between beauty and ugliness; He wished to save our lost enthusiasm for life and for ourselves as individuals in the great pattern of the world; and He ascended to save our lost hopes. Satan's most valuable tool is despair, and Christ is the Saviour of lost hopes and ideals."

Rev. Timmons closed his speech with the inspiring words, "Do you wish there were some wonderful place where you could start over again and find the rich fulfillment of all your ideals? Such a place is offered to you by the Saviour. Accept His offered love and follow Him."

### SONNET ON LIFE

Life, thou art like a boat tossed on  
the sea,  
Striving to gain the high crest of a  
wave,  
Drifting midst the billows of destiny  
To the fates and the winds thou art  
a slave,  
Blown and whirled through storms of  
cruel deep pain.  
In vain you try to live, dear life, in  
peace;  
Escaping crowds and noise; shunning  
public fame;  
Running from the fear that soon  
you'll cease.  
Why do you flee from that which is  
decreed?  
Are you afraid to drift down in the  
trough?  
Is it some inner soul's support you  
need—  
To end this reign of fate and death  
ward off?  
'Tis this you lack to make you ever  
strong—  
Great faith in God—and love—to  
right all wrong.  
WINNIE COFFEE, '36.

### "COCOA" DAVIS

The fellows always said, "You're too little, shrimp. Run along now." But that didn't make "Cocoa" Davis mad; he just spit through his teeth, acted as though he didn't hear, and hung around anyway. "Cocoa" was a wild, racing ten-year-old, who made life miserable for town folks by riding his rickety old "bike" on the sidewalks, and by hunting subscriptions for "Household Hints," twenty of which would award him a "Louisville Shigger." On Saturdays in the summer time "Cocoa" used to stop at our house on the pretense of playing with our pet 'coon, but the real attraction was that Mom was baking, and she always let him lick the bowls. He would arrive about ten o'clock, his general appearance plainly showing that the day was already old for him. His patched shirt clung to his perspiring body; his dusty overalls were covered with "stick-lights," and smagged in the seat; his pockets bulged with green apples, and his pants legs were soaked from catching "crawdads" in the creek. "Cocoa" said his favorite "tickings" were things with chocolate.

One day Dad caught him adding water and heaping teaspoons of cocoa to raw batter to make it last longer. It was from then on that Kenneth Davis had a nickname.

Dawn Chairenza, '36.

### A PRAYER

Oh God, look down and speak to me;  
Open my eyes and let me see;  
Show me all things full of beauty;  
Guide me in each daily duty;  
Give me faith and hope and courage;  
All my self-conceit discourage;  
Help me live like those above,  
That I, may walk with you in love.  
WINNIE COFFEE, '36.

## TO THE HIGH GODS

They can tear from your hand my fingers,  
They can force me to walk alone,  
They can blot the stars from the heavens  
Or give me for bread a stone.  
But not, in the dim hereafter,  
Though suns be forever set,  
Though the gods on high ordain it,  
Can they force my soul to forget.  
NANCYANN SCHMID, '35.

### A COMFORT

I leaned on the oak tree's bole.  
I looked along it up,  
And saw thru the tangle of its  
branches  
That radiant orb which symbolizes  
purity.  
Noon! A sight of thee so, might cause  
me—  
Strong spirit—to melt, dissolve in a  
sweet  
Pool of calm joy.  
When mortal sounds and mortal  
fights  
I love are gone, I'll not be sad;  
Nor grieve when Mother's love and  
Father's strength are lost.  
For no brother will I shed a tear,  
Nor weep at any lover's bier—  
So shall thou content me,  
Thou and thy sister beauties—  
Out of the night, out of the day—  
That lead to thee to God.  
BARBARA DRATZ, '36.

### LINES TO A TREE

Tree, outside my window,  
Arrayed in softest green,  
Your new spring gown is quite  
The loveliest I've seen.

It is far more becoming  
Than what you wore last fall,  
The brown you had all winter  
I didn't like at all.

But this new green is charming  
And looks just made for you.  
Tree, I wish I had a gown  
Trimmed with birds' nests, too.  
Eunice Mary Bicknell, '35.

### BILL'S PLACE

Most of the "kids" at home won't go to Bill Love's restaurant because there is no music and no room to dance. But I go often and spend a whole evening there listening to the old sailor talk. Bill's Inn is well designed to catch the eye of people passing by on the National Road. It has that kind of smallness that is cozy yet not cramped. In summer, pink and purple petunias lean over the edges of flower troughs under every casement window. On the left side of the door, a lighthouse model stands on a pedestal, the electric bulb in its tower blinking off and on. A bell, attached to the front screen, rings in the backyard, and in Bill's house next door whenever customers come.

Inside, the place is spotless with red tables, red counter, and green-blocked linoleum shining. A glass basket of cosmos sits prettily on a paper doily exactly in the center of every table. Bill's "best little woman in the neighborhood" (Mrs. Love, of course), has made green ring-punch curtains bound in red, which hang at the windows.

The walls introduce you to Bill. All around the room, near the ceiling he has had his son paint ships at sea. There is a clipper, a freighter, a schooner and a "twing-jabber" each sailing on waves, with flags flying.

On the side wall between two windows, a metal maritime clock calls out the bells sharply, as though it had to hurry to keep up with time. Directly opposite the other wall, a barometer tells Bill how soon it is going to rain. Bill has heard the bell. His short sea legs bring him waddling in at the back door. He has been "chef" on a lot of ships. That accounts for the checkered pants and



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cook's cap. When Bill rolls his sleeves, you can see the embossed tattoo, W. C. L., just below his left elbow.

Bill's hair is gray and wiry, shaved high in back, with short bangs in front. His eyes are faded blue, and seem lost behind a thick nose. His "uppers" are gone, which account for a puckered mouth, and wrinkles around his nose. He likes to fry things, and to sell you two of Mrs. Love's ginger cookies for a nickel. But most of all, he likes to talk about his sailor days.

You have no sooner ordered your coffee than Bill says, "Say, I used to make enough 'java' for three cups apiece for fifty sailors every meal."

"Yeah?" you say.  
"Yeah!" he says, "my God, there ain't no men alive that can eat more than them that is 'shippin' on a freighter." And then he is started with his first-hand sea stories. You get all this for the price of a cup of coffee, and yet the gang at home say you can't have fun at Bill's place!  
Dawn Chairenza, '36.

### NINETEEN

It has to be goodbye;  
I can't say Au Revoir,  
Though I hate to see you go  
More than any year before.

You've been so gay  
I've had such fun,  
And now—

My childhood days are done.  
Gail Lawrence, '36.



## GLIMPSES AT A PORTFOLIO

I know the song of the lapping waves—  
It is but the thud of the long dead days.  
Nature counts them on bars of sand.  
All that happens in every land,  
Things of insect, man, and beast—  
Struggles, hopes, loves, and peace—  
Lives, deaths, and truth unfold  
On the rolling of the waves,  
The handmaids of the moon.

The three weave.  
The thread is theirs to keep.  
It may be long or short.  
It may be strong or weak.

Your partner is life;  
Dip and whirl before you're tagged,  
For then with a smile  
You'll depart from the fun.  
You must go on alone, a stag.  
The rhythm flows on,  
Though the tempo may change;  
But your dance is over and gone.

Loves, hopes, ambitions high,  
Things we strive for till we die;  
Are these mere efforts on our part?  
Can they guide us in the dark?  
Will they shine and light the way,  
Bringing forth eternal day?

Eerie clanging, screaming gong  
Sending out that savage message,  
Shimmering, slinking, painted curves  
Of glistening, vibrant bodies  
Stamping, twisting, screaming blood,  
Devils dance in powerful glee.  
Could we, like cannibals, stamp and shout,

Cry for heads to decorate,  
Scream, twist, and shake in mirth—  
No, we're too civilized, and  
Yet we hear our belching guns  
Whirling motors in the air!  
And, instead of jungle sweat,  
Breathe gases far more vile.  
When the bugle sounds and flags un-  
furled,

We run like cattle to the slaughter.

The tango I love is the beat of my heart,  
The beat of my heart;  
And my thoughts that dart  
Like infinite rockets set off by a spark.  
Set off by a spark  
To shine in the dark.

When the cold winds blow  
And the snow doth fall  
Upon the mountain sides,  
When whitecaps toss  
And beat the rocks,  
Thundering thoughts to the sky;  
Then in the night  
I hear this cry  
That all may live,  
But living, die;  
And some that die  
Do live again.  
So might I hope to live.

Lida Allene Brown, '35.

## DUST

A dense, brown cloud loomed up ahead of the west-bound limited. The engineer blew a warning blast of his whistle, then turned to his fireman, "Another one," he remarked casually. "My Lord, that's four this week," and Brown drew a grimy hand across his forehead. Brown had a family in western Kansas.

Within the train passengers gathered in excited groups near the windows. All day they had been traveling through a topsy-turvy world where fences and roads were buried in feet of dust, where the sand ridges resembled waves mysteriously held in place. All day they had been playing bridge and discussing the problems of the country. Now they were to see this monster.

Outside the wind increased in fury. The red sun appeared far away and speckled through miles of dust-filled atmosphere. In the strange yellowish light the passengers peered out at a city where dust was already piled curb high, where cars proceeded at a snail's

pace, and where lights gleamed dimly as through a dense fog.

The train slowed down for a small station, and the startled passengers beheld four grotesque figures lifting a fifth onto the train. Only when one of them stepped into the car did they realize that he was wearing a gas mask.

"Dust pneumonia," he said, referring to the man they had seen lifted onto the train. "He has a chance if he can get out of here. The rest of us? Just grin and bear it, I suppose. The wheat is a total loss, but if we get some rain or snow soon, we'll be able to harvest our row crops." After he left them, the passengers were silent.

On and on they sped through weird, shapeless country seen but dimly from the lighted, air-conditioned cars, past other towns where no figure moved on the street though it was only noon. In the country the dust fell swiftly and silently burying houses and cattle as well as fields and roads.

The train creaked and groaned to a stop. Questioning passengers were informed that traffic was closed until the storm lessened. Night came before they continued on their way.

GAIL LAWRENCE, '35.

## VAGABONDING

Late firelight releases me  
From all the things that I should be  
Under the witchery of drifting smoke  
I take my leave of practical folk.  
I am a wanderer, alone in the night,  
Seeking the unbelievable—strange  
mystic sights.

Freed from the bonds of stiffness and pride,  
Gay and unhampered, onward I ride  
Into the land of what-might-easily-be  
If from those bonds I might always  
be free.

Gail Lawrence, '35.

## JUST AN OLD COW BARN

There is an old cow barn back on the farm, and to me that is the most impressive thing about the place. It is old, yes. But the two-story house is old, too, with its gas and coal-oil lamps, and the coal range and water pump in the kitchen. However, it has been furnished in the way of today, and has been painted and kept up.

Now the cow barn is so in contrast to the new and freshly-painted barn, chicken houses, grain bin, coal shed and hog house. The old cow barn just never has been replaced. It sags, really sags to one side. The boards have turned into a weather-beaten gray-brown. It seems to have grown up from the ground, and is very picturesque with its age-curved shingle roof and the queer half door, hanging open.

Oh, of course, if one chooses to look at it merely as a cow barn, why it does seem to be nothing more than a landscape-marring shed. But if you chance to see it standing there at sunset seemingly leaning up against a bright yellow haystack with a string of lazy-looking cows ambling in, it looks most interesting.

Inside it harbors the queerest places for hens to hide their eggs, and makes the job of egg-gathering almost a game. There are always nests in the hay-filled feed troughs and stolen nests under those troughs. Any shelf or corner that has become covered with dust and straw is apt to hold one or two nice white eggs.

There are always kittens showing up from nowhere at milking time. Usually they play awhile, but soon settle down patiently by the battered bowl that has been there ever since I can remember for the sole purpose of being filled with rich milk just for the cats.

The barn has a musty, earthy smell, mixed with that of hay. There seems always to be the immaculateness of clean, white, foamy milk and the dustiness of the boards and straw. It gives me a deep satisfaction in having

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civilization, and yet in tune with the world!  
Rosemary Horstmann, '35.

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Published every Saturday by the students of  
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For advertising information, address Emmett Russell, Sr., Advertising Manager, 152 4th Avenue, North, Presbyterian Building, Phone 6-1171.



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## EDITORIAL

## PURPOSE

After six months of endeavor the twelve Wordsmiths emerge, as a whole, from their work shop. They hope to give you pleasure with these selections from their portfolio.

Wordsmiths is the oldest creative art organization on the campus, and it is endowed with a traditional yearning for excellence. However, this year the girls who have had the honor of membership have felt a sneer of disapproval from those who do not understand its purpose. Wordsmiths is not a "closed" organization. Although writing is a necessary accomplishment for all of us, creative writing is shackled with a halo. Even girls of unusual ability are confounded with a sense of self-consciousness when they attempt to bind ideas to the written page.

Those who earnestly wish to become a part of Wordsmiths are always welcome, the organization was created for them. They must realize, also, that creative work of any type is "work" demanding time and unflinching enthusiasm. The talented indolent is not as welcome as the less talented girl who is eager to write and rewrite in an effort to express herself—the girl who experiences the desire to create something of her own in a form of beauty. Over a period of time her own growth will be measured in judgment and ability in proportion to experience. While a rare person approaches art, all may enrich their lives through struggling for the attainment of the worthwhile. It is for the girl who reaches out beyond herself that Wordsmiths is existent.

The Wordsmiths whose work is printed in this number of the HYPHEN realize that their efforts fall short—but they know the exquisite satisfaction which results from a growth of power.

JULIA ACHESON, '35,  
President of Wordsmiths.

## TO LIVE AGAIN

To us—the younger generation—falls a heritage of chaos. We all face the same problems. We feel that we must hurry because we are young. Consequently, we fail to test each step before we shift our weight to it. How easily we have forgotten that there is more to our problem than just arriving! Somewhere we've lost the tang for enjoying life for its own simple nature. We strive in vain for spectacular success. As the queen said in *Alice in Wonderland*, "we have to run twice as fast here to stay where we are." Our arms break with reaching for things we can never have while the worthwhile things at our feet slip away.

This chaos is like a jumbled puzzle. We have to fit the pieces together before the whole takes shape. The task is slow and discouraging. We must remember that we are the future, plant our feet firmly among the rocks, and build straight and thoughtfully with our eyes to the stars. Our glory shall be in laying the foundation upon which our children can build. If we start at the jungle-end of our new land, all the better. As we buck up against new obstacles, we find a strange joy in overcoming them—we find renewed vigor. Our most urgent need is to recapture the pioneer zest for living and a courageous spirit of adventure.

WINIFRED MARSH, '35,  
Secretary-Treasurer of Wordsmiths.

## PERSONALE

Remember autumn, The Youthful  
Poet.  
Youth and splendor (one would say),  
Real sunset stuff, but to the common,  
Common one hectic leaves,  
Modish sentiment, sentiment  
In common leaves.

Then winter (snow sheaths thrust on  
hills).

Winter's gruff with ready sincerity  
Grounds dreams, sounds dreams  
For added tone, added heat.

Now spring, A Maiden Gay,  
Who's coy and fickle, unrestrained,  
An invitation to all youth's revolt  
Against winter's wisdom.

Soon summer, The Fruitful One,  
Who's beauty lags, who's maidenhood  
Soon lost, inspires  
The Melancholy autumn poet  
By the terror of her thoughts.

WINIFRED MARSH, '35.

## TODAY IS THE DAY

Dip and whirl to the rhythm of life,  
Love and laugh to its tempo tonight,  
For today is the day, tomorrow is  
gone.

We must act and live before the dawn,  
For if not the dawn, some infinite  
abyss

Where time's nothing, no hour glass  
runs,

And space gaps on unknown to men,  
But where I'm sure we live again.  
For as the echoes of music resound,  
So must our lives know no bound.

Fruitless deeds of yesterdays remain—  
The ghosts of sands shifted in vain,  
That brought for man no life, no gain.

LIDA ALLENE BROWN, '35.

## SOLITUDE

Lost in some distant bay,  
Quietly hidden,  
Lies an island  
Lulling trumbling waves  
To dreamy tranquillity.  
Soft-curved arms  
Guarded by steep cliffs  
Against which waters rush.  
Who could recognize  
A savage reveler here  
Past a cool grey  
Pleated fog,  
In a hut where  
Solitude dwells.  
A hut wrapped  
In bright green,  
Sprinkled with half-formed buds.  
Inside faltering embers reflect  
A tired girl sprawled forward  
On a desk piled high  
With dusty thoughts.

WINIFRED MARSH, '35.

## ST. LUKE'S

St. Luke's.  
I shall go back there someday.  
Someday when I have grown old  
enough

To seek once more those places  
I loved before my life went dull  
And grey.

I shall walk up the little hill  
On some dim afternoon  
To that small stone chapel,  
And I shall kneel there

To pray.

When I have thanked my Father  
For life and all its blessings,  
Perhaps I shall sit and remember.  
I first came to that spot  
One day

With a brown-eyed boy. He led me  
With firm steps down the center aisle  
To the altar, where we stood hand  
in hand.

Looking up at the Christ, hearing the  
Organ play.

Perhaps I shall wonder about him  
And about my life and what it's  
meant.

And if it was worth while.  
I shall remember and wonder and go  
Away.

EUNICEMARY BICKNELL, '35.

## POEM

God  
Hid his face in his hands.  
Snow slid sleepily down his sleeves,  
Glassy tears slipped through.  
One caught—  
In your hair—  
It was so lovely—  
That God peeped through his fingers.  
And I felt sorry  
He was so far away  
He could not touch it.

BETTY ROBERSON, '36.

## THE JOY OF LIVING

Carry a happy heart each day,  
Forget that skies were ever gray.  
If the sun of joy is hidden,  
And the sky o'ercast with rain—  
Just remember storms can't last,  
And the light will come again.  
Worry not of yesterday; think not of  
tomorrow;  
Then the days ahead will bring  
Happiness instead of sorrow.  
Cherish ideals bright and pure;  
Let new hopes your sadness cure,  
Shower others with your love  
And you shall live like Him above.

WINNIE COFFEE, '36.

## SPRING

Well—why not be fantastic—  
As long as it is spring?  
There is something deep within it  
That makes the whole earth sing.

I just won't take to logic.  
As to why those buds came out,  
And I'll simply say the fairies  
Sort of tempted violets out.

And why burden with Biology,  
That spy bird in the tree  
Who is building with those bits of  
grass,  
He's just in love—you see.

The winds have dusted off the sun  
And the yellow drifted down  
To be scattered on the jonquils  
That have sprung up all around.

So there's no use being serious  
When there's newness everywhere,  
And there's pulsing life in colors  
And easy lightness in the air.

ROSEMARY HORSTMANN, '35.

## POWER

Sing, Myron!  
Beloved of the Gods, Oh child of  
Athens  
And let each day of youth's bright  
lust well forth  
In master fingers. Create! The art  
behooves—then  
Discobolus stands before the world  
and time  
All hail! Magic youth, who worships  
Venus as  
She calls forth flowers from the earth.  
Thy dreams of glorious creatures, sons  
of earth, sky and sea  
Thou, oh golden Myron, drink deeply  
From the mountain brook—adore hea-  
ven's blue  
And feed thy perfect strength into the  
living bronze.

Hey, young boy a'standin' there—  
Sun-blackened face and sun-white hair—  
Shining sweat on shoulders bare—  
Stoop with fierce attention rare—  
Calloused hands—worn with care—  
Forget that engine—if ya' dare  
It'll rip and it'll tear  
It'll rip and will tear  
Rip and will tear  
Rip and tear  
Rip an' tear  
Rip a' tear  
Rip, tear, rip, tear, rip, tear, tear, tear,  
tear, tear, tear, tear—

JULIA ACHESON, '35.

No one said "you should," my man,  
'Twas you yourself who said, "I can."  
JULIA ACHESON, '35.

## MY NEED FOR YOU

Regret, my dear heart, if pain I need  
 not measure.  
 I filled the cup with sacrament for  
 you,  
 I walked the sacred mile, heart high,  
 courageous,  
 If I grew faint, faith-warped, you  
 never knew  
 I bathed your wounds with balm  
 gleaned from heart's aching.  
 Love knows no faltering, it gives  
 its strength,  
 And gladly mine became a shining  
 ointment  
 To mend your grief, to make you  
 well at length  
 That you might ride again a fearless  
 warrior  
 To seek the sun in brave, blue  
 armored steel,  
 While I, who loved the tall mails'  
 weakest places  
 Have come to know the way that  
 women feel.

When they are left alone with books  
 and candles,  
 With aid to give when aid is sought  
 no more;  
 How they must wait remembering too  
 clearly  
 The singing sound of footsteps at  
 the door,  
 I pray, dear one, that you are strong  
 in battle,  
 As valiant as I whispered you  
 would be,  
 But, oh, beloved, my need for you,  
 swift growing,  
 Fills all the days, the weeks, God,  
 could it be  
 That he might have a wound, brief,  
 quick of healing  
 To bring him back some lonely  
 night to me?  
 Nancyann Schmid, '35.

## SPRING AND THE FEVER

After what seemed to be literally  
 hundreds of attempts, I called upon  
 the last bit of strength in my fatigued  
 body and managed to lift my impos-  
 sibly heavy eyelids. From out of great  
 space came a long sluggish bellow  
 which I finally recognized to be the  
 sweetly tuneful ring of the alarm. I  
 almost succeeded in turning it off, but  
 my head just wouldn't raise up that  
 far. My ears could hardly hear it  
 anyway, so I wasn't bothered much.  
 After all, why should a noise bother  
 me if it didn't disturb my organs of  
 hearing.

Time slowly and heavily marched  
 on and on. The room dimly whirled  
 before my sleep-drenched eyes. Sudden-  
 ly—not so suddenly that an hour  
 hadn't elapsed—the room stopped and  
 I realized I had risen and made my  
 groping way to the bath. The water  
 oozed from the spigot with deep,  
 gurgly spurts. It was soft and slimy  
 to the touch. I put a few delicious  
 drops on my face and blotted them up  
 with a huge bath towel. My hair was  
 lazily floating in all directions, so I  
 patted it down and murmured sweet,  
 soothing things to it. Finally it  
 flopped down and clung damply to my  
 scalp. My strength was almost gone  
 and I knew I couldn't go on much  
 longer.

Before my confused view I saw  
 something on a chair. I seemed to be  
 wearing apparel, so I guessed it was  
 my clothes. I stared at them and as  
 I watched, they seemed slowly to get  
 up and choke me, and I finally realized  
 that I was dressed. I stepped off onto  
 nice soft space at the top of the stairs  
 and floated down to the breakfast  
 table.

On the table was a glass of some  
 oozy substance. It was orange in  
 color and tasted like an orange. I  
 realized it was liquid oranges, com-  
 monly known as "orange juice." I  
 watched a little seed bob up and down  
 and I pretended it was a boat at sea.  
 After tiring of that I was going to  
 drink the liquid but found the glass  
 too heavy to lift. So I stuck my

tongue in and captured the seed. Just  
 as I was about to close my jaws  
 around it, two sorrowful eyes ap-  
 peared in the little oval and it seemed  
 that the little seed was pleading with  
 me to spare its life. My heart is very  
 kind, and anyway the seed was too  
 hard to bite, so I tucked it safely be-  
 tween two teeth and planned to plant  
 the tiny harmless thing as soon as  
 the opportunity presented itself.

The chair slowly floated out from  
 under me and I was standing. I said  
 "hello" to the person I could faintly  
 distinguish far, far away across the  
 table from me and then slid clear down  
 the three back steps to a little white  
 ribbon stretching miles beneath me.  
 The ribbon turned out to be the side-  
 walk. Great periods of time passed  
 and at last I found myself before an  
 opening in the side of the house. As  
 my eyes gradually focused on it, I  
 realized it was one of those queer  
 things called "doors." How fast I  
 had gone from the back door to the  
 front! As my sleeping brain powers  
 forced me to try to think, I dimly  
 knew that I didn't know what I was  
 doing up anyway—and at such an im-  
 possible hour!

By the soft caress of the air, I knew  
 that I was outside. I couldn't remem-  
 ber what for, so I rapidly, in 20 min-  
 utes, climbed the three front steps.  
 Another two hours and I was safely  
 back in my bedroom. I thought I  
 needed some rest, so I fell onto the  
 bed and went drifting off into dark-  
 ness.

Later I discovered that I had passed  
 through a very severe case of spring  
 fever. It had developed into such a  
 serious case from my starting to have  
 it so many times and then having to  
 put it off because of the frequent re-  
 turns of winter. Let's hope the  
 weather men have pulled summer out  
 of the hat for good, because I couldn't  
 go through another case of spring  
 fever. But then again, what would  
 a summer be like if you didn't start it  
 off with that well-known disease of  
 heart, body, mind and soul—Spring  
 Fever.

PHYLLIS HUDSON, '36.

## YOU

You stood tall on the hilltop—fling-  
 ing your arms wide to the new sun.  
 A clean wind tangled your hair. And  
 from you there sprang a wild, warm,  
 exultant laugh. I felt my throat hurt  
 with it. And I knew I loved you. You  
 turned quickly—so very quickly you  
 caught the tears in my eyes.

"It is nothing—nothing." I tried  
 to smile. "Women never know why  
 they cry."

And you did not know. You never  
 knew. To keep you in my heart as  
 you were that day—open-armed and  
 embracing it all—all of life and all of  
 whatever there is after life—is more  
 than love—greater than love. Deliber-  
 ately, blindly-conscious, I closed my  
 eyes to the world apart of you that I  
 might not, unthinking, stumble upon  
 it. Just as youth cannot bear disil-  
 lusionment, so I could not bear to have  
 you different.

You were glad of life. I shall not  
 forget. I think you will be glad of  
 death as well. Now I seem to under-  
 stand instinctively just how you  
 would want it—no fuss, no tears, no  
 casual praise.

Little things meant so much to you  
 —the glint of sunlight on birds' wings,  
 the cool, pungent, earth-smell of rain,  
 sleepy eyelashes shyly hugging the  
 cheeks of a child, the color of fire.  
 Perhaps you loved so many little  
 things that even had you known—you  
 could never have been all mine. For  
 anything less would not have satisfied  
 me.

If sometimes I falter, if sometimes  
 I doubt that life is worth the strength  
 it takes to live it—I have only to  
 think of you. I see you again—fling-  
 ing your arms wide to the sun, a  
 clean wind tangling your hair—and I  
 hear you laugh. Then I know that  
 life is good. And I am glad.  
 Betty Roberson, '36.

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## SCALDED

I looked down, down, the winding well hole which stretched from the fourth floor way down into the basement of the old Greek mansion on Kanarie street. It was dark, treacherously so; the only light was 'way down at the bottom, and it was only a single gas jet. I called in my loudest seven-year-old voice. No answer, an echo. I decided that the maid had not heard. Mummy had to have the hottest water possible for her tea—and that right away.

Down, down—hop, skip to each succeeding step, round and round the wedge-shaped steps—hop—skip, faster, faster, flying, skimming, round and round, my Russian boots clicked sharply on the uncarpeted stair, second floor, first—I was thrown violently forward. My boot caught, falling, and the loud rattling clanging tearing after me. The kettle, caught on my foot, I hit my head sharply on the basement flagstones. Horrible, horrible fire fell. I must get it loose, the searing kettle, I screamed, louder, louder, louder, choking, mad. It surged—up through my little pleated skirt, down over my arms—climbing, climbing. It, scalding, held tight in my small wool jacket. Screaming, I grasped, clutched at my clothes. They held it tight. I could not tear them from me. No one to help, would no one? I could no longer catch my breath. There, there was old Yorgie—Mother! She pushed aside the horror-starting servants. She calmly, mechanically ordered the cook to bring olive oil—he brought the huge crock. "My poor darling," she repeated over and over again. I saw vividly—magnified clarity brightly illumined. Oil! It slid over my back—flooded down. I felt nothing. Burned, dead flesh—its odor stank in my nostrils.

"We can't carry her," it was the old doctor. "There isn't enough unburned flesh left to take hold of. Fully half of her body is scalded."

"She will go upstairs," it was Mother who spoke. "Can you walk, dear?"

"Just for her," I thought. Slowly I put one gay, clumsy boot before me. I stretched my unburnt hand forward and pulled myself to the railing. Slowly, up, up the winding stairway—endlessly up the well hole. Mother walked beside me, unable to help. I fell across the table. They turned my head for me, so that I did not smother. They thought I was dead.

JULIA ACHESON, '35.

## THE WISE ONE

As we were chatting yesterday  
One of our group did speak  
And vow eternal love for one  
Whom she had known a week.

She told us of the night they met,  
Of how the moon shone down;  
Of April's madness in the air,  
And that he liked her gown.

And then one wiser far than she  
Most seriously did say,  
"Ah, friend, do not love any lad  
You have not seen by day."

EUNICEMARY BICKNELL, '35.

## HONOR ROLL ANNOUNCED

(Continued from page 1)

Lewis, Mary Alice Paine, Helen Pil-low, Irene Sartor, Barbara Shields, Jean Stewart, Mary Ellen Stokes.

### DEAN'S ACHIEVEMENT LIST

Emma May Albro, Eunice Mary Bicknell, Florence-Martin Bradford, Constance Chase, Katherine Clark, Sarah Clark, Jane Cravens, Mary Crockett Evans, Betty Goldstein, Katharine Hays, Freda Leach, Betty Hill, Phyllis Hudson, June Leach, Louise Longworth, Virginia Lose, Virginia McCamey, Betty McEntee, Edith Manly, Elizabeth Neel, Janet Newbury, Sarah Pardue, Elizabeth Quinker, Leah Rochelle, Mildred Scott, Elizabeth Tipton, Jonney C. Walker, Helen Watkins, Mary Evelyn Wetterau.

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PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, April 27, 1935

Number 27

## PARTHENON, SCENE OF IRIS PAGEANT TO BE GIVEN MAY 3

Miss Townsend is drilling over one hundred and fifty girls to take part in one of the most outstanding pageants ever presented during Nashville's celebration of "Iris Week." This Iris pageant will take place on the steps and lawn of the Parthenon on May 3.

The theme, briefly, is as follows: Iris, a Greek goddess, is searching for a city in which to make her permanent home on earth. The three requisites are, that the city must have a Greek temple, that it must be a veritable Athens, with its outstanding educational institutions, and that it must be the home of the most beautiful of flowers, the Iris. Nashville is the embodiment of these three qualities, and is chosen as the home for the goddess, Iris.

The part of Iris was won by Nancy-an Schmid in recognition of her superior work. The two chorag who will announce the events will be Mary Lee Wilson and Jean Stewart. Mary Eleanor Clay will take the part of Orpheus, and sing Shakespeare's "Orpheus and Her Lute."

## RALPH M. PEARSON LECTURES ON ART

Ralph M. Pearson, who spoke at Ward-Belmont, on Thursday evening, is the originator and instructor of the Design Work Shop for Social Research in New York City. In this school he puts into practice the principles of creative art which he has embodied in his book, "Experiencing Pictures."

Mr. Pearson believes in putting art to work. He says that every one has to some extent creative ability, and challenges the claim that art appreciation is acquired through passive exposure to ancient masterpieces. To illustrate his lecture he brought with him an exhibition of modern creative textiles, including rugs designed by Thomas Benton, a group of modern etchings, woodcuts from different countries and some creative work by children. He also used slides of great paintings and sculpture from both ancient and modern periods of history.

He has been awarded many prizes and is represented in the permanent collections of the Art Institute of Chicago, the Congressional Library, in Washington; the Los Angeles Museum of Art, the Rochester Museum, and the New York Public Library. He is lecturing in art from the educational viewpoint and is writing a series of articles for the *Forum Magazine*, beginning in the April issue.

## STUDENT ORCHESTRA PLAYS

The melodious strains of the Ward-Belmont Captivators floated over the mezzanine of the gym and captivated everyone's heart on first Saturday evening. At last a fair rival has been found for Johnny Miller. The three "Bubbling Belmonters" made a delightful trio, while everyone thrilled to that inimitable "Your So Grand" as sung and played by Nancyann and Mary Lee.

The Captivators' eight-piece orchestra is available for engagements at all times, so do patronize this old home talent band!

## ALUMS RETURN FOR EASTER WEEK-END

The long-awaited Homecoming week-end finally arrived with flying colors, and the campus was again littered with cars and people representing many states and many classes of Ward-Belmont.

The annual business luncheon was held Saturday, April 20, and the following officers were elected: President, Grace Cavert (Mrs. Paul Stumb); First Vice-President, Betty O'Donnell; Second Vice-President, Grace Neisler; and the Secretary, Jane Pulver.

The Alumnae dance was held in the gym Saturday evening, and among the crowd were seen many familiar scenes of these last years, namely: Ruth Nehls and Mary Soper hitting the high places; Boy Legge looking her own self, and having a grand time; Roberta Munger enjoying herself in the balcony; Mary Jones looking her best; the Siegmund's enjoying themselves with "the kid sister"; Juliet Hutton and Marian Kaeser having a glorious time together.

Very few of "our Alums" attended the early morning Easter service, but they all managed to attend the club breakfasts which were given in their honor.

Where most of the alumnae were seen was at the after-dinner coffee in Recreation Hall. From there they went to the A. K. Club, where the annual Easter tea for the alumnae was held.

The following is a list of Homecoming guests: Mary Louise Balsiger, Rena Berry, Freda Birge, Marjorie Canterbury, Anita Caudle, Jane Clark, Isobel Coulter, Viva Lee Davis, Helen Dean, Sara Draffen, Elizabeth Elverson, Marie Gissler, Betty Hamilton, Elizabeth Hawkins, Katherine Hawley, Charlotte Heck, Juliet Hutton, Lillian Jones, Mary F. Jones, Marian Kaeser, Grate Krauss, Shirley Legge, Charlotte Macoy, Mary Frances Marxson (Mrs. Wylie), Margaret Morris (Mrs. Sprague), Mary Louise Mullino, Roberta Munger, Ruth Nehls, Grace Neisler, Pauline Neisler, Mildred Neuhauser, Marjorie Northrup (Mrs. Ferris), Foss O'Donnell, Kathleen O'Donnell, Marie Oehm, Eva Oihaver, Helen Parker, Margaret Payne, Elenor Robbins (Mrs. Busse), Helen Rogers, Jane Roudsbush, Mary Jane Safford, Sue Salter, Frances Sears, Ann Shaw, Catherine Siegmund, Christine Siegmund, Delores Smith, Mary Soper, Josephine Strain (Mrs. Stelling), Virginia Thorgmorton, Sallie Tippens (Mrs. Smith), Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Jane Van Cleave (Mrs. Roder), Emily Warren, and Marjorie Zaugg.

## CURRENT EVENTS ARE CHAPEL SUBJECT

Dr. Barton, speaking on current events in Chapel on Monday 22, prefaced his talk with the announcement that Frances Rose, of Ward-Belmont High School, has won the \$50 first prize in the essay department of the National Scholastic Contest. The same prize was won by a Ward-Belmont girl two years ago.

Dr. Barton spoke next on Hitler's move to abrogate the treaty of peace. He is against armament and for peace, but says the obviously no enemy will rush in on a prepared country. Hitler's move is the greatest movement for peace that there has been in fifteen years. Of course, the situation is tense, but that is only to be expected.

All countries except Germany have larger standing armies today than they had in 1914. Germany has come as close as it could to the limits of the treaty, and constructed warships and submarines almost as large and certainly as destructive as those of other countries. The nations agreed at every disarmament meeting not to fight. We now have a better fighting force than we had in 1914, as well as an officers' reserve corps which could be got more quickly into service possibly than then. We have more complete and larger camps than Plattsburg. This Hitler movement, renunciation of the treaty, will not seem to be bad when we see that the rest of the world has kept up armaments more than ever since 1914.

The nations of Europe are more anxious for conciliation now. This is not an advocacy of Hitlerism or armament; but consider that eighty cents of each one dollar of American taxes went to wars—past, present, or future—before the Roosevelt administration. The conference at Stresa was another proof that European countries are getting together. We are on the road to peace. Perhaps not the way we wanted it, but peace. There are dangers, of course, but there are no more.

Dr. Barton made the rather alarming statement that there are more people killed in America in a year by

accidents than there were killed in the war. Millions of preventable accidents occur because we are not careful. There is just as much glory in organizing to carry forth the needs of war in peaceful ways as in war.

Concerning the student anti-war demonstrations, Dr. Barton said, "What we need is a moral equivalent of war to get stirred up about."

About the New Deal, Dr. Barton stated that Congress is not doing what Roosevelt wants, because the immediate urgency of the depression has passed, and now people will not work with the same unanimity. The Public Works bill is the only one that has been passed so far. However, "We are moving forward, and things are being done to bring us back and out of the chaos."

## DR. BARTON GIVES EASTER MESSAGE

Dr. Barton was vesper speaker on Sunday, April 21. After the reading of St. Luke's story of the Resurrection by Virginia Shaw, he gave us some spiritual values for practical everyday use. Until we have faith in a greater Power, he said, we cannot come to a real understanding of the meaning of the Resurrection or of the fact that Jesus is triumphant. In urging us to work for achievement rather than for grades or to pass away time, Dr. Barton cited the case of three workmen. When asked why they were cutting rocks, one said that he was "passing time," another that he was "earning two dollars a day," and the third that "he was building a great cathedral." The third man was getting a real something from his work which the other two missed.

Mrs. Robert Kinnebrew furnished the special music for the service.

## HONOR A. A. U. W. DELEGATES

Saturday afternoon, April 20, the delegates to the Tennessee meeting of the American Association of University Women were guests at a tea in the K. K. House. Miss Alison Jourd, while Mrs. Benedict, Miss Clark, Miss Church and Miss Rhea assisted in serving and in receiving the guests.

## SCHOOL ELECTS COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVES FOR COMING YEAR

Elections of student councils were held by both day students and boarders last week. On Friday, Barbara Lee Reed was elected president of boarding student council. Monday, Dorothy Colmery was chosen by the day students to head their council. Tuesday, Jane Flannigan was elected president of the Y.W.C.A. for the coming year. Heads of other campus organizations will be chosen this coming week.

Other members of boarding council are:

First vice-president, Helen Jones; second vice-president, Beverly Lack; secretary, Marion Weber; high school representative, Jeanne Cookson; chapel proctor, Billie Frank Smith.

Day student council members are: First vice-president, Ruth Hopkins; second vice-president, Mary Alice Herbert; secretary, Peggy Dickinson; high school representative, Jane Vance; and proctor, Frances Wilkerson.

## ORCHESTRA RECITAL PLEASES AUDIENCE

April 16, the orchestra, directed by Mr. Rose, gave its annual recital. Last year, as an experiment, only a string ensemble was used, but this time the addition of two flutes, a clarinet and a French horn made it possible to obtain a greater variety of effects.

The andante movement from Bach's violin sonata in A minor had contractual effects added by Frederick Stock, conductor of the Chicago Symphony, who arranged it for the orchestra. The orchestra played this with good tonal balance. The dance from Dr. Arne's eighteenth century setting was bright and vivacious and met with a favorable reception.

The first movement of one of the three great symphonies Mozart composed in 1788 was given serious and dignified interpretation.

Harold Kapp, of Illinois, pupil of Mr. Rose, was soloist. He departed from the established custom by playing his solo with piano accompaniment instead of orchestra. He played the andante and the rondo finale of Lalo's "Spanish Symphony," and acquitted himself in fine style. His tone was good and his technique ideal. For encore he gave "Chanson," by Martini-Kreisler.

A Valse by Tschaiikowsky; "The Bee" by another Schubert than the immortal Franz, and the Hungarian Dance No. 3, by Brahms, comprised the third group, while the lovely intermezzo "Lento" from Wolf-Ferrari's Italian opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna," a chorus by the Russian Borodine, and "Tambourin Chinois," by Kreisler, made up the last group.

The Schubert and the Borodine were string ensemble. In the Wolf-Ferrari number the two flutists, A. Maurice Loveman and Wynford Peterson, did some brilliant solo passages. In the Tambourin Chinois, which had to be repeated, Lynn B. Caldwell played a neat clarinet roll.

Miss Frances Patrick did excellent work at the piano in all the numbers, and for the soloist she played a really beautiful accompaniment.—From the Tennessean.

## P-S-S-T-I

Well, we've suspected it for a long time, but we never thought that Salie would admit it: she has cold feet! There are several witnesses to that statement which she herself made.

WHO is the girl that was offered a Deke pin and refused it? We have a pretty good idea, but not being exactly certain, we won't venture to say. Maybe you've already heard, anyhow.

Why is it that Jayne has such a pronounced abhorrence of the pretty "bridal" wreath (Spirea to you boarders)? 'Tis rumored that she thinks it "hypocritical"—now just what in her life could have made her feel that way about poor, innocent shrubbery?

Mary Ann is really going in for deep and ponderous learning these days. And "Why Not"? She may have to start speaking in Sanskrit—at the rate that she is progressing,—well, anyhow, you ask her about it. Ask her, also, what "his" favorite dish is.

Woopa, Evelyn and Dot are going to preserve present-day fashions of millinery by taking pictures of some of the most ridiculous ones seen here and there. After having taken a look at theirs, it might not be such a bad idea.

Although we are sorry that all the candidates could not get elected, congratulations are in order for those who did in the recent Council race. When Evelyn Boyd swats them, they stay swatted; also, when she slides, she gets there. In spite of this fact, we believe that Woopa would rather be knocked down by her than stepped on by Patty—from the expression on her face, after the latter misfortune befell her.

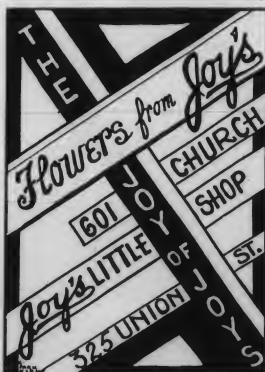
Having been assured that our life "wouldn't be worth 2c," we are, therefore not going to pause to mention that Emmarvne carries around in her purse a—well, after all, you can't blame us for wanting to live long enough to graduate!

Isn't it a pity that Theresa can't look and act as angelic as she did in the Easter play?

Duncan and Hop are staunch believers in the theory that "Life is filled with hard knocks"—and bumpy roads. After having been on the back seat while they were making that discovery, we would like to have left them out at the sulphuric acid plant in one of those vats of strong acid—or else take them for a ride over the same roads.

And do you know what Virginia's favorite song is? "Dancing in the Dark" is the title. She's always sleepy in the daytime, but night brings something (or "somebody") that invigorates her. Just a regular "night-owl"; we know you, Virginia.

We just saw some food on its way to a club house—all of which reminds us that we are hungry and have to go to the tea room. (We weren't paid a cent for that bit of advertising.)

MUSIC STUDENTS  
PRESENT RECITAL

Friday afternoon, April 26, the following program was presented in chapel:

1. Piano—
    - (a) May Night ..... Palmgren
    - (b) Fragrant Breezes ..... Jensen-Rive-King
  2. Voice—Waters of Minnetonka ..... Olga Vanta
  3. Violin—Romance ..... Wieniawski
  4. Piano—Air de Ballet ..... Chaminade
  5. Voice—
    - (a) Robin's Song ..... Howard White
    - (b) The Hills of Gruzia ..... Mednikoff
  6. Piano—Fantaisie Impromptu ..... Chopin
- Mrs. Gilbert Merritt  
Mary Lalla Byrn  
Mrs. Charles Nelson  
Catherine Simpson  
Mary Smith

## A. K.'S HAVE ANNUAL TEA

Sunday afternoon the A. K.'s were hostesses at their annual Easter tea. The club house was decorated with spring flowers, the sun came out and members of the alumnae, faculty, administration and student body had a delightful time renewing old acquaintances. Mary Smith was chairman of the tea, Joan Butterfield in charge of the decorations, Frances Warmath of the invitations, and Arlyene Milligan of the musical program. The program was given by Roberta Lincoln, Nancyann Schmid, Betsy Jones, and Virginia Shaw. Virginia Shaw was chairman of the refreshment committee; Mary Lalla Byrn, Nellie Clements, Virginia Chisholm, Elizabeth Tipton, and Gilbertine Moore were members.

## VIVE L'ART

I've grown my hair to a poet's measure;  
The Latin Quarter is my abode.  
I duck about as an artist is wont to  
Don smock and flowing tie a la coiffe.  
Still, I can't write a quatrain.

I chew on garlic, which I can't abide;  
Seek friends among strange, uncouth creatures.  
Though pockets bulge, my rent's decreed "unpaid."  
A solid gloom does rest o'er these poor features—  
Still, I can't write a quatrain.

I "cherchez" words, and mathematically  
Turn o'er close-held Webster or old Roget,  
Weigh seasons, settings systematically—  
Noon, dusk, hot, cold, seas, woods—no avail—  
Still, I can't write a quatrain.

I've studied long, classics or the moderns;  
I know long lines of those who lie between  
What's good, what's bad—That's what I know right well  
And write I would if I could, it would seem—  
Still, I can't write a quatrain.

Then I bethought French, German or Spanish  
Might fit more trippingly to my meter,  
So learn them I did, and with great disgust  
Found Goethe or Sands had problems still greater—  
Still, I can't write a quatrain.

So I'm going to cut my hair, wash my face and don new clothes,  
Going to leave vile Paris, pay my rent and leave these woes.  
I'll write my friends, "I'm comin'," forget these artists and their ways,  
For I've found the way to "home-life" is the only path to blaze!  
JULIA ACHESON, '35.

## ENTER MADAME

Today I wish to introduce to you a prominent member of the intelligentsia, one of the smarter girls, Miss Katherine Hyde. Born on June 20, 1914, in Tuscumbia, Alabama, she is at the present one of the outstanding girls who appears regularly on the Dean's List and the Honor Roll. Says Miss Hyde, "Anyone can make a grade if they'll just work a little at it." It's a nice sentiment at any rate, don't you think? Ah, well, children, let us continue with more facts concerning the subject of our discussion today. Katherine is of English and French parentage. Must be where she got her persistence and poise. I hear the French know how to get what they want, one way or another. Good conversationalist on a great many subjects. Very fittingly, Katherine is planning to become a teacher of either English or History or both. She has indeed ample talents along scholastic lines.

Now, I think we shall become more personal, seeing as how it might be well to find out something about the this, that, and the others of Miss Hyde's life. First and foremost, she has a very fond affection for figs and celery, all of which goes to prove that she's a very brave person and is neither lacking in taste nor social presence. Anyone who can eat celery with perfect unconcern is to be admired. Katherine is trying to put on some extra poundage, but it seems that the soapsuds have up till the present time refused out to be bubbles. To speak out loudly and boldly, she just doesn't gain along those lines.

Miss Hyde lives rather near Nashville and makes frequent visit to her home. She is much to be envied. On topics of current interest, Katherine is not particularly fond of playing basketball or baseball; she thinks that it no such thing as leisure hours, and she does not know where she is going to school next year, although she is sure that she is going. Wishing her a pleasant journey, much fun, and lots of luck, I am going, too. Be good and study hard, girls!

J. C. SLEMP, DE-  
VOTIONAL SPEAKER

Mr. J. C. Slemp, of the Baptist Sunday School Board, spoke in chapel on Wednesday, April 24. Mr. Slemp used the seventh chapter of Matthew as the basis for his discussion. He stated that one of the things which the world needs most today is the ability to take Jesus seriously. For nineteen hundred years this question has been before the world. He has been adored and universally proclaimed, but only occasionally has He been taken seriously.

"In taking Jesus seriously, we should consider Him in three different attitudes: First, in regard to our personal character; second, in regard to our social and economic life; third, we should have the spirit of Jesus in our national relations.

"Outstanding men of today," stated Mr. Slemp, "have been quoted as saying that the greatest need of this age is a true understanding of Christ, and not until we have such an understanding will He enter into our personal character and affairs."

## MEDITATION

Summery night  
Here in a pool  
Fixed by the moonlight,  
Stars lie  
And blue sky.  
A cloud passing by  
I see,  
And a wind-blown tree  
Beckons me.

Night-pool-stars-sky  
Cloud-wind-tree-I-  
Why?

CATHERINE CROSSAN, Penstaff.



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## DANCE COLUMN

"Pavlova had a remarkable nose for news," was the surprising statement that I found in an article by Andrew L. Novikoff, entitled, "Ballyhoo for the Dancer." What is this "nose for news" in the dance world? A dancer's clever ability to promote interest in her art.

In Pavlova's case, the methods she used were for the purpose of bringing lasting interest—in contrast to the headline methods used by recent fan-dancers. When Pavlova announced to America, "This is my farewell tour," she created front-page copy. Thousands of tickets were sold, farewell presentations and banquets were given for her, with "a great deal of attendant ballyhoo," states Mr. Novikoff.

Another clever instance by which Pavlova drew thousands of spectators to her performances was the announcement that she had injured her foot. Immediately the newspapers sent reports throughout the country, "Pavlova's right foot has been injured." An announcement in the afternoon papers stated that she would dance that night.

Pavlova danced before a packed, breathless mass. As easily as a whirling leaf she completed turn after turn on her right foot. The audience was amazed and stupefied as they followed the lightning-like movements of her right foot. Pavlova had triumphed before her public and gained more space than critics ever permitted in the papers. But what the public and the critics did not know was that her left foot had been injured, and she had scarcely touched it to the floor while her right foot was being watched so carefully.

Pavlova realized the value of dignified publicity as the means of promoting interest in the dance.

## COUNCIL HAS PARTY

Student Council and the hall sponsors had dinner at the Belle Meade Country Club on Tuesday evening, April 23. After dinner they attended a show. Those present were: Marguerite Page, Mary Lalla Byrn, Frances Prince, Mary Eleanor Clay, Helen Jones, Virginia Barrett, Edwin Schmid, Marion Weber, Barbara Le Reed, Ann Turney, Margaret Young, Miss Sisson, Miss Morrison, Miss Ruef, Miss Rhea, Miss Casebier, Miss Lydell, and Miss McElfresh.

## DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

We'd just about decided what a wonderful feeling it was not to have to go to chapel when around comes the announcement of a class meeting—Hi, Tony!

We went out for lunch and for a glorious afternoon—what a day!

Clubs tonight and we really didn't feel at home in ours because it was all dressed up for Homecoming! Such a fuss!

Back to the hut to study and study some more!

'Night!

Thursday—

Today we happened into Senior in time for the class meeting—we have received warmer receptions in our short span of life!

This is our day of athletics and again we nearly wore ourselves out! We nominate Coffee as a permanent fixture on the baseball diamond—it never seems to be without her!

We bade Pulver goodbye for the

week-end this afternoon—no, she's not leaving the campus, but the alums are taking it away from her!

'Night!

Friday—

Whoopee! Here they come—ten thousand strong! They took Fidelity by storm—it reminded us of the good old days of the French Revolution—storming of the Bastille—catch? Now the faculty members who live in Fidelity will understand the study-hour regulations in the other halls, after the alums get through trotting around in the wee hours of the morning!

The Good Friday services, both the early service and the regular chapel service, were lovely this morning. The chapel platform looked as if a garden had been transplanted on it.

We spent a busy afternoon playing porter for the alums—and thank goodness we don't depend on our tips for a living!

Council elections were held today and we offer our sincerest congratulations to all of you, and wishes for a happy year.

We've snuck off to the quiet of the hut and now we're going to try to catch a few winks between the screams, honks, and shouts of, "Darling, how are you!"—more screams!

'Night!

Saturday—

After a great deal of discussion pro and con we managed to get to town to see a movie. Some fun!

We've spent the entire day getting out of one dress and into another! First for school, then town, then dinner, and now the dance! Just one continual round—and still life goes on! Leisure time?—puzzle, find it?

The dance tonight was loads of fun—and we honestly had difficulty in distinguishing between the music of Johnny Miller and the Captivators! (Hi, Catherine!)

Our feet hurt despite the fact that we wore our most comfortable shoes!

'Night!

Sunday—

Happy Easter cheer! A wee bit wet but straight from the heart, nevertheless!

New dresses flashed forth despite the rain which accepted defeat at noon!

The A. K. tea was lovely this afternoon and everyone looked so very springy in their new spring formals!

Chadwell to the rescue this evening and her faithful motor toured us to Stumb's for a sandwich—what an Easter!

After haunting Mrs. Tate's room for half of the evening—it happened! We almost fell into the 'phone but were soon becalmed and talked until we were told that passing minutes meant dollars—so-o-o-o we took the hint and hung up instead of offering to split expenses—we fool 'em!

'Night!

Monday—

What, no more early morning service to get up for! We arose at six-thirty, just from force of habit—funny—yeah?

Dr. Barton talked this morning on current events and, as usual, made a real day out of a more or less dull Monday. Somebody used their head in arranging the chapel talks!

We watched some more alums pull out this morning—Fidelity certainly seems quiet and Miss McElfresh says that the drill team above her seems to have signed a peace treaty and the war is over.

We see some books on our desk that look a bit slighted, so—

'Night!

Tuesday—

The Y.W.C.A. will be headed by Jane Flannigan next year and we say, congratulations, and heaps of luck!

These elections are all right, but they keep reminding us of something that we don't want especially to be reminded of—howaboutit, Seniors?

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The birthday dinner was given in a white dress tonight—and Mrs. Rose again did herself proud!

We went out for dinner and the

show and what a time! It was most of a certainty one of the more perfect parties!

'Night!

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Published every Saturday by the students of  
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For advertising information, address Emmett Russell, Sr., Advertising Manager, 162 4th Avenue, North, Presbyterian Building, Phone 6-1171.



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## EDITORIAL

## DISCOURSE ON HONORS

April is practically over, and the time is drawing nigh when shadows of commencement steal across the sky. The hours of daylight are longer, and soon we'll begin to go, after seventh-hour classes, to town for dinner and a show. In fact, now that we consider it, this year is nearly done and the eternal cycle of next year has begun. Each day brings new elections for those who'll carry on the work that we have started after we are gone. Yet, we didn't start it, and yet we're not the end, but part of a cycle which stretches through the years built by a thousand girls' ambitions, work and hopes and fears.

So when you are asked to vote for officers of class or club or school, think a little bit about it and forget the Golden Rule. Don't vote for another just so she'll vote for you, but think of the position and the work she'll have to do. Though honor is nice and so is fame, there is more to positions than just the name, and unless she is fitted for the place she holds, she may find to her sorrow that all which glitters is not gold. Vote for the girl who'll do the job best . . . whose honor, whose fitness exceeds the rest. For these are the girls to take the cycle on, to continue the work which we've continued after we have gone.

G. L., '35.

AND WHEN SOME POWER  
GIFTIE GIES US—

"Doesn't it look queer to see all of these strange faces around here?"

This was a remark that I overheard one of the Alumnae make during Homecoming, and it impressed me as being rather ironical, for I had been thinking precisely the same things concerning their faces. The campus had seemed to me to be overrun with strangers for the past three days, but I had given no thought to how these strangers might be feeling about us, the present students, who are encroaching upon their former property, living in their rooms, playing in their clubs, and sitting at their desks! To them, perhaps we seem to be the intruders!

A trivial incident such as this often introduces new and amazing thoughts to our minds. The utterance of a few simple words, such as this Alumna's, seem, in the flash of a moment, to mirror ourselves. We see ourselves as she saw us, and we realize that we play no larger part in Ward-Belmont than any Alumna who has spent the same number of hours on its campus. For the time we actually spend here is nothing, compared to the time we shall spend in loving memories. We, Seniors, have just one short month before we, too, will be Alumnae. Some day we shall return perhaps to see many outward changes, yet we shall find the same ideals, the same spirit, and the same school where "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

J. W., '35.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

And over the hills comes spring, tra la . . . bringing with it new Easter outfits, Washington trip, spring fever, final week-ends, and that "souffléful" feeling at the thought of what next month will bring.

Easter is over, but the flowers and alums an' all do deserve some kind of a quick review. For instance, did you see Miss Lester Sunday morning? The poor lady was practically buried in flower boxes. We thought Joyce Cunningham would never survive her orchids. Did you also note: Nancyann in the (almost) rope of gardenias, Pulver's two orchids, Edwine's brown print dress, Caroline Whited's yellow and brown outfit, the great procession of about half enough cabs for the churchward-bound, the alums running from club breakfasts in the early rain, the generally estatic tone to everyone's voice as she greeted everyone else?

The alumnae dance on Saturday was a great success, too. The Captivators rolled out the jazz for a time, then furnished a stag line. What cute stags they do make!

A treat well worth watching is Mozelle going into a trance when she hears "Your So Grand" . . . but don't we all?

Hudgins was having a housewarming Tuesday night, but she forgot all about it, so told the guests to come again some time. (Point: the guests were supposed to bring the eats, and they also forgot!)

Connie Chase is trying to get a tan like Marj Northrups and her friends from Florida. These phys ed gals what have to have atmosphere 'n everything!

It's June in January or the first of March in the last of April . . . anyway, Gail is still collecting birthday presents. Nice idea at that!

Congratulations this week to next year's president and council, and to Jane Fannigan, who was chosen president of the "Y." The very best of luck to you, girls. There is no doubt of your success.

Some people are generous! Christine White was all for donating a check for fifty dollars to the Milestones staff. The staff returned it, but don't be discouraged, Christine; come around and see us the next time you feel philanthropic.

Miss Pulver up and took off to the Windy City after all the wear and tear of Homecoming. And let's back to the alumnae for just long enough to congratulate ourselves on having both the first vice-president and the alumnae secretary on the campus . . . as residents, we mean.

Concklin had a rabbit . . . a real live rabbit . . . but Concklin was a Senior and she didn't have it long. (This is to be sung to just any tune which seems to fit it.)

There ought to be a Milestones saving time . . . now that it is getting to be Milestones time they are holding meetings at all hours. Martie Kiger has become a veritable Shylock with her piles of checks and bills.

And Thursday the Washington trippers tripped gaily off the campus. We'd be willing to wager that they won't be tripping as gaily when they return . . . but will they have fun!

Final note for the week: "Souffléful" in the first paragraph is supposed to be souffléful . . . meaning light and fluffy around the edges but apt to break down in the middle. If you don't understand now, just wait until step-singing.

P. S. Did you note Mary Jones, last year's Campus Columnist, parading around in the same old way? That accounts for this column . . . we were so busy trying to get onto her technique that we didn't have time to catch, chase, root up or otherwise acquire much of our own. And on that we'll take our departure. So long!

## EAGLE FEATHER

## LOUSY WEATHER

Note: So many requests for short stories have come to the HYPHEN office that although Eagle Feather is primarily a poetry column we take this opportunity to present a story, "Lousy Weather," written by Phyllis Hudson.

It was raining. The fresh drops poured down from the dull forboding clouds like a huge fountain suddenly gone mad. They fell on the dirty, grimy rooftops of the second-rate business houses and rolled to the edges, continuing on their sloppy courses down the rumbling drains to find refuge in the muddy, filth-laden waters of the gutter.

The 6:15 evening street car screeched to a sudden stop at the corner and waited, while from the entrance of a convenient drug store a man emerged and made a quick flying race across the wet street for entrance, seating himself in one of the two available spaces. His bold black suit and round derby were splattered with rain and he flicked a few droplets from his lapels, at the same time revealing a half-hidden badge. The conductor slammed the doors and turned the electric switch, gathering power to go on, but paused once more to open them with an impatient twist at the insistent knocks of another man trying to get on. When the doors were open once more, the person stumbled up the steps and ducked further into the car as the doors were shut with a final bang behind him. He fumbled in the pocket of his ill-fitting trousers and reluctantly deposited his seven cents. He stood in the front of the car looking for a place to sit, well aware of his dirty shirt, frazzled collar and "hand-drawn" shoes.

As the car started with a jolt, he made his unsteady way down the aisle and apologetically seated himself next to the man in the derby. They rode in silence for a short block, watching the evening traffic and listening to the beating rain as it fell upon the scenes of the city. Then, with a condescending turn of his head, the detective spoke in a matter-of-fact voice:

"Lousy weather, ain't it?"

His companion turned, startled at having been spoken to and gave him recognition by an upward quirk of the wrinkles at the corners of his pale mouth.

"Yeah." His voice held a dejected tone and the detective nodded amiably, probably from the desire to satisfy his idle curiosity rather than with the idea of being pleasant. His nose, bulbous and uptilted at the end, looked like the variety that would some day be bitten off for being poked into places it had no business to be in. He continued good-naturedly:

"Goin' from work?"

"Ain't got a job."

"Tough times, huh?"

The man gave him a disgusted look as though to show that it wasn't necessary to state such accepted facts. The detective was silent for awhile and seemed to be weighing a problem in his apparently over-rated brain. Then with an almost imperceptible shrug of his beefy shoulders he grinned ironically, and to change the subject and again to answer his gossip-loving curiosity, said:

"Hellish murder run up last night. An old guy down in a shack on the east side got bumped off. Was slugged with a crowbar and beat up awful. I wasn't on the case but read all about it and I heard the guys givin' the low-down. Pretty messy, I guess—the shack—after it was all over. Fellas said it made 'em kinda sick to even think about it. D'yuh read about it?"

His listener shifted lower into his seat and nervously twisted the remaining button on his baggy coat.

"Didn't hear nothin' 'bout it." His voice was low, tingled with an appealing sort of fear, while his entire attitude radiated the desire to escape from being seen or questioned or even spoken to. The cop seemed not to notice, however, as he went on in a voice that indicated he was secure in having the law on his side.

"Yeah, damn dirty job. Guess the old boy had plenty of what it takes stored up under his boards. Kinda one of them—what d'yuh call 'em—eccentricities or sumpun? Too bad. I aluz said, spend it while yuh got a hold of it—or else. Never can tell."

The man next to him gave him a searching glance and with a sudden nervous twitch broke loose from the coat and rolled down the aisle. Deliberately he changed the subject:

"Been a copper long?"

"Ever since a young fellow." There was a slight pause and he continued, "It sure is the life. Lotza excitement 'n stuff goin' on all the time—like that affair last night 'n 'nother like it. I've hesitated and then suddenly demanded, 'What's yer callin'?"

The other man smiled grimly.

"Nuttin much right now but I keep hopin' fer som'thin' to turn up."

Conversation abruptly at a standstill, they rode on in silence. Finally, at a busy corner, the man in the derby reached up and rang the bell. He arose, and with a nod at his companion, he stepped out of the front of the car and stepped off, pausing under the shelter of a large black-and-yellow umbrella stuck up in the middle of the cement safety zone for the convenience of waiting customers. Watching him, the other man arose as though on sudden impulse and, with a roving glance at the remaining passenger

(Continued on page 6)



## CLUB CHATTER

A. K.

Well, our strenuous week is over at last, and we've really had a swell time! We just had a wonderful time at our own tea for the alumnae, and hope they had the same. Delores Smith, Sue Salter, and Charlotte Heck were the only A. K.'s back, and we were certainly glad to see them. They must return to see us some time.

And our Open House was a huge success, too. That was Wednesday night, instead of the regular meeting. Oh, for more meetings of the same type! Wouldn't that be nice?

And through most of this, Richey was flitting about in Washington being a D.A.R. page. Most inconsiderate of the D.A.R. to have a convention when we most needed Richey, but they didn't seem to care much.

We were certainly glad to welcome Carolyn back to our midst after her extended stay at home with measles and other complications. She was lucky to get to be at home, wasn't she? We're mighty glad to have her back to take minutes at the meetings—and for her brilliant countenance, too.

## Anti-Pan

Easter Sunday morning the Anti-Pans trudged down to the club house in the rain to cook a hot, sizzling breakfast for their alums. The old girls, who helped eat the fried ham, shoestring potatoes and hot biscuits, were Mary Louise Balsiger, Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Sara Draffin, and Margaret Morris.

Two Anti-Pans from Iowa sprung out in orchids on Easter. Tsk! tsk! such ardent swains!

And had you heard that for six heavenly days Marian plans to live in peace and quiet? The whole suite left for Washington Thursday, and Marian promptly took to bed for a much-needed rest.

Martha Claire Clay, Martha Anne Rogers and Sara Joyce Beasley tripped to Dickson for Easter and had a swellelegant time. Tain't no justice!

## Agora

Five old girls returned to grace our club over the week-end. The breakfast, Sunday, served to bring us all together in a general reunion. Fran and Keyport were the life of the party when they started in on old times with Zaig and Safford. The usual Nashville rain poured in on us but we didn't care... being all wet anyway. I guess our general revolt against fried-to-a-crust ham will bring results at our next feed. Here's hoping.

Virginia Lee had a birthday Saturday and enjoyed a huge box of cookies, cake, etc., from her mother... not to mention a trip off campus on Sunday. Surprise! Those A+'s of Phyl Hudson's and Ruth's! Are we envious! Jane and Ruth are in Washington now, having fun, no doubt. The baseball game Thursday wasn't so hot, but here's to our future!

## F. F.

Well, Easter has come and gone! The F. F.'s did get their share. Katherine Hayes' family came, Jean blossomed out Sunday in an honest-to-goodness orchid, and Nita and Pony followed with their gardenias. Ruth Davis had more than her share; flowers and Viva Lee both. Another of our well-known former F. F.'s was here also. Eva Charity is still her smiling self. We did enjoy having both of them with us. It seemed perfectly natural for them to be around.

Fried chicken was present in all its glory at the F. F. breakfast Sunday morning. Fanny Street certainly did enjoy the strawberries, judging by the vacant spots in the dishes on the table. Too bad she had to leave early; there were some left.

Two of the F. F.'s must be trying to "end it all." Monday, Alice Adams had an argument with the bed and came out of it with a defaced shin, while Pony decided that she was tired of riding Pilot so she just leisurely rolled off. Results: One laid-up hip. Now will you both be good?

Sure was nice of "Willy" to send Rosemary the plant. The shade of the flowers matched her complexion when she received them. Tsk, tsk!

Have you noticed the way Louise Morton goes over those hurdles in track class? She does it very gracefully. Just sort of g-l-i-d-e-s over.

## Eccowasin

Well! It seems as if our last mention of Frances Rose was only a forecast of greater glories to come! The Eccowasins are beaming with pride, and justly so over our National Writer. Congratulations, Frances! You are certainly doing your part to uphold the high goal which every Eccowasin strives to attain.

We had a luncheon meeting at the Dainty Maid this week. Everyone enjoyed it, as usual, and the day was so beautiful, we couldn't resist taking pictures. The walks down to Hillsboro certainly do bring forth the natural instinct in some of our members. Ask Jean.

Baseball games have started and the Eccowasins are out to win. Everybody come out and give the team your support. They need it to win. Have you noticed the Eccowasins at Archery these pretty days? The way Ann, Josephine Juliet, and Betsy hit the target is astounding. Some people have been holding out on us. At any rate, if we keep this up the Eccowasins will certainly come out with flying colors in the archery tournament. Let's do!

And last, but by no means the least, do you Eccowasins realize we have three members on next year's Council? Ruth is the new vice-president, Peggy, the high school representative, and Frances the proctor—Isn't that too wonderful? We can never tell you how proud we are of each of you.

## Osiron

We hate to brag, but I think you'll all agree that our tea dance last week was quite a success. Even the weather couldn't stop the garden party idea, because the club really looked grand all decorated in green. The organa dresses and corsages added to the gaiety—and wasn't the fried chicken good?

Baseball is progressing (?) slowly—and we hope to enjoy our game with the Anti-Pans Monday. Nell is a good sport when it comes to being kidded about her ability as pitcher.

Several of our members are in Washington—Katherine Beidenhorn, Louise Fosgate, Mildred Scott, and Modesta Good. Wish we could all go! We haven't had a chance before to congratulate Jeanne Morgan as president of the Kansas Club and Helen Jones for again representing us in Student Council.

## Penta Tau

What a week, what a week! 'Twas about too much glory for one time to have eight old Penta Tau Alumnae back and also our new furniture to show to them! It was so nice to have our last year's president back, Roberta Munger, not to mention "Boy" Legge (what a car she sported!), Jane Clark, a former president; Chris Sigmund, sister to Libby; Jane Severe, Soper, and "Tody" Von Borries.

I don't know how such a satisfactory alumnae breakfast finally resulted from the mad domestic scramble that took place in the preparation. Scene—Alice and Eddie digging out grapefruit at the rate of 2 a second—Patty enveloped in the smoke (and weren't we all of the sizzling ham—Mary Alice making coffee in a boiler. What, no pot? But such a trivial matter should not worry us—tish—



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Helen and Virginia Reed pulling out  
soft buttered toast. We hope the  
alums appreciated that breakfast, the  
work of our own hands.

Well—trips are a favorite pastime  
with our dear sisters Fette and  
Mary Alice are all keyed up for the  
Washington trip. Send us all post-  
cards, please!

#### Triad

Easter was a glorious day. Every-  
one had a grand time, I think, with  
the bunnies' eggs, and to say nothing  
of the flowers floating around.

Triads had an Easter egg hunt in  
club villages for the orphans and the  
kids were the happiest I've ever  
seen—

This and That:

New spring clothes in the air. Juan-  
ita seems to be doing grand—trying  
to match perfume to her outfit.

Emme's tea was a huge success and  
enjoyed by all—It takes these Triads  
to entertain, eh, what?

Marion, Mary B., Ellen B., Pat  
Herbert, Sally W. and all the rest  
dashing around having the time at the  
Delta Sig. and Alpha Chi dances.

#### Tri K

Three cheers for Miss Morrison!  
In fact, to be exact, make it a million  
cheers. She gave us the best picnic  
last Wednesday night! We all went  
out to the Hermitage first and just  
for fun—ask Miss Sission to take you  
out there some day. She knows the  
nicest ways to go! They actually had  
the colossal nerve to make us leave  
the grounds at 5:45—so back to the  
club house for us. It was just perfect  
to literally "lay all over the floor" be-  
fore the fireplace after supper, dance  
and sing with everyone so "comfy"  
in picnic clothes.

Last Sunday we had our annual  
Easter breakfast. Dot Jaeger was gen-  
eral chairman and she knows how to  
see to a regular Easter breakfast—  
fried chicken and all—something new  
for most of us. Isabel Coulter sang  
for us and Mary Jones read some of  
her poetry as a little early morning  
service.

Congratulations of this week to our  
new girls on Council for next year—  
Marion Weber, Jeanne Cookson and  
Beverly Lack. Also—as a side num-  
ber—to Catherine Crossan, Margaret  
L. Boyd, Stanley Elizabeth and Mary  
Eleanor Clay for contributing to the  
new "Captivators" orchestra.

#### X. L.

Well, a glorious Easter week-end  
has come and gone. We X. L.'s were  
glad to see two of our alums running  
around the campus. We were surely  
glad to have Rena and Ann at our  
annual breakfast. It seems as though  
the Dean forgot she had accepted the  
invitation to our breakfast.

Lattie Miller took the majority of  
her suite home with her to Scottsville  
for Easter. More X. L.'s running  
around with good-looking corsages on!  
It seems that certain HBM was espe-  
cially nice to Georganna. She received  
a box of Whitman's, in addition to a  
gorgeous gardenia corsage.

On Saturday it looked as though  
Foulston was going to be laid up for  
the week-end as well as her birthday.  
We are glad that she snapped out of  
it so well, and had a pleasant birth-  
day. Have you seen the gorgeous dia-  
mond—a gift from her folks? Many  
happy returns, Jane!

#### LOUSY WEATHER

(Continued from page 4)

ple in the car, he joined the man  
under the umbrella. With a groan  
the car started and heaved up the  
track into the gloomy dullness of a  
late wet afternoon, leaving the two  
men in the middle of the rainy street.  
"Say, copper, would yuh give me a  
fag?" whined the last man that had  
descended from the car. "I could sure  
use one, all right."

"Sure, bum." The copper sounded  
well pleased at the thought of show-  
ing his superior rank to a more de-

generated brother. "Guess I could  
spare yuh one."

He removed cigarettes from a half-  
consumed, dampened package and,  
supplying himself, handed one to the  
other man, who put it greedily into a  
corner of his weakly-twisted mouth.  
His hands shook a little as he fumbled  
in his pocket for a match. Lighting  
his own cigarette the cop, with a dis-  
gusted smirk, reached out a light,  
cupping the sputtering match in his  
ham-like hands. As he did so, with  
an almost lightning-like motion, the  
smaller man shot both arms forward.  
There was a sharp click, and the cop  
stammered of amazement, the copper  
growled:

"What the h—! Handcuffed!" He  
glanced up and his mouth dropped  
further open. His companion had  
straightened up and was now grinning  
broadly through firm lips. He turned  
back the frayed cuffs of his baggy  
coat and displayed the badge of a  
plainclothes detective.

"Game's up, mug," he said good-  
humoredly. "Clever disguise, and you  
almost got away with it, too. It just  
happened that old Nicklos wasn't  
quite cold when we reached him—  
though God knows he should have  
been after the beating you gave him."

His grip tightened and his face  
was screwed into utter contempt for  
the man opposite him.

"He managed to hang on just long  
enough to whisper two words. One  
of those words was 'friend.' Would  
have been tough lookin' for just any  
'friend,' for the old man had plenty, I  
guess, but he gave us one good clue  
in the last of those two words. The  
'friend' that bumped him seems to  
have had a little crescent-shaped scar  
high on his right cheek bone." The  
plainclothesman smiled as the pris-  
oner carried his handcuffed hands to  
his cheek.

"No use, mug. You're all washed  
up," said the detective. "The rain  
loosened that adhesive plaster while  
you were telling me about old Nicklos  
on the car."

Phyllis Hudson, '36.

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# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, May 4, 1935

Number 28

## PAGEANT, CLIMAX OF IRIS WEEK

"The Iris, In History, Legend, and Poetry" was the name of the pageant presented Friday night, May 3, on the steps of the Parthenon. It was given in honor of the National Iris Society, and dedicated to Dr. James H. Kirkland of Vanderbilt University. Pauline Sherwood Townsend wrote and directed this pageant, and it was acted by the students of Ward-Belmont. The Queen of the Iris who has reigned over the entire Nashville Iris Week was Gertrude Lewis McCall, the Iris in the pageant was portrayed by Nancyann Schmid, and the choragist who announced each event were Mary Lee Wilson and Jean Stewart.

The scene opened upon a festival day on Olympus, and the Gods were assembled for contests and to hear the pleas of mortals (Catherin Crowell), Athena (Emmalou Florey), and Aphrodite (Louise Robinson) descended from Olympus for mortal judgment of their beauty.

The main feature of the pageant was the appeal to the gods by Iris, who asked for a home and rest from their commands. The gods granted her request if she would be able to find a temple as beautiful as the one on Olympus, a city dedicated to learning, and one whose hills were covered with her sacred flower, the Iris.

Iris, the messenger of Hera, searched in vain in every corner of the earth. In Medieval England, Edward III had claimed the Fleur-de-lis as his emblem; the country was typified by a scene from the "Tempest," with the diploma students enacting the various characters.

She still wandered from country to country, searching for the temple, the iris, and the city dedicated to learning. Just as she was about to give up in despair, her ear caught the note of a bird's song, and she lifted her eyes to this, the city of the iris; the city of her dreams. Students dressed in caps and gowns represented the various schools, and on either side of the broad steps were the Greek games, put on by the dancing students.

The final scene in the rich, deep floodlights under the huge pillars of the Greek Parthenon was especially effective. The Gods had assembled on Olympus to welcome Iris, bless her, and give her a home in the Iris City. The Hymn to Zeus was sung as over one hundred and fifty girls poured down the steps of the Temple, offering her bouquets of iris.

## DR. CAMPBELL TALKS ON "LIGHT"

"There are three ways to produce light," said Dr. Doak Campbell, in his chapel talk, Sunday morning, April 28.

Dr. Campbell, who is the executive secretary of the American Association of Junior Colleges, chose "Light" as his subject, and not only gave a three ways to producing light but a spiritual application for each method.

First, light may be obtained by burning or consuming something, as when a candle is burned. Most of us as Christians would not produce more than a gentle glow, but Jesus, John, and Paul were consumed by Divine fire.

Then, light may be obtained by bringing the filament into contact with electric current. Just so, if we maintain contact with the Power, will our light shine out.

By means of light reflected from a polished, clear surface, messengers may be sent for as far as fifty miles.

## FORTH IN THY NAME

This essay by Frances Rose won first prize in the national contest sponsored by Scholastic Magazine.

Memory is one of the most powerful forces in the world. It is constantly weaving its strong threads in and out of the design of our lives, like the warp and woof of some great tapestry. Sometimes its patterns are dark and somber, but at irregular intervals the threads gleam in the darkness and flash golden fire up into our eyes, and there comes back to us the departed happiness of a moment, of a day, of a word.

Memories of childhood should be happy ones. Later, there are too many conflicting forces at work for the days to have that same shimmering mad, carefree lightness that is typical of true childhood. With the teens comes the sudden awareness of one's growing powers, and adolescence brings tumbling into the mind all those doubts, wonderings, and attempts to reach out that mark the approach of young womanhood. Suddenly there are inner struggles to be fought, important decisions to be made. There are questions to be considered that, heretofore, had held little significance. And while the solution to these questions holds a lasting joy and the only real ones, nevertheless, one should be able to look back down the years to at least one period of his life spent in complete abandoned gaily.

The threads in my life pattern are many-colored and typify many things. From the motley days, golden stardust glimmer in my face, laugh into my eyes. These threads spell school; I have attended one school so long that it is a second home to me. In this one school I have left my childhood for girlhood, and girlhood again for adolescence. There many thoughts have been born, shaped, molded by careful hands into more perfect form. There I have known companionship and the rich warm surety of friends.

Nearly a dozen years ago, I can remember trudging home on the last day of the year from the school that I was then attending. Clutched in one hand was a report card, with large black writing on the bottom stating "Promoted from the first grade." That was big step. I had learned to read "Peter Rabbit" and make a capital "D" and fight with little boys. Surely these were primary requisites for success. And then, suddenly, a momentous question was put to me, "How would you like to go to Ward-Belmont?" I can never remember how I reacted to that. The next thing I recall is being led up the steps of what seemed like a private home, up to the second floor, and being left there. Alone? Well, practically alone. I didn't know any of the fat pink-faced, sniveling little girls anymore than they knew me, and we all felt equally uncomfortable for the first few days. After that we were pals.

For three years I was taught on the second floor of that building. The first year we read "Baby Ray"; the second year I wrote 9x3 over and over in my tablet trying to make the product equal twenty-seven; the third year brought lessons in penmanship and drawing. I will never forget my superhuman struggles to draw a row of green rabbits on my paper, or how I wept when I made a C in drawing. A "C"! I was to learn more of those later. That same year we were delighted by having our teacher read to us the whole of William Green Hill, and the Jungle Book, and the Just-So Stories. Now, it is no sober periods of study that return to my mind, but rather absurdly trivial things—the white desks that we mailed headlessly with pencil drawings; the white desks that we mailed headlessly with pencil drawings; the white desks that we mailed headlessly with pencil drawings; the upper-porch opening off of the classroom; an oriole's nest, the first one I ever saw, hanging on the branch of a tree outside the window. Thus went the first three years. And always the days were enriched by Miss Annie's words of encouragement and her sage advice.

The fourth year brought a change. So far, all classes had been carried on on the second floor of the building. Now we were to move downstairs! Suddenly everything was different. We were summoned to class in the morning by a clanging bell wielded vigorously by the teacher. Large geography books replaced primers, and the every-terrible problem of arithmetic became still more dangerous in the form of topsy-turvy fractions. Mixed numbers loomed as insurmountable barriers in so far as promotion was concerned. I could understand that if two apples were divided into halves and one-half was given to Margie, one and a half apples would remain—I could understand that. But when it came to saying as much in figures, I simply could not do it.

The two years on the ground floor of the Hudson building were marked by typically school-girl events. Games of "Fox-in-the-morning" and "Hed-over" took the place of "Hide-and-Seek." Relay races and very poor tennis teams were substituted for the endless variations of "hopscotch." In the classroom, we became mysterious and slipped notes back and forth while the teacher held class in the different corners of the room. These notes were written in complicated (and original) codes, so that such momentous questions as "Will you be my partner in gym today?" could be safely exchanged without being interpreted. Soon note-writing was to give way to shooting paper airplanes and forming secret societies.

With the arrival of Junior High School, we were again moved, this time into a north side room in Little Ac. Deprived of the sun, Miss Major kept her room glimmering with green things to give the effect of light. From several shelves, vines cascaded downward and tumbled over the floor like a jubilant waterfall. In the spring, great armfuls of buttercups and flags and tulips made the room quiver with color. There, in Junior High grades, I learned more about the Bible than I had known before or have known since. Fifteen minutes of every morning were devoted to Bible Study. We concentrated especially on Proverbs, with the result that it is one of my favorite parts of the whole book, today.

Without warning the time arrived for graduation from the Eighth grade. It was really a very serious occasion. "Mother's little girl" was growing up. High school suddenly loomed as something very big and important and not a little frightening. On the great day, Miss Annie came over and gave us an inspiring talk and presented us with diplomas—little decorated sheets of paper with gold stars in the corner. On the strength of our scanty Latin knowledge, she explained to us how those who had passed creditably had on their diplomas the word *laude*—with praise, and how the honor students had

(Continued on page 6.)

## BIRD BANDING DESCRIBED IN CHAPEL

On Monday, April 29, Mrs. F. C. Laskey presented some of the most interesting details of her work on Bird Banding in her chapel talk. Since 1931, Mrs. Laskey has operated a bird banding station, and she now has several sub-stations in this vicinity. All of her reports are sent to the Biological Survey in Washington, D. C., and are kept on file there.

Mrs. Laskey stated that the qualifications for the bird bander are that he know birds, being able to identify them when held in the hand, and that he have access to a library where he may gain information about the different species of birds. She said there is an element of romance and adventure in the work, and told of the twelve kinds of traps that various species of birds require. To the lover of birds, each type seem to have a definite character, and it was fascinating to hear of the contrasts in their behavior, when trapped, in courtship, and when attracted by food. Mrs. Laskey said it is interesting to find the homing instinct in birds, and she gave several examples of birds that she had banded. Many people think that banding birds frightens them and make them avoid the banding station, but Mrs. Laskey has not found this to be true, and she believes that birds have no lasting fear. She says that there are as many birds at her station as there were before she began her interesting and beneficial work.

## STUDENT RECITAL THURSDAY EVENING

The following student recital was presented on Thursday evening, May 2, by the music department.

- String Quartet—  
(a) Air Bach  
(b) Quartet D Major No. 35 Haydn  
(First Movement)  
Ella Lu Cheek, Roberta Lincoln  
Gladys Stonestreet, Ruth Porter
- Piano—*Du bist die Ruh*  
Schubert-Liszt  
Alice Adams
- Voice—  
(a) Care Selve Handel  
(b) The Year's at the Spring  
Mrs. H. H. A. Beach  
Arlene Hershey
- Violin—Gypsy Serenade Valdes  
Cleo Smith
- Piano—Etude Op. 10, No. 12 Chopin  
Betty Moroney
- Piano—Valse Brillante Mana Zucca  
Betty Penick
- Voice—  
(a) The Little Shepherd's Song Watts  
(b) Villanelle dell'Acqua Lady Corinne Myers
- Violin—Andante and Scerzo David  
John Howard Wise
- Piano—Rhapsody, F Sharp Minor Dohnanyi  
Isobel Goodloe

## RIDING SHOW, MAY 11

The annual spring riding show will take place on Saturday afternoon, May 11. At this time all girls who have been taking riding this spring will take part in at least one class. There will be eight events, including: jumping by the advanced girls, an elementary school class, a three-gaited class (two sections), five-gaited combination, beginners, a handy ride, and a pair class.

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### CLUB CHATTER

#### Anti-Pan

The Anti-Pans did themselves up right proud last Wednesday night by entertaining their club sisters at a formal buffet dinner. The Del Vers paid us a neighborly visit all dressed up in their best bibs 'n tuckers, and ate their share of the chicken and strawberry mousse. There was late dancing to the melodious strains of the Captivators.

Hurrah for our side! Seems that we won the baseball game from the Osirons Tuesday afternoon by one point. Poocooof, a mere nothing—with Doughty as pitcher, and Crockett as moral support, we could even leave the New York Cubs in the dust!

We hear that Jana is just having too good a time, what with the Washington trip and her Mother's being here. In fact, so good that she pulled a regular old-fashioned faint the other morning at breakfast and scared us all to death.

The best time of the week goes to Charlotte Watkin who trotted down to Chattanooga for the week-end with her mother and Mrs. Longnecker.

#### Osiron

We are certainly glad to see you all back from Washington and to know that you had such a grand trip. I know Thelma is glad to have Mildred back. She certainly did miss you, Mildred.

The rest of us had a big time playing ping-pong over the week-end. It's a great game. The only danger in it comes from slipping and falling around the room. Ask Marty Kiger.

She'll tell you it's good exercise, too. Goodness me! Margaret Louise Bollers' folks and A. K.'s were here again. It must be grand!

May we take this opportunity to thank the Anti-Pans for a great time Monday, even though we didn't take the prize for snappy playing.

#### Del Vers

We are certainly going to miss Judy Acheson—that's awfully hard luck. We're pulling like everything for her to get better right away.

Surprising themselves (but not us cheerers) D. V. baseball team won from the Aristons in their Monday game.

Keep it up, team—rah!rah!

#### Penta Tau

The Penta Taus were well represented in Washington last week. Potts and Paine haven't quite recuperated from their strenuous week-end yet. Poor Manley is still going around in a fog.

Joyce, there must be something mighty attractive down in Georgia. How were the dances?

Last week's club meeting was turned into a very heated discussion over our open house. Plans are progressing right along for another good old Penta Tau dance.

Next meeting, we will elect our new officers for next year. Here's hoping we get a bunch as good as this year.

#### F. F.

The F. F. club house was the scene of a right savory breakfast Sunday morning. Sausage and cinnamon toast were put away without any

trouble at all. Among those present were Pony, Rosemary, and Jean.

Hudgins was the lucky one last week-end. She took herself off to home (Kentucky) and had a scrumdilious time, so we hear. We're all stepping out this week-end, even ye olde columnist. Louise Morton is going to Washington to visit her sister who was a former W.B. girl as well as an F. F. Say "hi" to her for us Louise. Eula is going up to Mont-eagle for the week-end (needs a rest, no doubt).

Among those luckier ones who are planning to attend the Derby (whether they get to see anything or not) are Nita, Jean, and Pony. Jean and Pony leave Thursday and Nita leaves Friday night. We hope by the time this paper is read that they are all having the time of their lives. I don't think there is much doubt about their having it, either.

Vespers was very ably led by Jean Reinhardt Sunday evening. Those who were absent missed a nice meeting as well as some good cookies.

#### Eccowasin

We haven't yet gotten over the shock of getting out of club meeting early—for once. Instead of dashing out madly (as usual), we sat there stunned, not able to understand.

Although we didn't win our first baseball game the other day, the Eccowasins were out to win. They really played grand and we're mighty proud of them. Better luck next time!

These cadets surely have some of our members going—Carroll and Polly Ann both wearing insignias and Jane sporting a Sewanee pin. 'But listen to this: one cadet, who is an honor member of council at his school, visited one of our girls not long ago, and since the visit has refrained from wearing his Honor Council cord, which is something. We would like to have it explained.

The beginning of the end—only one month left at school. So let's get busy and work hard, and show what we really can do. But 'til next week, so long!

#### X. L.

We certainly did enjoy breakfasting with the Tri K's. We thought some of the girls wouldn't be there because it was "sleep-over Sunday," but we were mistaken. I guess they all got as hungry as Lattie Miller. We also had to give Elizabeth Mastin and Cookie Durand the high sign to stop eating so much—you know, "family hold back so company can have second helping." Just fooling—after it was all over went in the kitchen and found Miss McFerrin just eating away. Hope the Tri K's enjoyed it half as much as we did.

Seen about the club:

Elizabeth Rudolph and Elsie Sante doing some sort of dance.

Our sponsor knitting.

Lattie going around with a check book.

Betty and Connie almost on the radio.

Sally Bateman looking so full of that certain thing called intellect.

#### Agora

Congratulations to our new president! May the glory of our past successes be yours, etc! Here's the best of luck to you all next year! Well, my friends, the Keyport Coffee tennis sensation are still undefeated, but I fear it won't be for long. The baseball had that old hockey spirit—I don't know now who won Wednesday—but it was the best team.

Sunday certainly was a delightful evening so I guess—we got spring fever and went to bed, at any rate the club was deserted—Girls! where is that loyal spirit? Ahem!

Berger, Jones, and Reed returned from their smoky fiesta in Washington and it seems by reports that everyone had a marvelous time. Sure wish I'd gone! Miss Graham is still appearing with the Captivators as drummer—you must come up 'n hear her drum sometime—no more news—so by.



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## DANCE COLUMN

## DANCERS AND DANCING—EXPLAINED BY MR. ARNOLD HASKELL

What is the spirit of the dance? What is embodied in the title, the dancer? Mr. Arnold Haskell, in his book, *Balletmania*, expresses these answers truthfully from the view of a great ballet enthusiast.

As an introductory remark to his discussions, Mr. Haskell writes: "It is my firm belief that human society is divided into three distinct castes: Russian dancers, dancers, and very ordinary people." The dancer he worships is defined by these explanations:

The dancer is perhaps the only true "amateur" in the theater today, using that word in its finest sense. She lives definitely for her art, and for what it can bring. The dancer is also the supreme professional, at the very end of the scale from the film actress. The film actress is the true "amateur" of the theater in the very reverse sense from the dancer. One day a typist, the next day a star, and the rewards are great indeed. Puppet as she is, her work may be hard, but the dancer's is harder. This is a chronicle of hard work.

The dancer will never cut her rehearsals, but will clamor for more, and when she is not dancing herself she will watch others, in acute discomfort, for she will make every movement inwardly, and suffer with every fault. She has never finished learning. At the height of her triumph she must submit herself to the discipline and often to the abuse of her ballet-master.

Dancers are feted, meet the most interesting people of their day, but they live in a world apart, a world of their own making, classroom, rehearsal, a hurried meal, shoes and tights to darn, and the stage. They think of dancing, dream of dancing. They know that theirs is the responsibility, that they alone are the sole guardians of a great tradition. Already Anna Pavlova, with so much of Tagleoni in her, is only an exciting memory. But a memory that is positive, that has made and still is making dancers, who will possess something of her poetry, even some of her technique, and especially that will to serve and to be an artist.

As for the spirit of the dance, Mr. Haskell has quoted one of the oldest philosophers the world knows:

"The dance is of all the arts the

one that most influences the soul. Dancing is divine in its nature, and is the gift of God."—Plato.

## BON VOYAGE TO YOU

Another trip to be sponsored by Ward-Belmont has been planned; another opportunity is being offered to anyone who feels inclined to take advantage of it. Just between the all of us, I'm thinking it would be a good idea to look into this seriously, seeing as how the school has to know by May the 14th how many declare themselves in. In other words, you'd better not dally too long because this is going to be a dilly of a trip.

Here are a few of the most particular of the particulars. First, I think, would be the financial consideration. The cost of the entire trip is \$1,260. And very reasonable, too. The itinerary includes Paris with the Louvre, a tour to the magnificent palaces at Versailles, the Opera, all the shopping you can pay for, and also a chance at being part of the night life of the city. Quite something, yes. Then on to Switzerland, Geneva, and the Alps, which you will attempt to climb in case you feel up to it. And, my little friends, your spirits really have to be high if you don't catch up with them here. Then on to Italy where you'll visit Naples, Rome, Venice, ride in a gondola, have an interview with the Pope, admire the cathedral at Milan, eat spaghetti in real Italian fashion, and do anything else that might happen to come up in between times. In Germany you go through the cathedral of Cologne. Then on to absorb the foreign atmosphere of Prague and all such like. The last stop is England with Westminster Abbey, English sports clothes, the country of the lake poets, all the gorgeous scenery and historic background that could be. To Scotland, to Ireland, all over the country, doing and seeing the things you've read about and then back to Southampton where you sail for home after having had a most beautiful time.

The date of sailing is June 19th. If you'd like it, you can spend some little time in New York beforehand. It's a mighty fine place and the last of the United States that you'll see until the last day in August. The boat that you'll travel on is a cabin boat, everything first-class and incidentally, a first-class time in the crossing. For first aid ahead of time, go to see Mrs. Bryan; also for more detailed information, and high-powered sales talk. Well, I guess I've told all I know to tell. Wishing you a mighty fine trip and likewise an Italian Count or so, I am, very decidedly, talked down.

## SPORT NOTES

Luck has been tailing the baseball season so far, enabling all of the games to be played in fair weather. The season opened April 28th, with a victory of 28 to 3 for the Angkors over the Del Vers. By the way, the Angkors won the cup last year. The Agoras beat the Ecowasins 13 to 10, and the Tri K's won over the X. L.'s 20-3, mostly by virtue of their hard hitting.

The most exciting game up to the present was the Anti-Pan-Osiron. The teams were neck to neck most of the time, with the final score showing up the Anti-Pans ahead 9-8. The Penta Taus won from the A. K.'s in a startling upset, 12-7, although the A. K.'s had led in the scoring up to the last inning. The Triads defaulted to the F. F.'s, and the Del Vers regained their poise by beating the Aristons 9-7.

As the tennis doubles tournament progresses to the quarter final stage, we find the teams of Chadwell-Allen, Chase-Sartor, Potts-Bradley, Benedict-Hill, Crossan-Worsley, Dickinson-Rye, Coffee-Keyport, and Williamson-Boyd still in the running.

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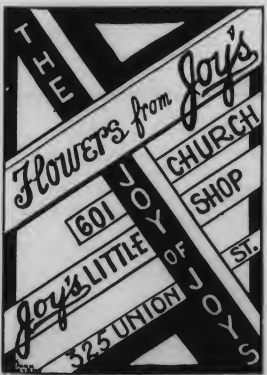
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riding show approaches. We are expecting some fine things come next Saturday.



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Published every Saturday by the students of  
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For advertising information, address Emmett Russell, Sr., Advertising Manager, 152 4th Avenue, North, Presbyterian Building, Phone 6-1171.



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## EDITORIAL

## SPORTSMANSHIP

In the past century many things have changed, among them the meanings of words. Sportsmanship, first applied to a follower of the sports, then to one who was a good loser and a graceful winner on the field of sport, has now become a cardinal point in the code of this generation. We forgive any offense sooner than that of poor sportsmanship, and the highest tribute we can pay is to say, "She is the grandest kind of a sport."

There really is nothing strange about this . . . we have been brought up on sportsmanship. Even in our fairy tales the hero was invariably the gallant winner, while part of the robber bandit's charm was the fact that he was never downhearted over his capture but "took it" in a most unchalant manner and (for the sake of the story) immediately devised some new way of escape. The villain was the poor wretch who whined and whined when the odds finally turned against him . . . and we despised him in proportion.

Despising a poor loser, equally do we honor the person who can lose as gracefully as she wins. One, who not only grins her teeth and bears it, but makes the best of circumstances and actually gets some fun out of misfortune. In losing she wins self-respect, the respect of others and the satisfaction which comes from having "measured up" when put to the test.

G. L., '35.

## WATCH YOUR STEP!

"Rest is the sweet sauce of labor."—*Plutarch*.

The whole world has known for ages that this is this one season, spring, when all ambitions are sluggish and all activity lags. Of course, you are curious about the new green world that is around you, and it is much more interesting to regard it from the open window than to keep your eyes upon the open book before you. And, of course, the singing of the birds is far lovelier than the talking of the teacher. Naturally the warm weather makes you drowsy and dreamy. Studying is very difficult. Watch your step! This is the most dangerous time of the year; for it is now that it is easiest to let work slip by undone. You know that the harder you put yourself to task these last days, the sweeter that "sweet sauce of labor" will be.

There are many talents and abilities in you. Do not

(Continued on last column of this page.)

## P-S-S-T!

Emmarny's hobbling gait on last Monday was caused by a blister which was the result of a six-and-a-half-mile walk the day before. Not having been given any particulars, we would just suggest taking skates the next time.

Janet considers herself highly successful when she can make a noise which causes someone to jump.

We'll bet a nickel that it was Sally who, in a psychology personality test, said that "life" or "pep" was what she meant by personality.

Mildred Parker has expressed her spring fever in artistic inclination. Get Artist Parker to show you her impression of goldfish in a bowl of water. Personally, we'd rather try to understand that "Nude Descending the Stairs."

Virginia takes the cake for dumbness (we wouldn't have called it that, but the word is her own . . . but for a different reason). She had fifty dollars of Milestone money in her purse and very unchalantly she leaves her purse lying unprotected in the tearoom. We don't blame Mrs. McBride for giving her rather a disgusted look.

Now we have Margaret where we

## CAMPUS COLUMN

Only one more month—How does that strike you? The poor Seniors are working on their certificates and diplomas in music, art, and expression and doing no little worrying, too. We hope they are all successful!

The girls who went to Washington are back with some mighty fine tales of good times. We hear, however, that there was a shortage of strawberry ice cream, and that Louise Lillard always brought up the rear. Also that now none of them want to go to Europe because they say they walked so much in two days there and were so tired that they fear they wouldn't even be able to get out of Paris for sheer exhaustion.

We hear that Miss Lydel definitely does not like the birds in club village. Get her off in private and ask her why.

Anna Katherine Howard is now known as "Miss New York"—at least that is Miss Pugh's new name for her.

Jean Stewart and Mary Ellen Hudgins must have had a mighty fine time in Hodginsville, Kentucky, where the former was the guest of the latter.

The X. L.'s are really going social on us in a big way with a breakfast Sunday morning in honor of the Tri K's and an open house Wednesday.

Gilbertine Moore took a bunch of the Senior gals to her home in Franklin, Kentucky. From all reports, they had a grand time.

Tuesday was a red letter day for us. From now on we can stay in town 'til seven-thirty. On the same day Catherine Crossan's Captivators opened their season on the Roof Garden. It was really awfully swell, don't you think? and we are awfully proud of youse gells for your work and good melodies.

Boots Bradley and Edwina Schmid had a fine week-end as the guests of Martha Craig in Franklin. We understand that Billy and Kent were there too, which made everything just too lovely!

The Anti-Pans entertained their sister club with a delightful buffet supper and everyone enjoyed it so much.

The expression gals were everything from Nemeses to Greek gods in the Iris Festival, Friday. You should see them practicing.

And how did you like the Sky-writers?

Joyce Cunningham from all reports had a grand time at Washington and Lee.

And may we send our best wishes for a speedy recovery to Judy Acheson who is convalescing at St. Thomas with a broken thigh. It was acquired in a fall from Pilot. We surely do miss you, Judy!

Congratulations to Buford Hayter for shampooing her hair for the first time in six weeks. Isn't it lovely?

And heap much of envious glances to Gail Lawrence, Frances Price, Eleanor Irwin, Virginia Barrett, Jean Wels, Louise Henderson, and Sue Swinford. They are making the Derby at Louisville this week-end.

want her! She had such a scrum-dulous time in Washington that she lost her voice!

On second thought, we have two more candidates for the cup for dumbness. Juliette and Frances Bratton. Do you know—well, of course, you don't! But anyhow, in chemistry—where everything is supposed to be done scientifically—they decided that it would take too long to test three different baking powders separately (for the elements which compose them) so they dumped two together and got a beautiful test!

Have you heard Evelyn Braden's new expression? It's "Sally threw

## EAGLE FEATHER

## LINES TO A BROWN OAK LEAF

Nor winter wind,  
Nor blizzard cold,  
Could loose you odorous hold;  
But, soft, a violet  
Called your name,  
And down you came.

CATHERINE CROSSAN.

## WHEN APRIL COMES

When I am dead,  
And April comes,  
To scatter orchard blossoms  
On my grave,  
And place the yellow crocus bright  
Against my stone,  
She will be sweeter then  
Than ever she is now.

When April comes to me  
Then will she stand beneath  
The pink blown blossoms  
Of this peach tree,  
Like a young girl  
In a dress diaphanous  
And yellow as the sunlight  
Of the morning,  
And my soul will sing to her then,  
As sings the robin in the peach tree now.  
LYRABETH FITZPATRICK.

## SONNET

Since human eyes at best, were made for seeing  
A scanty depth into a comrade's soul;  
Since we are fated not to know the whole  
Of even our most beloved's secret being,  
Since we hold dear things deep and would be fleeing  
A glance that plunged too straightly down and stole  
A dream from out our heart, or touched the goal  
Of our desires, without our hearts agreeing,  
Be now content to hold my tears as token  
Of something finer never to be yours.  
Tears, too, are beautiful . . . the word unspoken  
Gives back the richest echo, sings, endures.  
Hold what you have; no longer seek to own  
The soul past knowing which is mine alone.

FRANCES ROSE.

## AN ODD RHYME FOR AN ODD MOMENT

You cannot say  
I have not tried  
To keep you gay  
Day after day.  
And though you hide  
Your heart's dismay  
That you should foolishly have tied  
A winged soul like yours to mine,  
Yet do I know without a sign  
My tender efforts to allay  
Your boredom, are but bitter wine.  
If still at times your heart has cried,  
If still your life seems very gray,  
If I have failed to make you gay,  
You cannot say  
I have not tried.

FRANCES ROSE.

(Continued from first column this page.)

starve them now, do not keep them tied under. Perhaps it may take a little more effort to "hang on" than it has before; but the firmer your grip now, the sweeter your reward will be. The studying that was wine in the fall is medicine in the spring, and each swallow is more bitter than the last. Finish the draught, and you'll enjoy more fully the "sweet sauce" that is to obliterate the bitterness. Keep going, then! Don't let it be said of you that you let a little bit of weather—a little bit of spring—ruin what you have spent the year in building.

B. D., '36.

mine out" (the Sally is not the day student but a Mexican jumping bean.)

It's not the gift but the thought behind it—or about it—that Kitty counts. Ask her how or why.

"Easter Eggs" Roberts looks like Caesar himself at off moments. Pose a spray of some bush around her temple, get her to strike an artistic pose—and see the results for yourself.

"By their coughs ye shall know them"—the Ariston version of the proverb. To get the full significance of this, you should have been out in the field during the Ariston-Del Versa game. All of which reminds us that there is another game today and we have to go dress. Here's hitting 'em!



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*Lovemans*

(Continued from page 1)

on their *cum magna laude*—with much praise. Then it only meant that I was going into high school; but now, sometimes, I would give a good deal to hear Miss Annie say *cum magna laude* and to receive a little sheet of paper with a gold star in the corner.

I had been in the same school for seven years then—long enough for the first years to have become rather vague memories—long enough to hate the thought of being anywhere else. And now I was going into high school—four years of it. That seemed an eternity. I just couldn't see that far ahead; couldn't imagine graduating and leaving school, leaving the people and places that had surrounded me for so long. Instead, the days were filled to the brim with the business of getting established in different quarters. It was still the same school, but high school classes were held in a different part of the campus. No longer did we stay in one room all day, but at the shrill clang of a bell every hour we changed from one building to another. One mere mechanics of my way from one room absorbed a good deal of time at first. Soon I was introduced into the mysteries of Study Hall, and on rare occasions I ventured bashfully into the college library. Club-rushing presented the problem of which club to join; a few weeks later there was the oft-heard "Freshman, going out for hockey?" to which wise Freshmen promptly replied, "Oh, sure!" Then the weeks were filled with mad, breathless hockey games played on autumn afternoons when the air was so crisp that you knew it would scatter if you could crush it in your hands. Somehow, the most important thing I remember about that freshman year is going around in a blaze of club spirit, going out for all sports, regardless of my lack of ability. Among the rush of athletics, I have a hazy recollection of terrific struggles with algebra. There we studied the same old problems of dividing apples and giving Margie half of one, the only difference being that the apples were A and B and Margie was X and I was Y. The same result ensued. Lines and letters were even more confusing than fractions, and far more disastrous. I simply had not been cut out for a mathematician.

My sophomore year confirmed this. Gradually I learned to accept my failings in this field. After all, life is just too short to turn gray-haired over mathematics. And anyway, there were so many things to do, and to think about. The days were filled with a wild, high joy that springs up from no particular cause except that we are young and the world is beautiful. These were glorious hours spent lolling around on the campus, face pressed against the cool clover, feeling the pulse of the whole earth quicken with the exuberance of spring. Now the end of high school didn't seem quite so far away. When I thought of graduation I clung to each day with more longing trying to forget that in two years I would be gone. But always there was an insistent voice inside reminding me, always reminding me.

As that year merged into the next, this voice grew louder. Only one more year! With vicious snaps, Time bit off the months and chewed them into nothingness. Never before had the days been so full. Cicero orated passionately against Rome's greatest traitor, and in odd moments Catubulus could be heard singing to his Lesbia. French verbs loomed up menacingly and Algebra was again a trial. And all the while new thoughts, new questions were forming in my mind. Did you have to have a definite religion to be religious? If you loved beautiful things, wasn't that the same as loving God? Why did so many people judge you by just what's on the surface? These and many other things awaited an answer. And as they waited, another spring time around, glorious with sunlight and flowers. (Only one more spring left now.) Different moments come back in a rush of color—the first early jonquils, the beds of proud scarlet tulips, golden autumn sunlight slanting across the campus; the fountain on dark nights, cool with the stillness; magnolias in the moonlight. And after graduation I would leave all these. It would be strange, standing outside the circle looking on.

Now the time is too terribly close. Eight weeks, seven weeks, Time swallows the days whole! Jealously I clutch at each day, loath to let it go, because I know it means that much nearer to the end. And after that I am not coming back. Oh, I shall be back on occasions, but it won't be the same. Even though I live but a little more than an arrow's flight away from school, it will never be the same again. It will always be "When I was at Ward-Belmont," and "in my last year"—everything will be memories then. Sometimes the thought of it hits me like a tempest, and a thousand burning needles are thrust through my mind, and something in my chest aches and throbs spasmodically. Each succeeding one of the eleven years I have spent here has drawn my heart more deeply into the spirit of the school, until now, on the brink of departure, I cannot disinter the whole of it. It is too strongly held by a bond of beauty and a pledge of friendship. And I, as a member of my class must help pass on this faith to others who are ready to step into our places. The many things I could have done and didn't do—the things I started and didn't finish—these will be left for others who will do the work finer than I could ever have done it. And they must do it more beautifully, for I have a real longing to "Transmit this school, not less, but greater—"

And as I watch Time drop the days into eternity, watch them become one with the countless yesterdays of past years, whatever happens in the future this much has been good. Here, I have spent many years in happiness; I have shared in the commonwealth of comradeship, felt the pride of knowledge, heard the voice of beauty. Here, surely, I have found a little of the meaning of life.

## FACULTY RECEIVES HONORS

F. Arthur Henkel, head of the Ward-Belmont Department of Organ, is in Memphis yesterday and today attending the meeting of the Tri-State Convention of the American Guild of Organists. He has been honored by this gathering and has been asked to play the opening concert of the meeting. Besides being a most capable and beloved teacher, Mr. Henkel is one of the outstanding musicians in Nashville and has done a great deal in the furtherance of various musical plans in this city.

Excerpt from "The Western Artist" gives a notice of the Rocky Mountain Printmakers Second Annual Exhibition, which just closed at the

Denver Art Museum. Of particular interest to Ward-Belmont is the mention given the work of Miss Mary Wynne Shackelford, head of the Ward-Belmont School of Art. Of the two wood blocks entered in the competition by Miss Shackelford, her *Magnolia Grandiflora* is starred in the catalog, indicating that that piece received the purchaser's prize.

There were one hundred and sixty-five etchings, wood blocks, lithographs, and drawings chosen from several hundreds, and the uniform excellence of the work made the judges' decisions very difficult.

Miss Shackelford has exhibited and sold a number of wood blocks within the past several months. One, "The Quiet End of Evening," went to the Albright Gallery in Buffalo, N. Y. Among others shown, two of local interest are "A Bit of the Dimple" and "Granny White Pike."

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## DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE WARD

Wednesday—  
Eleven-thirty: Devotional. Speaker:  
Mr. Slomp, in whose hands we were  
'til twelve o'clock.

Club village is again becoming the  
haunt of those having aspirations to-  
ward that "burned-to-a-crisp" com-  
plexion! We saw Virginia Richey  
sunning herself and looking at the  
world through dark-colored glasses—  
and, bless pat, if we didn't think  
'twas Garbo!

Club tonight and then back to the  
hut while the A. K.'s danced and we  
envied!

'Night!

Thursday—

Class meeting, and Tony Treadway  
graciously stepped out of the running  
for Senior class president! And now  
we're right back where we started!  
Chased tennis balls and baseballs  
all afternoon and now we feel much  
like forty and waiting for life to  
begin!

The sun did right by us today! Our  
goal—black by June 4!

The lecture tonight, well, jst skip  
it!

'Night!

Friday—

Miss Ordway read poetry this morn-  
ing in chapel and then to lunch!

To the tearoom to loaf this after-  
noon and then to the hut to study.  
This has been one of the more exciting  
days!

Judy Acheson's accident has caused  
a lull over the school, and there isn't  
a student here who is not thinking  
about her! Such "grit" is certainly  
to be commended!

'Night!

Saturday—

April showers will bring May  
flowers—next Wednesday!

We played a bit of tennis this after-  
noon and swam around in the puddles  
on the tennis courts. We were a little  
handicapped with a broom in one  
hand (to sweep the courts dry) and  
a racket in the other—but we man-  
aged!

Out tonight for the evening and  
fun!

We've grown up now; our residence  
is Senior hall for the week-end! Some  
fun!

'Night!

Sunday—

Ah, sleep! Need more be said? Up  
just in time for church which was  
grand!

Down to club village after dinner  
to write letters and such! This was  
one of the evenings when everyone  
in the club decides to go out and, too,  
'twas a song service! A bit weak,  
but the spirit was there!

We clambered up the tower steps  
to watch Mr. Henkel play the chimes!  
It seems we weren't the only ones with  
the idea—just about half of the school  
was there! Did you hear that bass  
note? Well, that was us—(ungram-  
matical, we know—but it just sounds  
better!)

Back to earth again and study.  
'Night!

Monday—

We learned this morning that the  
age-old theory of catching a bird by  
putting salt on its tail no longer holds  
true. This is the machine age, girls,  
and they're doing it with the use of  
automatic steel traps, now!

Ah, another one of the snappy base-  
ball games, only this time the tables  
were turned and we were victorious!

The "Washingtoners" are back  
among us again, also Edwine looking  
very much like Lady Macbeth in her  
sleep-walking scene! Strenuous week-  
end, we'd say!

Tuesday—

Red letter day—we're still growing  
and can stay in town 'til seven-thirty  
without chaperons!

Stiff necks will be around tomorrow  
morning or we miss our guess! What  
with everyone hanging out the win-  
dows looking at the sky writer. While  
everyone was wondering what the

word was going to be, this was heard  
from a member of the crowd "He's  
not going to have room enough!"  
Have you guessed yet? No? I'm  
surprised! Mardie Page, of course!

Was there ever anyone who could  
make places sound more invitin' than  
Mrs. Bryan? Europe and Mrs. Bryan  
is our idea of a perfect team!

Surprise! a roof-garden dance and  
what fun it was! The Captivators  
should have a nine months' engage-  
ment here next year, we be a-thinkin'!

'Night!

P.S. By the time this Diary will be  
in print, Libby and Moeselle will be  
on their way to Georgia! We'll be  
thinking about them; that is, if the  
school is left in tact by the time they  
leave!



... Good ...

## FICTION for SPRING

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# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, May 11, 1935

Number 27

## WID PRESENTATION OF SHAKE-SPEARE DELIGHTS AUDIENCE

Friday evening, May 10, friends and students of Ward-Belmont had the pleasure of seeing another successful Shakespearean play, "Much Ado About Nothing," presented by the drama and certificate students under the direction of Pauline Sherwood.

This artful comedy was played with a vividness that was delightful, and the students did credit the Expression department. A particularly dramatic effect was secured in the most striking of all plays, which took place in the church where Claudio denounced Hero at the altar. Dogberry, the blundering constable, kept the audience in constant amusement with his muddledness and his comic violence to language. High comedy was induced in the characters of Beatrice and Benedict, both sworn foes, and both entrapped into thinking the other in love with him.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Ann Pratt	..... Helen Pillow
Caroline Bryant	..... Jean Stewart
Mary Lee Wilson	..... Mary Lee Wilson
Frances Graham	..... Frances Graham
Marian Truett	..... Marian Truett
Arlene Milligan	..... Evelyn Cooper
Arlene Hershey	..... Arlene Hershey
Nancyann Schmid	..... Nancyann Schmid
Marian Nicholson	..... Marian Nicholson
Theresa Howlin	..... Theresa Howlin
Pedro	..... Pedro
Mathilda Dougherty	..... Mathilda Dougherty
Louise Robinson	..... Louise Robinson
Rosella Lee Lewis	..... Rosella Lee Lewis
Catherine	..... Catherine
Hopson	..... Hopson
Caroline	..... Caroline

The blue boys who furnished so much amusement with their awkwardness and mirth-provoking stupidity are Rebecca Rice, Buford Hayter, Lawrence, and Nella Chambers.

## BOARDING CLUBS CHOOSE PRESIDENTS

Most of the boarding clubs held elections for next year's president on Wednesday evening, May 8. New presidents are:

Anti-Pan	..... Charlotte Watkin.
T. C.	..... Frances Prince.
Del Vers	..... Elizabeth Ann Reed.
Tri K	..... Patsy Schorndorfer.
L. K.	..... Elizabeth Rudolph.
Osiron	..... Louise Fosgate.
Agora	..... Betty Jayne Reed.
F. E.	..... Wade.
A. K.	..... Tony Treadway.

The Penta Taus have not yet chosen their president.

## COMMENCEMENT PLANS ARE ANNOUNCED

Three prominent speakers have been chosen for the commencement exercises this year. They are Dr. Humphrey Lee, Dr. Doak S. Campbell, and Bishop H. J. Mikell.

The commencement exercises begin on Sunday, June 2, with the Commencement Sermon delivered to the first school in the auditorium at 10:00 in the morning. Dr. Humphrey Lee, who is pastor of the Highland Methodist Church of Dallas, Texas, will be the speaker. Dr. Lee, (Continued on page 2)

## GLEE CLUB GIVES "THE HIGHWAYMAN"

The annual spring concert by the Ward-Belmont Glee Club will be given in the school auditorium on Monday, May 13, at 8:15. Sydney Dalton, the conductor of the club, and head of the voice department, has prepared an unusually interesting and novel program this year, the most important choral number being a setting by Deems Taylor, the distinguished American composer and critic, of Alfred Noyes' fine poem, *The Highwayman*.

In this cantata, which takes half an hour to perform, Mr. Taylor has done some of his best work, keeping up a constant flow of rich melodies, using his material skillfully, and rising to some fine dramatic heights as he carried out Noyes' striking poem.

This will be the first performance of Taylor's unusual work in Nashville. Priestly Miller will sing the solo passages allotted to the Highwayman which, like the choruses and elaborate orchestral accompaniment, are difficult to perform, and Margaret Pittman Bowers will play the piano version of the orchestral accompaniment, made by the composer.

Mrs. Bowers and Mr. Miller will also be heard in solo groups, preceding the cantata.

The public is invited to attend.

## FAREWELL EVENTS FILL MAY CALENDAR

As May comes along, bringing with it the usual things that the last month of school always brings, days are full and it might be well if everyone were to check on her calendar the dates of important events so that she can plan for them. This calendar may be subject to some few changes but as it now stands:

Monday afternoon, May 13, will be the spring riding-show. This is usually "the" riding-show of the year, and you may be surprised at the prowess of some of the girls who were bumping about so unhappily last fall.

Monday evening at 8:15 the Glee Club will present its annual concert. This year, among other things, they are giving the cantata, *"The Highwayman"*.

Tuesday, May 14, the Senior-Middles plan for their picnic at Dr. Barton's summer home, White Bluffs. There is a pool which they are hoping will be filled, tennis, hiking, . . . and all in all they expect a delightful time.

Wednesday afternoon is the track meet, at which time certain ambitious people will high jump, broad jump, hurdle and throw baseballs, basket-balls, etc.

On Friday, the seventeenth, the "Y" cabinet will have its annual farewell dinner. That afternoon the HYPHEN and *Milestones* staffs plan to hold high reels in the form of a tea in the HYPHEN office.

Through all of this time practice for May-pole dances has been going on daily, pageants, and court have been practicing, the Queen and her attendants have been chosen in preparation for the annual May festival which is to be held on Saturday the eighteenth.

On the eighteenth also the Day Students plan to have their picnic and on the twentieth the Glee Club has its picnic.

The twenty-first brings the final birthday dinner of the year, and on the twenty-third, awards to deserving athletes will be made in chapel.

May, twenty-fifth, members of boarding and day student councils for this year and next, members of boarding and day student president's councils for the two years and all sponsors and members of the administration will be guests at Mr. Benedict's summer home for a picnic.

The last day of May brings the Junior-Middles' banquet where they bid farewell to their high school days.

June, first, is the first evening of step-singing and the alumni dance at which the present Seniors are welcomed into the ranks of the alumni and the first tears are shed.

On June, second, Seniors clad in black caps and gowns will file into the chapel at 11:00 to hear the Baccalaureate sermon delivered by Dr. Humphrey Lee of Dallas, Texas.

On the evening of that day the same girls, clad in white, will sadly turn over their chapel seats to the present Senior-Mids and file down to Ac. steps for the final step-singing. After the steps have formally been turned over to the Senior-Middle class the Senior ivy will be planted.

Monday evening, June 3, at 6:00 is the All-Club banquet. At this time all clubs sit together, sing their club songs in turn, and the individual and club citizenship ratings for the year are announced.

Immediately after the banquet will be the high school commencement. On June 4, at 9:00 in the morning, college commencement exercises will be held, with Bishop H. J. Mikell of Atlanta as speaker.

And besides all of the events and functions listed here, there is Dead Week, with its (supposedly) attendant study, beginning on Monday, the twentieth, and lasting through that week. Exams will begin on the twenty-seventh and continue through the first. Seniors' exams will be over by the Saturday before commencement. And through all of this, families will be arriving, rooms being dismantled, plans for the summer and next year must be made. Yes, indeed, this promises to be a busy month and we would advise you to begin to plan ahead now!

## WARD-BELMONT GIRLS WIN STATE HONORS

Within the past two weeks, two Ward-Belmont high school girls have won honors in state contests. Frances Rose has won first place in the state poetry contest sponsored by the State Federation of Women's Clubs. The prize was five dollars, and included a trip to the convention at Knoxville where she read her poem. Several weeks ago she won first place in the district poetry contest which entitled her to enter the finals.

Saturday, Margaret Ann Rust won the state lip-reading tournament. She received a prize of \$2.50 and will go to the national convention at Cincinnati as Tennessee's representative, if it can be satisfactorily arranged. In this contest there were representatives from the leagues of Memphis, Murfreesboro and Nashville.

## BEG YOUR PARDON!

In last week's HYPHEN an essay, "Forth in Thy Name," by Frances Rose, was printed with the notation that it had won the first prize in the National Scholastic contest. That prize was won by her essay, "Mountains," not by the one printed in the HYPHEN.

## SCHOOL ELECTS CAMPUS LEADERS FOR 1935 - 36

Edwine Schmid will head the Senior class of 1936, Margaret Greene will edit the HYPHEN and Martha Kiger the *Milestones*, while Winnie Coffee has been chosen president of the Athletic Association.

These elections which were held Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week, complete the list of those who will head campus organizations for next year. Both boarding and day student councils as well as the president of the Y.W.C.A. were chosen several weeks ago.

Edwine has held several positions of responsibility on the campus this year. She was toast-mistress of the Senior-Senior-Middle banquet, Feature editor of the *Milestones*, which position she gave up at the end of the first semester when she was chosen proctor of North Front.

Margaret Greene has been a member of Day Student Council and Day Student editor of the HYPHEN this year. She is the first day student ever to be chosen to the editorship.

Martha Kiger has served as business manager of the *Milestones* this year and been prominent on both class and club committees.

Winnie has served on the Athletic Board, been prominent in all sports, served as sports reporter on the HYPHEN, and taken an active part in both class and club activities.

## DR. KELLY WHITE TALKS ON HAPPINESS

Happiness was the topic of the talk Reverend R. Kelly White, of the Belmonth Heights Baptist church, delivered in Chapel on Wednesday, May 8.

Happiness is what most people desire. Children and old people alike are searchers for it, and we all plan our futures with happiness as the goal. Many people are confused as to how to obtain and how to hold happiness, and they receive many things hoping to receive happiness with them. But when we grasp after things of this earth, we find happiness is not there.

It is unnecessary to "go somewhere" to get happiness. It is a state of being, a state of feeling, a state of living. It is an attitude, and beyond that—it is what we are on the inside. He who is genuine, true, and clean inside, has something within himself, has a good chance of finding happiness.

"You have to be something in your own heart and mind to keep your self-respect and happiness," Reverend Kelly White said.

It also comes through right adjustments. In the same manner that death breaks a pleasant relationship and brings misery, a wrong relationship, wrong adjustment, makes us miserable; and in the same way, joy comes through right adjustments.

Happiness with God won't come till we have made the right relationship with God. We must adjust ourselves to Him, and when we can look to Him with open hearts and minds, He will be ours.

Some people are unhappy because they are tuned in wrong, and they get only the static of life, or they have the wrong station. The proper adjustment is going to fashion the whole of your life.

"Happiness often comes after doing one's duty in life." He who has not flinched but has done his duty during the day disregarding obstacles deserves to be happy.

## DR. BARTON SPEAKS FOR MONDAY CHAPEL

Dr. Barton, speaking on current events in chapel on Monday, May 6, prefaced his talk with three general announcements regarding school affairs. He first announced commencement speakers for high school and college classes. The second general announcement pertained to office-holding and was stated thusly: "No person will hereafter be allowed to succeed himself in any major office." The third announcement was directed mainly to the Seniors, but could include all members of the Junior College division. Dr. Barton stated that he was holding "open house" from now until the end of school with anyone wishing to talk to him of any school affairs that would lead to the betterment of the school.

Dr. Barton spoke next on the rulings of the Supreme Court of Germany, who recently ruled that any man or woman who made remarks against Hitler could be divorced from their mate who disagreed with them.

The next topic of interest was Wagner's Anti-Lynching Bill which concerned any sheriff of any community that permits lynching will be guilty of evading a federal law and will be subject to the federal penitentiary.

"We still have pioneers." A boat sailed from Seattle carrying four hundred families to Alaska. Each family is to receive forty acres and from the public works money are to receive enough money to build a log house large enough for their families, livestock and tools for farming the land. No interest will be due on this for three years, and in 1938 three per cent interest will be due and thirty years will be given to pay the remaining interest. This is just a part of the project that the government is undertaking for the unemployed of the United States.

The United States Chamber of Commerce opposed the President in four or five of the major projects he is undertaking. They rule that the thing to do is to get rid of Congress and its appropriations if the welfare of the business man is to be considered.

The last, an interesting item discussed, concerned Canada and her relationship with the United States. There was somehow a misrepresenting statement given out concerning

the United States "preparational concern by means of airplanes" over the borderlines of Canada and the United States. "Over 3,000 miles of borderland there is not a single fortified place in either Canada or the United States."

## CLUB GIVES PROGRAM

The Sock and Buskin is in charge of the chapel program for Friday, May 17, and will present the play, *Enter The Hero*.

The following girls are taking part: Edwinne Schmid, Patsy Schorndorfer, Betty Carlisle, and Louise Lillard.

## PREP PATTERN

What's this we hear about Bus Frazer bringing a snake to call on Jane Davis?

Bev is still dieting. A little encouragement can bring great results. She's skipped dinner for three days now!

What does Jean mean—trying to beat Betsy's time? Well—you never know. Betsy went away for the weekend—there's truth in the old saying about "when the cat's away . . ."

Was there anyone who was not at Mary Ann's tea? Everyone looked so dressed up—quite a surprise to see how beautiful we can be! It was grand.

Can you believe it's true? Only four more weeks before school's out! All the boarders are in a coma—lost in visions of trunks, trains, and home.

Did you know that Cynthia Tompkins won first place on her entry in the Girls' Hobby fair? And that Beverly Lack won second place on hers? Congratulations to both of you, even though we are a little late in sending them.

"Ginny" Barret had a wonderful time in Louisville. How we envy these lucky people who went to the Derby! Well, farewell!

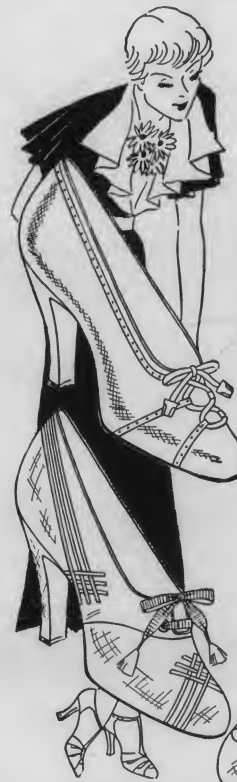
## "Y" ACTIVITIES

"Y"—Entertains Children from Tennessee Children's Home

Last Sunday afternoon just as the rain was beginning to let up, an advance car of children from the Tennessee Children's Home arrived.

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Other cabs followed, bringing about thirty boys and girls who were all dressed in their finest new clothes.

This gala occasion was a farewell party. Mary Jane Bass and Alice Adams, chairmen of this committee, met the children and took them to the chapel, where Mary Eleanor Clay played the organ while Stanley Elizabeth led an informal sing-song for the group of boys and girls. After this, the party went down to the K. L. club house; here the Captivators were waiting to give the children music of varied kinds. They played games to the music, they listened to it; and they sang with it. Every child there was allowed the privilege of beating the big bass drum.

An exciting hunt for all-day suckers followed. While ice cream and cake were being served, music of the chimes stole through the air. This was a brand-new experience for the children; one which was made possible for them by Mr. Snyder. They rushed to the door and looked about for the sweet music which was strange to them. About four o'clock, the children were taken home in taxis—thus bringing a joyous afternoon to an end. Those who assisted the chairmen in entertaining were: Mil-

dred Sartor, Frances Street, Virginia Reed, Joyce Cunningham, and Betty Jones.

## COMMENCEMENT PLANS ARE ANNOUNCED

(Continued from page 1)

who is former classmate of Dr. Barton's, is a well-known speaker. Dr. Campbell is a graduate of Trinity and S. M. U. in Texas, has been on the faculty of both S. M. U. and Texas University and has written several books.

The high school graduating class will be addressed by Dr. Doak Campbell of Nashville. Dr. Campbell is director of the division of Fine Studies at Peabody College and secretary of the American Association of Junior Colleges. His talk will be given on Monday evening, June 3, at the school auditorium at 8:00.

On Tuesday morning, June 4, at 9:00 o'clock, the junior college commencement exercises will be held, with Bishop H. J. Mikell of Atlanta as the speaker of the occasion. Bishop Mikell, a well-known speaker, is a graduate of Sewanee of which he is now a trustee, and was formerly rector of Christ Church here in Nashville.

## DANCE COLUMN

Personality—and Nijinsky (from the Russian Ballet, by Ellen Terry) —The Russians pride themselves on having a star system. Every dancer has a chance for distinction. I am only the center-piece of a great mosaic," said Nijinsky once, but in his case it is a very big only. Certainly the perfection of the ensembles, the well-ordered movements and groups of dancers assist this wonderful god of dance. When Anna Pavlova, whom still regard as the best of the women Russian dancers, was torn from her original setting, many admirers of her exquisite art, in which all the essentials of the dance, noble gesture, beautiful line, lightness, elevation, that play of movement we call rhythm and perfect time, are to be found, congratulated themselves. "Now we shall get more of her." We got more—or less.

"Nijinsky, in the years when Pavlova was still in the ballet, was allowed to have talent. Later we have begun to use the word 'genius.' Where does the difference between the things talent and genius lie is not the personality of the genius? They used to say of Henry Irving, who expressed himself in a multiplicity of parts, that he was always the same thing. Certainly he was always faithful to himself whatever he assumed. This is a sign of genius, not of its absence.

"There are many young men in the Russian ballet who dance excellently with their bodies, even if they cannot dance as high as Nijinsky, but what really separates him from them is the fact that he dances not only with his body, but with his soul. Unfortunately his expression is often used lightly to mean 'enthusiasm.' But it can be used in a graver sense, and it is that sense that I use it.

"I like even better these words from French appreciation by M. Charles Feryel. 'Let us think first of his power of evoking through means of a human body in movement, a sort of beautiful dream, of his power of subjugating his material appearance so that he becomes a "visitation divine" and almost immortal.' Nijinsky never recalls human experience, never suggests the passions of mankind. He is always the dancer."

Note: This book was published in 1913 when the Russian Ballet was at its height. Although the dancers, Nijinsky and Pavlova, are no longer in the dance, their definite genius and personality have had a lasting influence on the art. These criticisms express vital points of the dance.

## MUSIC NOTES

Five candidates for the certificate from Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music were heard in recital on Tuesday evening—four pianists and one vocalist. The quality of the numbers given and the manner in which they were presented not only showed musical ability on the part of the performers, but careful preparation and excellent teaching.

Mary Jane Dulaney produced a good tone in *Traumeret*, by Richard Strauss, and showed facility in the *Recluse in G Minor*, by Rachmaninoff. Catherine Lanham kept up a brisk tempo in Mendelssohn's *Bondo Capriccio*. Both these young ladies are from the class of Mary Douthitt.

Georganna Martin, who studies with Roy Underwood, head of the piano department, played *Liebestraum*, number one, and Debussy's *Second Arabesque* with considerable technical freedom. *Flower de Paravent*, by Foudrain; *Adams*, by Wagner, and Schubert's *Winter*, were sung with ease and smoothness of tone by Mary Eleanor Day, a pupil of Florence Boyer, who

played her accompaniments. The program closed with a very musical and dashing performance of the first movement of Greig's Piano Concerto in A Minor, given by Mildred Clements, who studies with Hazel Coate Rose. Mr. Underwood supplied an inspiring second piano part.

By SYDNEY DALTON.

The following students were presented in a recital on Thursday evening, May 2, at 8:15:

String Quartet—  
(a) Air ..... Bach  
(b) Quartet D Major—No. 35 ..... Haydn  
(First Movement)  
Ella Lu Cheek, Roberta Lincoln,  
Gladys Stonestreet, Ruth Porter  
Piano-Du bist die Ruh ..... Schubert-Liszt  
Alice Adams

Voice—  
(a) Gare Selve ..... Handel  
(b) The Year's at the Spring ..... Mrs. H. H. A. Beach  
Arlene Hershey  
Violin—Gypsy Serenade ..... Valzes  
Cleo Smith  
Piano—Etude op. 10, no. 12 ..... Chopin  
Betty Moroney  
Piano—Valse Brillante ..... Mana Zucca  
Betty Penick

Voice—  
(a) The Little Shepherd's Song ..... Watts  
(b) Villanelle ..... dell'Acqua  
Lady Corinne Myers  
Violin—Andante and Scerzo ..... David  
John Howard Wise  
Piano—Rhapsody, F Sharp Minor ..... Dohnanyi  
Isobel Goodloe

## P-S-S-T-I

And do you know what Allie George said? Immediately after having said that if she were to have a date, she would be scared to death, she remarked that she could hardly wait to get home. It looks to us as if she likes to be frightened!

The Aristons really had a rare time at their dinner. Virginia wasn't content to be the center of attraction at the table; she had to cause confusion by requesting some more tea. (She has a habit of taking advantage of unusual times to make announcements. Imagine the disgust of the baseball team, when, after having rallied them around her once to yell, she called them back to tell them to have their pants washed as soon as possible!) Babs Shields looked as if she had just stepped out of a page in *Vogue*.

We were sort of worried about the outcome of the nice white bib effect, but she assured us that any mishaps could be remedied without much difficulty. "Delicious" Allen is an authority on "points south" and cigarette butts. You'll have to ask her about that.

"Rose petal" Patty, with all the nonchalance in the world, had to rescue her rosebud several times—a thorn in the referee's amiability. At the present "hunting and pecking," she is using some more of the said characteristic in swatting the tennis balls "with the greatest of ease."

What Helen confesses that she is afraid of, Millie readily admits. Further than that, we cannot go in explanation.

We don't know that we should mention it yet or not, as it is not officially announced from the proper sources, but we are mighty proud of our Chemistry Lab partner.

Why all the groans from Sally in chapel, when the speaker mentioned the facts that most of us were having a time trying to make up our minds about what we are going to do when we get out of school in June? Can it be that she is thinking about—well, whatever she might be thinking of.

Could we give you a chain letter? Of course, we knew all the time that you didn't want one. One would think that with all the volume of the said epistles no one would have the courage to start another—but that is just

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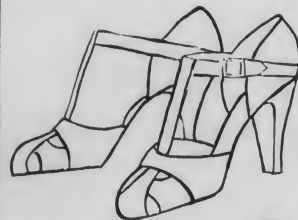
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what Emmarvne is set on doing—and a dollar one at that.

Theresa laboriously copied her letters in long hand in—well, we won't tell you what class, because Miss—anyhow, she was rather put out—to

say the least—when she found out that she could have got some forms to fill in.

That tennis game is still going strong, and we simply must go to see what's what.

## WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of  
Ward-Belmont.

For advertising information, address Emmett Russell, Sr., Advertising Manager, 152 4th Avenue, North, Presbyterian Building, Phone 6-1171.



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## EDITORIAL

NEW PRIVILEGES REPLACE  
OLD TRADITIONS

Spring, in fact, almost summer, has come and along with daffodils and warm winds came what means to some—a greater amount of freedom.

Tradition was broken to give some Seniors more leeway. This includes girls who have not served as much as a week's campus. One of these may, with another girl of the same standing, go in a taxicab or on the street car with a young man, to town, picture show, or church, provided that the girls have their parents' permission. This privilege is only for day-time use. It also means that girls may meet the young man uptown in some approved place, if they so desire.

In the college department the lengthening of hours of daylight also means staying uptown to dinner. Seventy-three is now the time when all "good little girls" are at home in their halls.

For the Juniors in high school, this loosening of the "ties that bind" means no more study hall in the library. Girls who have satisfactory grades may now pursue their studies (with Miss Allison's permission) anywhere on the campus.

Junior-Middles, whose conduct has been up to standard during the past months, are now on equal standing with their college sisters as regards going to lunch. This privilege was acquired by groups. The ones, who had received no minors or majors, going first, and so on. Some can never go.

The millennium hasn't come, girls, but times are changing. However, changing times means progress—progress in understanding between the administration and the student body. Don't slow up progress by taking unfair advantage of your increased spring freedom!

M. G., '36.

## CHAIN LETTERS

Throughout the ages, individuals of all races have indulged in certain activities for their own interest or for the interest of their group. These activities have become known as "hobbies" or "fads," and have ranged in variety from the glamorous, spectacular tournaments of old to the more humdrum, yet fascinating pleasures of stamp collecting. In recent years we have passed through seasons of autograph collecting, miniature golfing, marathon dancing, and hundreds of other "crazes." Today we emerge into perhaps the most far-reaching "craze" of them all—dime chain letters!

Postmen have been overlaid for weeks delivering these so-called prosperity letters to both enthusiastic and disgusted receivers. Ward-Belmont girls have, by no means, escaped, and their mail-boxes have contained more than dust recently! It is natural for these letters to have stimulated some interest and to have aroused some curiosity, but it is to be urged that this is not carried to extremes. You must keep in mind that fads have always been short-lived, and soon the "chain" will break. It is very improbable that one thousand, five hundred, sixty-two dollars and fifty cents will ever, dime by dime, come through the mail and find a way to your pocket, so please realize that there are more lasting "chains" than these, and spend your time linking true friendships rather than those of your dime-letter correspondents!

J. W., '35.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

Congratulations to the new office holders for next year. To Martie Kiger as Editor-in-chief of the *Milestones*, to Margaret Greene as Editor-in-chief of the *Hypheon*, and to Winnie Coffee as President of the Athletic Association, and to all new club presidents, and lastly and bestly to Edwine Schmid as President of the Senior class. We wish them all the very best of luck.

There were a number of very woe-begone creatures who arrived on this hyar campus about 7:10 A. M. on Monday morning. After inquiring around, we learned that they were the mere shadows of the former selves of those who were lucky enough to make the Derby. A GRAND time was had by all. We don't know whether Sue Swinford got an awful lot out of it since Cuba was there, but Buford, Annette, Mordell, Jean, Pop, and Gail, not to mention Miss Barrett and Fran Prince, certainly must have because they are still catching up on the "shut-eye."

And did you see the little recital on the top of the tower Sunday? Frankie must have really been impressed by Shelley's poetry because she was certainly giving herself to the sky and the air.

## On the Verge of Fame!

Sometime soon when all our friends and acquaintances at home are humming and singing "You're So Grand," we'll be able to remark casually, "Oh, yes, . . . Nancyann and Mary Lee sang that for us at school last year."

We all miss Edith Eason's company on the campus and hope she has one of the speedier recoveries. She shouldn't be very lonesome as Betty Hill, Bonnie Kirwan, Marj Wells, Alice Adams, Jean Dayton, etc., have really been good about keeping her company.

Now that the year is mostly over, we can tell it. There is a girl, a prize pupil of Dr. Hollinshead's who when she began to take chemistry, thought that H<sub>2</sub>O was hot water and CO<sub>2</sub> cold water. No, we can't tell who—the year isn't that nearly over.

The girls who were lucky enough to have fathers who are Rotarians were certainly entertained royally last Tuesday. In addition to a mighty fine luncheon at which Francis Craig furnished the music, they were each given a lovely pair of hose and a bouquet of flowers. Kay Crosswell was extra lucky and drew a pair of white satin mules and May Crume won perfume.

It is good to have Miss Coffee in our midst again. We hope that we will no longer have to receive some of her merry wit through house mail again from the infirmary.

Now listen, Rosemary, we all know that step-singing and its attendant, tears, are coming soon, but when you begin to get sentimental over the benches on the campus it is just a little too much.

Who are the Terrible Ten? The only ones who seem to know anything about this new organization are the self-named "Snoops" and "Stool Pigeons." Sounds terrifically mysterious to us!

Mary Jane Dulaney's room is running that of Mary Alice Paine a close second for being a veritable flower garden. She received two lovely bouquets after her performance in the Certificate recital. All the girls did nicely. As did the gals in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

From what we hear, an elegant time was had by the two well-known campus-raisers, Seigmund and Worsley, at the latter's home in Columbus, Georgia. Louise Morton also went, and poor Eula Wade who also lives there has been in practically mortal agony listening to all their tales.

And how many Chain Letters have you received? We hear that one little lady on the campus has already received thirty dollars.

## EAGLE FEATHER

The selections printed in this column this week have been taken from the Chinese and Japanese sections Mark Van Doren's *Anthology of World Poetry*. Most of these were written before the end of the tenth century. The names of the translators are given.

## WOMAN

A clever man builds up a city,  
A clever woman lays one low;  
With all her qualifications, that clever woman  
Is but an ill omnend bird.  
A woman with a long tongue  
Is a flight of steps leading to calamity;  
For disorder does not come out of heaven,  
But is brought about by women.  
Among those who cannot be trained or taught  
Are women and eunuchs.

(H. A. Giles.)

## ON THE BIRTH OF HIS SON

Families, when a child is born,  
Want it to be intelligent.  
I, through intelligence,  
Having wrecked my whole life,  
Only hope the baby will prove  
Ignorant and stupid.  
Then he will crown a tranquil life  
By becoming a Cabinet Minister.  
(Arthur Waley.)

## LADY HORIKAWA

How can one e'er be sure  
If true love will endure?  
My thoughts this morning are  
As tangled as my hair.  
(C. H. Page.)

A thing which fades  
With no outward sign—  
Is the flower  
Of the heart of man  
In this world.

My love  
Is like the grasses  
Hidden in the deep mountain:  
Though its abundance increases,  
There is none that knows.

Hoping all the time  
That we should meet in my dreams—  
I spent the whole night  
Without being able to sleep.

If it were not for the voice  
Of the nightingale,  
How would the mountain-village  
Where the snow is still unmelting  
Know the spring?

Since I am convinced  
That Reality is in no way  
Real,  
How am I to admit  
That dreams are dreams?

The beloved person must I think  
Have entered  
The summer mountain:  
For the cuckoo is singing  
With a louder note.

My heart thinking,  
"How beautiful he is,"  
Is like a swift river  
Which, though one dams and dams it,  
Will still break through.

The men of valor  
Have gone to the honourable hunt:  
The ladies  
Are trailing their red petticoats  
Over the clean beach sand.

O pine tree standing  
At the side of the stone house,  
When I look at you,  
It is like seeing, face to face,  
The men of old time.

May the men who are born  
From my time onwards,  
Never, never meet  
With a path of love-making  
Such as mine has been.

How will you manage  
To cross alone  
The autumn mountain  
Which was so hard to get across  
Even when we went the two of us together?  
(Arthur Waley.)



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## DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

*Wednesday—*

When one stops to think how very few more devotionals there are going to be in the future—well, there just aren't many more! What a time the speaker had this morning trying to time his words so that they would fall between the coughs of his audience!

Our sister club gave us the nicest party this evening with the bestest food n'everything. What a time!

*Thursday—*

No chapel, so we loafed! Watched Libby and Moselle get exciteder and exciteder as the day wore on, until at nine o'clock when they stopped by the hut to bid us farewell they really had no right to be left alone.

Went to the Parthenon tonight to run up and down the steps some more for Iris, which, by the way, has certainly been drug over the coals of late, poor flower!

*Friday—*

Most everyone's thought this morning on rolling out of bed was: rain and the pageant!

The playing in chapel this morning was grand and we have a distinct yen for two pianos!

After lunch we voted for the Queen of the May and now, time alone will tell!

The rain ceased and the pageant began—if 'tisn't one thing it's another! Such running around as the Parthenon saw tonight—well, it fairly shook with activity! Cayce and Miss O'D as the powers behind the throne i. e. Miss Townsend, were doing a neat little job of errand boys, right-hand man, and ladies-in-waiting—versatile!

We'd like to know what would have happened if Webbie's pink wrapping had caught on a nail! Anyway, it would have taken a long time to find out—twenty yards of material isn't to be sneezed at even if you do have hay fever!

*Saturday—*

Classes over and so to town. What night life! We stayed until seven-thirty and felt so all wrong and lost!

On our return we scurried up to the infirmary to the bed next to the window to see Winnie! Her list of callers and note-writers grows longer every day. Soon she'll have to start using the bedspread!

*Sunday—*

Rain! Ah us! We almost stumbled over the church-avoiders in Rec hall this morning. Funniest thing how the sick list increases on Sunday mornings!

After dinner we played nurse and called on Miss "Snuffles" O'Donnell and Miss "Pegleg" Coffee. Felt just like a ray of sunshine!

To the Toddle House tonight with Cayce and such a great deal of fun. On our return we learned that we missed quite a revolutionistic speaker in Vespers, the young upstart!

*Monday—*

Dr. Barton spoke this morning in chapel and we're seriously considering adopting him as our other Daddy!

Baseball games were played in the gym this afternoon because of the dampish weather—otherwise we know we would have won!

A dull afternoon despite the baseball game and an equally dull evening!

'Night, yours in disgust!

*Tuesday—*

The Senior-Mids voted for their class president for next year and though it's an ol' story now, we send love and kisses to Edwine!

After lunch we voted for College Maid (not made!) and if that wasn't one swell bunch of gals up, we miss our guess!

Surprise! We glimpsed our first magnolia this morning and what a thrill!

To dinner tonight at the Tri K house and what a sumptuous time!

We missed the recital tonight but from all reports it must have been a bang-up (apologies to the piano players) success!

'Night!

# Let's Go Shopping with Donna Baird at Cain-Sloan's..

EVERYONE is all aflutter because it's spring and almost graduation time . . . and summer vacations are coming on . . . so many things to do and to look forward to!

I HEARD one fond mamma make this remark the other day: "I'm not half as much concerned over whether my child graduates as I am how she looks when she does it!" Well, when the mammas feel that way, they can't blame their offspring, for feeling much concerned about graduation clothes.

WELL, there isn't anything to worry about except that when you see the many adorable dresses that are in our collection you will probably have brain-fever trying to decide which one you want most.

ORGANDY, mousseline de soie, cotton net as sheer and filmy as June moonlight . . . are in the frocks, with skirts very, very full, many of them ruffle-trimmed. Waists are sometimes quite prim with "little boy collars," shirtmaker collars, or off the shoulder. Sometimes buttoned primly up the front with tiny buttons. Many dresses have full ruffled capes which are detachable.

THESE dresses come in the most luscious pastel shades . . . pale green, turquoise, cameo pink, maize, powder blue, and, of course, all white. Prices are from \$10.95 to \$21.75.

FOR afternoon garden parties, teas, informal dances, there are shadowy flower prints, big checks, stripes and plaids that are colorful, and very cool, for they, too, are of mousseline de soie or organdy or net. The huge puffed sleeves make this type dress so very girlish and yet there is a certain sophistication about them at that.

FROM the way I'm talking about evening or afternoon clothes one might think I expect all of you to go around this summer dressed up in only semi-formals . . . but I just haven't gotten to the others yet.

ONE of the newest sports fabrics is a washable "ice flake" satin, a dress and a hip-length jacket, made very tailored . . . white, powder blue, pale pink, maize. These may sound rather dressy, but when you see them you'll realize how smart they are and every well-balanced wardrobe will want at least one, for they may be worn with either light or dark accessories.

SPORTS dresses in washable crepes, that really are washable, may be had in all pastel shades . . . and there is a line of the loveliest cottons, (speaking of cottons, don't fail to take home with you a tennis suit of pique. The skirt buttons on and the shorts and skirt are made together), and another thing a girl needs this summer is a good-looking swim suit and riding breeches.

BEFORE you set sail for home, make a last-minute trip to Cain-Sloan's and get the things you'll need the minute you get home . . . for there won't be any time to shop then . . . you'll be too busy going places.

Yours for a glorious summer,

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## CLUB CHATTER

### Anti-Pan

The Anti-Pans were well represented at the Derby, last Saturday, and from what we hear, Jana Longnecker, Charlotte Watkin and Martha Carson showed the Louisvilleans what's what. They arrived home in time for Monday morning classes, leaving their pennies behind them. Martha stayed over to say, "Hello," to Buster.

All our sympathy goes to Edith Eason, who is in the hospital recovering from an appendicitis operation. May you be back soon, Easy, and remember, we're thinking about ya'. We old Anti-Panners got quite a chuckle out of watching the new girls laboriously tripping around the Maypole. Eight steps left, eight steps right—will we ever forget it!

And are we proud of our spiffy new furniture and rug in our solarium! Two green lamps, a gorgeous green rug, a mahogany desk for our new president, two chairs and a sofa in modernistic, striped tan and green.

Last Wednesday night was one of our most interesting meetings, with Miss Orway as our guest. She read all our favorite poems as we sat around her informally on the floor.

Now that the baseball season is nearing its close, we should give our team a big hand, with two victories and one defeat to its credit. In spite of Easy's hurried exodus from the field to the hospital, and Mary Lee's eternal pageant-play practice, we managed to make a swell showing.

### A. K.

Well, we missed a perfectly grand week for news last week by just being lazy, and now we're sorry for that and for the fact that we've forgotten what we did have. Anyway, we do want to say that we are so glad to have Martha Merryday's mother still with us. It must be nice to have some one come and stay for a nice, long time with you. Or doesn't it seem so long to you, Martha? No, I guess not—I know it wouldn't to me.

Last week, did you see the handsome men in uniform flitting about the campus with Leora? Another thing that must be positively elegant, but we, the common folk, wouldn't know for sure.

By the time that this is in print we will know who is president of the club for next year. We know that whoever it is will be just swell, and we wish her all sorts of success, etc. Does that make you feel as if your work is done, Richey, and you guess you'd better just go on home? Well, we know whoever it is for next year will have a big job to fill your place.

On Wednesday night Richey, Jonnye, and Alice told about their trips to Washington. We all wished we had been there with them. Thanks for telling all us stay-at-homes about it.

### Tri K

Ping-pong played an important part in our activities last Wednesday night. We played for the title of winner by elimination. Anne Turney and Beverly Lack were the final contestants. We had our last Sunday supper, on Sleep Sunday outside.

Among the lucky girls who have been away for week-ends recently are: Gretchen Coleman, who went to Washington by plane; Betsy Strain, who went to Columbia; Winnifred Marsh, who went to Dickson. Virginia Barrett was among those who went to Louisville for the Derby. I haven't asked yet whether she bet on Omaha or not.

### Agora

Maybe you don't think that that Winnie Coffee isn't one swell club member and one swell sport. The other day at our big league baseball game she hurt her knee sliding in on home base, but the first thing she said was who should take her place as pitcher. That's what it takes, Winnie, only



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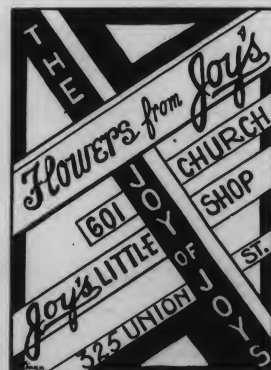
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we'd rather have you on two good legs than baseball scores, so take care of yourself.

It seems that Ruth Jones was a little happier than usual this weekend. We don't have to wonder much, either, since we saw her visitor from Chattanooga here Sunday. Good Luck! Your room-mate seems to be quite popular, too. We're referring to that certain dinner date, Berger.

June Leach has a new permanent. She had just had her fifth date with a very popular young man about campus. I'd like to congratulate you, June. Your evening at open house must have been successful.

We're all hoping Miss Casebier's mother has a speedy recovery. She has been in Vanderbilt Hospital for some time, but we hope it won't be long before she'll be able to get up again. We missed Miss Casebier at club Wednesday night.

#### X. L.

The X. L. open-house was quite a success. Everyone looked swell. Elsie Sante looked darling in a beautiful blue crepe. Elizabeth Rudolph had on a red organdy with three or four gardenias. By the way, Elizabeth, did you ever find out just who sent them?

I don't know whether it was planned or not, but just as Cookie Durand walked in, the orchestra hit up "Lookie, Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Cookie!"

Miss McElfresh seemed to be having a good time, too. In fact, everyone did. I didn't see a single person looking unhappy. There's something about these X. L. open houses!

Poor George was kept busy looking for cherries. Every time any one went to the punch bowl it was "George, be sure and give me some cherries."

Mary Beth Caton had on an adorable dress but right now I can't describe it. Maybe she will wear it again sometime.

Does any one know the Day Student who stood outside of the dance—her fellow was on the inside—and you know. Bye now!

#### F. F.

Haven't much to say this time (pretty big week-end for "ye olde columnist"). But maybe you're interested in hearing some of the F. F.'s impressions of the Derby:

Jean Weis—"I wish I were there now."

Nita—"Omaha is one fine horse" (result: one pair of shoes).

Mozelle—"Wish my head would settle down and stop going in circles."

Pony—"Oh, the dampness of it all!"

Wednesday night the F. F.'s held their long-planned-for, long-talked-of open-house. A success—yes, indeed!

#### Eccowasin

At present everyone is anxiously waiting for prosperity to come to them as the result of the craze for chain letters. Keith Glasgow and Mary Pope Creighton tried to get some of us on a quarter one but finally gave it up, as they found that we were too "scotch."

The archery tournament has attracted a lot of us, and here's hoping for success. We're mighty proud of our archers.

We glimpsed our president at a tea last week, looking most attractive in something soft and pretty. At the same affair we saw Jean Ewing, who looked like something out of *Vogue* or *Harpers* in an immense garden hat. There were scads of Eccowasins there, all decked out in best bib and tucker. In fact, it was almost an Eccowasin fashion show.

At last, we are going to have the much-longed-for club banner. We're to display it proudly on May day.

A good excuse for getting one.

#### Osiron

Wednesday night the Osirons entertained themselves with chicken dinner at the club, and surprised Thelma with a linen shower. She really was surprised, too, and hadn't suspected a thing even when everyone was buying "linen for their mothers for Mothers' Day." In fact, Thelma caught the fever and bought linen for her mother, too.

Important business was transacted also. Congratulations to our new president, Louise Fosgate; Catherine Kilty, vice-president; and Jeanne Morgan, treasurer. The best of luck to you!

Wednesday was a lucky day for Osirons. Besides all the other events, Martie Kiger was elected editor of the *Milestones* for next year. Congrats, Martie!

Plans are in the making for a ping-pong tournament to take place next club meeting. Helen Tibbitts is in charge.

#### MUSIC NOTES

Mr. Dalton and Mr. Underwood have both been away lately. Mr. Dalton went to Philadelphia where the Harp Singers, under his direction, sang several very successful concerts. Mr. Underwood journeyed to Sparta, Tenn., where he gave a very wonderful concert.

Mr. Dalton has been very busy lately preparing groups for concerts. Three different groups which he directs are giving concerts on three consecutive evenings. On Sunday evening the West End Church Choir will present a group of selections from oratorios. Mrs. Roy Underwood is one of the soloists. The Ward-Belmont string quartet will also take part on the program. On Tuesday evening, the chorus of the Centennial Club will give a program, under Mr. Dalton's direction. They will present Bendel's "Lady of Shalott."

#### SPORT NOTES CALENDAR

Tennis doubles—Saturday, May 11—1:45

Riding-show—Monday, May 13—2:00

Track Meet—Wednesday, May 15—3:00

May Festival—Saturday, May 18—4:00

Athletic Awards—Thursday, May 23—11:30

The Archery tournament was played off Wednesday and Thursday and the baseball finals were Friday afternoon.

Results of the baseball games as we have them are:

Eccowasin 3, Tri K 16.

Ariston 9, Agora 8.

Penta Tau 4, Angkor 15.

A. K. 16, F. F. 7.

Osiron 2, Triad 28.

Anti-Pan 13, X. L. 11.

Eccowasin 8, Ariston 25.

F. F. 0, Angkor 68.

Del Vers 18, Penta Tau 25.

Agora 9, Triad 11.

Tri K 21, Osiron 0.

A. K. 18, Anti-Pan 8.

In the tennis doubles the team of Chadwell-Allen advanced to the final on Wednesday by beating the Hill-Benedict combination. They will play the winners of the Crossan-Worsley . . . Boyd-Williams match for the championship this afternoon.

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### 1935 BASEBALL SCHEDULE

#### NASHVILLE AT HOME

May 13, 14, 15	..... Knoxville
May 16, 17, 18	..... Atlanta
May 19*, 20, 21, 22	..... Little Rock
May 23, 24, 25	..... Memphis
June 2*, 4, 5	..... Memphis
June 6, 7, 8	..... Little Rock
June 10*, 11, 12, 13	..... New Orleans
June 20, 21, 21, 22	..... Birmingham
June 30	..... Memphis
July 1	..... Memphis
July 5, 6, 7, 8	..... Knoxville
July 9, 10, 11, 12	..... Atlanta
July 21*, 22, 23, 24	..... Chattanooga
July 25, 26, 27, 28*	..... Little Rock
July 30, 31	..... Memphis
Aug. 1	..... Memphis
Aug. 31, 4*, 5, 6	..... Birmingham
Aug. 7, 8, 9, 10	..... New Orleans
Aug. 31*	..... Atlanta
Sept. 1*, 2, 3	..... Atlanta
Sept. 9, 10, 11	..... Chattanooga
Sept. 12, 13, 14, 15	..... Knoxville
—Sunday	—Saturday

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. . . . we are also giving a Photo Reflex 8x10 master portrait with every \$5 purchase . . . this is an excellent opportunity for graduates.

. . . Mothers day is this Sunday and if you are planning to send some little remembrance — be sure to see our suggestions on our first floor.

*Loveman's*



# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, May 18, 1935

Number 28

## 1936 ELECTIONS

### FINISHED

Completing elections for this year, officers of the Athletic Association and of the "Y" cabinet were chosen last week.

Jane Meyers will be General Manager of the Athletic Association, Grace Benedict, treasurer, and Catherine Crossan, secretary.

Members of the "Y" cabinet are: First vice-president, Mary Louise Henderson; second vice-president, Evelyn McCall; treasurer, Kitty Moody; and secretary, Dorothy Jaeger.

Edna May (Boots) Bradley has been chosen president of the Penta Taus.

Members of the *Sock and Buskin* elected Elizabeth Cornelius to act as president of the club next year, at a meeting called on Tuesday, May 14. Elizabeth has been very active in club affairs since its organization, and has shown great enthusiasm for it.

It was decided that the other officers should be elected at the first of next semester.

## KIRWAN LEADS IN

### CO-OPERATIVE TESTS

Mary Jean Kirwan led the school in scores for the Co-operative Achievement tests, which were taken by members of the Senior class and some other students a number of weeks ago. These tests are given for the purpose of letting the student find out the amount of general knowledge which she has on certain subjects, and the results in no way affect academic standing. This type of test originated in Pennsylvania and is sometimes known as the Pennsylvania test. The grades are based on the range of score at Ward-Belmont, the highest groups receiving A+.

Those who made A+ were: Judy Acheson, Martha Jane Chattin, Margaret Greene (Senior-Middle), Em-maryne Hartnett, Edwina Holland, Mary Jean Kirwan, and Kathryn Mills.

Those making an A average were Judith Berry, Eunice Mary Bicknell, Elizabeth Gray, Arlene Hershey and Gail Lawrence.

Leaders in the individual groups were:

History and Social Science—Lida Aline Brown.

Foreign Literature—Judy Acheson.

Fine Arts—Mary Jean Kirwan.

General Culture—Mary Jean Kirwan.

English Usage—Martha Jane Chattin.

Spelling—Eleanor Irwin.

Vocabulary—Edwina Holland.

Total English rating—Edwina Holland.

Literary Acquaintance—Mary Jean Kirwan.

Ward-Belmont.

CAMPUS GROUPS

### ENJOY PICNICS

Tuesday, May 14, one hundred and seventy-five Senior-Middles went by bus to Dr. Barton's camp at White Bluff.

When we arrived, about forty-three, some swam in the coldest of water, some played tennis, while still others followed Dr. Barton on a hike through the woods.

Picnic supper was served, not a minute too soon, at six o'clock. Wandering and singing finished the evening until our departure at 7:30. Jane Meyer was in charge of the food committee. Guests were all hall sponsors and hostesses of the Senior-Middle halls.

(Continued on page 2)

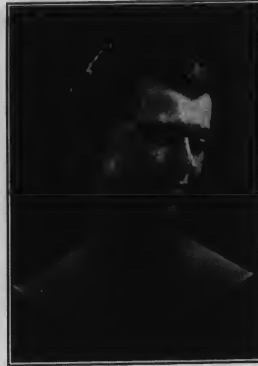
## WARD-BELMONT HOLDS TRADITIONAL MAY FESTIVAL



VIRGINIA LYNN SHAW  
May Queen



ANTOINETTE TREADWAY  
College Maid



VIRGINIA LEE SMITH  
Prep Maid

On Saturday, May 18, the annual May Festival of the Ward-Belmont school was held in honor of the May Queen and her Court, the Senior Class of 1935. At four o'clock the two heralds, Dorothy Jaeger and Frances Prince, started the procession, followed by the class representatives carrying their class pennants and a girl from each club bearing her club standard. The members of the social clubs came next, each club bringing a May Pole decorated with various colored ribbons. The Senior High School Class followed and marched around the circle.

The arrival of the Queen's Court was very effective, the members of the Senior Class of the college department dressed in lovely pastel shades, carrying the traditional crooks, and walking to the center of the green to take their seats near the throne. The heralds, Edwina Schmid and Beverly Lack, preceded the royal carriage and escorted the High School and College Maids, Virginia Lee Smith and Antoinette Treadway to the throne. The beautiful Queen, Virginia Lynn Shaw, then walked to the throne and the coronation ceremony was performed. Little Barbara Anne Estes was the Crownbearer and the pages were Ellen Bowers and Louise Douglas.

After the Queen was crowned, the entertainment given for her and for the Court began. The many types of dances were performed with great skill and with much grace. The colorful costumes lent a sense of gaiety to the scene, and never before has a May Queen been so well entertained. A new and interesting feature of the day was the drill given by the girls who bore the club standards. The culmination of the program was reached when the May Pole dances were given by members of the social clubs, and the true essence of the festival was attained.

## OSIRONS WIN

### RIDING CUP

Eleanor Irwin was individual winner of the spring riding show, Monday, May 13, scoring 18 out of a possible 20 points. Nancyann Schmid was second in individual scoring with 15 points. Beautiful riding was done by both girls, particularly in the pair class where horses and outfits were very well matched. Both girls will receive their riding certificates in June.

Louise Witherspoon was third in the individual scoring with six points.

The Osiron Club, with four participants, won the riding cup for the year, while the T.C.'s placed second.

There were seven events in the show. The first consisted of an elementary school class. They rode in three groups, the winners of which rode for first, second and third places. Elizabeth Ragland on L'il Jack placed first; Juliet Ragland also riding L'il Jack was second; and Florence Cheek on Shamrock, third.

Eleanor Irwin on Shamrock won the jumping, which was judged on form and management at approach, jump and landing. Nancyann Schmid on Dixie placed second, and Elizabeth Love on Shamcock, third.

In the five-gaited combination class the horses were first driven, then ridden, in five gaits—walk, trot, canter, slow gait and rack. The girls were judged 25 per cent on their driving and 75 per cent on riding. Eleanor Irwin with Pilot was first; Elizabeth Love with Jack Bond, second, and Nancyann Schmid with Pilot, third.

The Beginners' class consisted of girls who learned to ride this spring. They were judged on form and management in handling the horse at walk, trot, and canter. Katherine Biedenham on Brown Jug was first, Helen Jones on Jack Bond, second, and Doris Kaplan on Dixie, third.

The Handy horse—a class including opening gate, taking down bars and other situations which may be met with in the field, was won by Nancyann Schmid on Shamrock, Eleanor Irwin on Dixie placing second, and Lawree Butler on L'il Jack, third.

Louise Witherspoon on L'il Jack won the three-gaited class, judged on form and management at walk, trot, and canter. Ann Shepard on Charlie was second, and Helen Hall on Jack Bond, third.

Nancyann Schmid and Eleanor Irwin on Pilot and L'il Jack were first in the pair class, Lawree Butler and Elsie Sante on Jack Bond and Brown Jug were second, and Louise Witherspoon and Louise Fougate on Dixie and Shamrock, third.

Mrs. Hubert Wyatt was judge; Mrs. William Rowan, ringmaster, and Dr. Barton presented the awards.

## ANN WHITMORE.

### VESPER SPEAKER

In Vespers, May 12, an enjoyable and inspiring talk was given by Ann Whitmore who, being a Ward-Belmont girl herself, was able to speak to us in a way that seemed more personal and understanding. Of the many fine points she gave to us to consider, these were emphasized. We should appreciate acquiring wisdom and an education since the aim is for culture, a finer way of thinking and more graceful way of living; we need not fear that people will misunderstand us if there is anything of value to us.

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## STUDENT RECITAL FRIDAY

The following student recital was presented on Friday afternoon, May 17, by members of the music department.

1. Piano—Concert Etude No. 7. *Sternberg*  
ROYENNA KIPP
2. Piano—Ballade in A flat. *Chopin*  
BETTY MORONEY
3. Voice—  
(a) El Cefiro (Mexican) *Manning*  
arranged by  
(b) Jean *Burleigh*  
ELIZABETH RUDOLPH
4. Piano—Polonaise *MacDowell*  
MARY JEAN KIRWAN
5. Organ—  
(a) Dialogue *Klein*  
(b) First movement Sonata No. 1 *Becker*  
MARY ELEANOR CLAY
6. Piano—Etude de Concert *MacDowell*  
HELEN TIBBETS
7. Voice—  
(a) Dawn *Curran*  
(b) Ho! Mr. Piper *Curran*  
FLORENCE LILYAN POWER
8. Piano—  
(a) Romance F sharp major. *Schumann*  
(b) Improromptu in A flat major *Chopin*  
LISBETH SMITH
9. Ensemble—Valse Brillante *Moskowski*  
HELEN TIBBETS, MARY JEAN KIRWAN  
ROYENNA KIPP, GEORGINA MARTIN

## CAMPUS GROUPS ENJOY PICNICS

(Continued from page 1)

Members of the boarding council enjoyed an all-day picnic to Beersheba, Tennessee, Sunday, May 12. The girls had a picnic lunch, followed by a hike which was conducted by Miss Rhea. Afterwards, they drove to Sewanee, and later had dinner at Candyland.

They were accompanied by Miss Morrison, Miss Sisson, and Miss Rhea.

A silver platter and a picnic? It does sound strange, but that was just the case at Percy Warner Park. The members of the club gave the platter to their sponsor, Miss Jackson, for a wedding present.

Indeed, this picnic was different. The most popular food turned out to be a sandwich made of pumpernickel, cheese, tomatoes, and onions. Instead of after-dinner coffee, we sat around the fire and had an after-dinner discussion of the Buds, Bens, Bobs, and Bills. But really we weren't lonesome, because there were droves of tiny black gnats who were either very friendly or else had a grudge against the world in general.

## EXPRESSION NOTES

From the time of the jonquils to the time of the red roses, in spite of the Shakespeare play and Iris pagant, the studio recitals of the Senior diploma students have continued regularly. They have all chosen modern plays as one more avenue towards successful interpretation, and have worked them out entirely by themselves. Mary Lee Wilson started them off in the romantic "Gypsy Trail," which was followed by Barrie's tricky comedy, "The Twelve-Pound Look," read by Jean Stuart. Marian Farr portrayed the problems of home life in the ever-popular "The Patsy," and Marian Truett followed her with a winsome study of child life and human nature in "Daddy Longlegs."

Arlene Milligan's studio recital is scheduled for Saturday evening at 8:45, and promises to be an exceptional one. She is giving a charming interpretation of the "Charm School," and is particularly fine in her portrayal of the man character.

Tuesday, May 21, at five o'clock, Helen Pillow will read "Under Twenty" in the Expression studio. Her interpretation of this ultra-modern girl will be an excellent one.

The three remaining studio-recitals

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will be announced shortly. They are "His Master's Voice," by Mildred Pratt, "Are Parents People?" by Evelyn Cooper, and "Mary III," by Mary Elizabeth Oman.

Wednesday afternoon, in the Expression studio, Carolyn Bryant presented as her diploma recital Barrie's "Quality Street." She read this three-act play with a keen understanding of the delicate manners and ways of yesterday, and gave the finest of interpretations. Her brilliant portrayal of Claudius in the Shakespeare play warranted an unusually fine recital, and her many friends awaited it eagerly.

## DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

Such excitement when the club presidents for next year were elected tonight! It was just a bit more than some of the outgoing presidents could take—howaboutit, Teta?

Founders came through with better than one-half of those elected. A good ol' Bronx cheer for Pembroke! Hi, gals!

Thursday—

Class meeting today, where we learned more concerning the picnic next Tuesday at Dr. Barton's cottage at White Bluff.

The Athletic Association elections were held today, and coming back from club village tonight we learned that "Winniebell" came out on top! Congratulations, sport!

Also HYPHEN and *Milestones* came through with fine editors for next year. Margaret Greene is to be congratulated on accounts' how she be the first day student to edit this illustrious weekly! Marty Kiger will carry the weight of the *Milestones* on her capable shoulders next year! It's getting so now that every time we turn around we bump into a president of one kind or another!

Friday—

Mr. Underwood and Mr. Dalton gave another one of their lush piano and organ recitals this morning in chapel. Tib again almost got out of control, but we're learning the tricks of managing her, slowly but surely! Sat in a rather warmish sun this afternoon to watch the Tri K's beat the Angkors in a peachy baseball game.

As a comedy writer, Shakespeare was one of the best, but as an actor, Jean M. Stewart has 'em all killed dead! The Blue (personality) Boys were four of the snappier numbers—and never have we seen such intelligent people act quite so simple!

Saturday—

We played a bit of tennis this afternoon and acquired quite a nice bit of sunburn! Also watched Jonnye Walker take about one-half of the school home with her for the week—and the other half went with Whoopa Cornelius!

Watched Chadwell-Allen and Worcester-Crosnan battle across the net at each other this afternoon. There was some mighty nice playing on the part of both teams, but especially on Chadwell's and Allen's, which gave the match to the day students!

Studied tonight and spent a rather dull evening.

Night!

Sunday—

Ah, off to Beersheba at nine o'clock in the morning! What a wonderful day!

Stopped in McMinnville to say hi or hey, or what have you, to Jonnye's gang, but the whole flock had scooted off to church, so we ate ice cream cones instead!

Arrived at Beersheba, we waited hours (at least it seemed hours) for Miss Sisson, who got lost with the food and was wandering around in the mountains. Gilly, the fearless thing, protected us from all the wild life in the mountains, and Mardie snapped her kodak every time anyone looked at her. Webbie took things so hard that she was reduced to a whisper when we reached school. After a yummy lunch, Miss Rhea organized a walking party and showed us the mountains in a most efficient way—if we hadn't known better, we'd have surely thought she was just one of the guides—better known as the boys!

What with swiping little boys' bicycles, ogling the natives, hanging out of the windows on the way through Sewanee, and almost getting left in McMinnville, all for the sake of an ice cream cone, the day was a decided success!

'Night!

Monday—

Edwine and Patsy made their debuts on the Ward-Belmont stage this morning and, were we a newspaper critics, we would say heaps more to their credit! But just a word—we liked Patsy's dress good!—and Edwine as a boy—well, we almost mobbed her for her autograph!

The glee club "gleed" tonight, and how cute and springy they all looked in their spring ruffles and fluffies!

'Night!

Tuesday—

The Senior-Mids all trooped out to the waiting buses to board them and sing their way to White Bluff! Cold as it was, the pool was soon overflowing with water and gals, and not even the rain kept them from playing tennis!

After supper there was the village to visit, and natives almost gave way under the critical eye of Ward-Belmont. There have been few times in the history of that town, we wager, that the drug store has been as filled to overflowing as it was on this evening!

We clambered on the buses just before it began to rain in earnest, and came "singin' in the rain" back to school.

'Night!

## SPORT NOTES

## TENNIS

## Chadwell-Allen Win 6-1, 6-4

A nice hot Saturday provided ideal weather for the final tennis match between the Aristons: Patty Chadwell and Jayne Allen, and the Tri K's: Moselle Worsley and Catherine Crossan. The first set was easily won, 6-1 by the Ariston pair, whose excellent placement shots had the Tri K's running about in a daze. However, in the second set Moselle and Catherine determined to gain at least two games from their opponents, slashed the ball into the far corners of the Ariston's court, and elated by their sudden success managed to bring the score from 1-5, 4-5. Patty and Jayne, not the least bit disturbed by the score that was creeping upon them, calmly smashed their hard shots into the back court and won the deciding game with a final score of 6-4.

The Aristons were the favorites in the match, having won the fall tournament and the tennis "placque" last year. The fighting spirit of Moselle and Crossan, and their humerous efforts to reach some of Chadwell and Allen's impossible shots helped make the game exciting and interesting to the spectators. Congratulations, Aristons!

## TRACK MEET

## Tri K's Win with 37 Points

Wednesday the annual spring track meet took place. All the events were run off in fine order and the meet was unusually well organized. The events participated in were: Hurdles, Basketball Throw, High Jump, Shot Put, Running Broad Jump, Baseball Throw, Hop, Skip, Jump, and 50-yard Dash.

The Tri K club won the meet with 37 points. Individual honors went to Catherine Crossan 21 points, Sarah Pardue 10 points. Moselle Worsley and Patty Chadwell tied for third place with 8 points each.

## ARCHERY

## Angkors Win Archery Tournament

The archery tournament proceeded throughout last week. Patty Chadwell gained the highest number of points, 237, to beat Frances Prince, who had 236. Mary Lalla Byrn had the third highest score with 217. The club points are as follows:

<b>Angkor—</b>	
Huddleston	215
Greene	194
Douglas	183
	592
<b>Aristons—</b>	
Chadwell	237
Cleghern	184
Crimm	165
	586
<b>Tri K</b>	
Jaeger	207
M. E. Clay	190
Pascoe	178
	577

## BASEBALL

## Tri K's Win Final Game 28-26

The Tri K's won a startling victory over the Angkors in one of the most surprising upsets of the year. Last year's victors, the Angkors, started off the game, last Wednesday, by running up a score of 21 runs in the first three innings while the Tri K's just couldn't seem to click in the field or to hit Marian Hill's fast balls. But the beginning of the end came in the fourth inning. The Angkors were up and were put out by Catherine Crossan's fine pitching 1, 2, 3. The Tri K's joyously came to bat and, not content with a few runs, they circled the bases twice, bringing the score to 20-21. The Angkors persisted, however, and gathered four more runs in the sixth inning and tied the score 25 to 25. With excellent cooperation in the field, the Tri K's held their opponents

down to one run in the last inning. Excitement permeated the hot air at this time. Could the Angkors hold the Tri K's and win by one point or not? The notes won and the Tri K's rallied to send three girls across the plate with the victory theirs. The final score stood Tri K 28, Angkor 26.

## P-S-S-T-I

Millie's "misunderstood" again! So, if you should be overlooked in a crowd don't feel bad about it—it's just her "emotional blindness." That's the effect he has on her.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Proof: Candyland almost any noon. Sally and Sallie have things a-going pretty well.

We wonder if Miss Ruef didn't silently agree with Martha when she wrote this sentence: "I knew nothing." She had rather a significant look on her face.

Why was Theresa sitting all alone and looking so morbidly, morosely melancholy the other day? It couldn't have been that —

Yes, we all are assured that we can't even rank as high-grade morons any longer; Proof: The results of those comprehensive tests Emmarvne, Margaret and Kathryn made A+. We just can't understand people like that.

Rebecca and Nelia certainly have all the qualifications of sub-idots. You missed "The riot of the centaurs," if you didn't see those two in the Shakespeare play. We certainly hope Rebecca gets a little more intelligent-looking before she undertakes the presidency of the Ariston club next year.

Don't be surprised if Juliette ceases to speak to you. That supercilious air which she has been sporting of late has more recently been intensified by her future presidency, too.

Janet has that faraway look in her eye—probably Wisconsin again—but we hear that she seems to have her troubles at home, too.

Among our midst there is a certain young lady who got perturbed over her driving—and had rather disastrous results. Who? Why, that would be telling.

Frances and Juanita went just about as low as they could the other night under a bridge "over yonder" at a carnival. They couldn't even wait to get home to wash their hands.

Many were the sleepy-eyed damsels who dragged weary feet to school Monday morning after hearing Ted Fio Rito's orchestra.

## MR. BRIGGS.

## CHAPEL SPEAKER

Mr. George Briggs of the Battle Ground Academy at Franklin, Tenn., spoke in chapel Wednesday, May 15. Mr. Briggs has long been a friend of the school having appeared as chapel speaker before, and also having a daughter who attended school here.

He took as a basis for his remarks a verse from the Bible: "It is the little foxes that spoil the grapes." Mr. Briggs illustrated this as applying to our own lives in that we are prone to overlook the little things that determine our characters. "The questions of honor, truth, and decency are accepted. I assume that you agree with me on these as fundamental and necessary for life. These are some things that you must have in your lives and keep those things close forever. These fundamentals of life are settled before you are born, and are settled when you die.

"The reason people like you or don't like you," stated Mr. Briggs, "depends not so much on these big things of life but upon the little things. They consist of such things as sincerity, sharp remarks, consideration, and generosity."

Mr. Briggs concluded with the message that if we plan to get anywhere or accomplish anything we must cultivate these minor details in our character.

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## EDITORIAL

## THE EDITORIAL COLUMN GOES A-VISITING

The critical faculty alone does not drive the world forward. The vitalizing force is the power of imagination. The two are not contradictory but complementary. . . .

Imagination does not mean the ability to see fantastic figures in the clouds, divorced from reality. It means the power of discovering new relationships between facts, to find new threads of unity tying together the minutiae of experience. Great men have this faculty in an extraordinary degree. . . .

It is said that experience tends to dull imagination. Imagination therefore must be cultivated early in life. For this reason it is the business of teachers to stimulate imagination, not merely to hand out information. It is your business to strive constantly to find new combinations of ideas in the suggestions which you receive from your teachers and textbooks. When you begin to do this, study ceases to be a dull task . . . and becomes an enriching search for wisdom.—*The Daily Princetonian.*

Education should open eyes, not shut them. We are here to learn about the world as it is, not as our members choose to have us see it. The bad must be spread before us with the good, the dangerous with the harmless, the unpleasant with the pleasant. Sticking one's head in the sand is neither an adequate means of hiding nor of defense.—*The Yale Daily News.*

Nobody can prepare you for 1940. . . . College can give you internal resources upon which you can fall back for help in external crises. The cultivation of tastes and the development of intellectual interests—these are resources which cannot be taken away by changes in the stock market. They are your best insurance for life.—*President Neilson, Smith College.*

The youth movement of America is a heterogeneous array of groups interested in furthering the tenets to which they adhere. This interplay of free opinions, no matter how radical, is conducive to progress while maintaining the democratic structure, since no one faction is allowed to subjugate the opinion of others as is done under the European dictatorships.—*University of Cincinnati Bearcat.*

There are plenty of people who know far too much about their immediate difficulties and are busily enlisting the support of their neighbors for various plans to end poverty, sedition, war or profits. The contemporary scene is peppered with eloquent men on soap boxes. It might seem that a certain intellectual perspective and depth of thought rather than an opinionated familiarity with facts would supply the better approach to the problems of the century.—*The Harvard Crimson.*

## CAMPUS COLUMN

And Spring dawned upon the Happy Family! Heigh-ho everyone! It's a grand and glorious feeling to be alive, but it's a sad time for us Seniors! There are two brief weeks, and today ends the last week of real school here at Ward-Belmont.

Honorable mention this week goes to Judy Acheson. Miss Carling (who, by the way, was more than welcome on the campus!) presented her with a lovely silvery horse-shoe all tied up with blue ribbons for fine performance both in and out of the ring.

If you want a "ripping" old laugh just ask Nancyann Schmid to go into her song and dance from "Me and My Guitar." It's really a riot!

Charlotte Bridge has been recently fashioning the new split skirt with a Connie Bennett glance thrown in to make the pose realistic. For further details see the young lady.

The prize of the week certainly goes to "Pony" Irwin for his fine performance in the Riding Show. It just goes to prove that where there's inspiration there's hope—and our parents are grand people to stimulate our enthusiasm and ability.

Congratulations, Margaret Louise! You certainly make an excellent master of ceremonies. Between you and the Captivators the style show was bound to be a decided success. Have you ever seen such fashionable dresses? Methinks they should be fashioned in *Vogue*.

Yours truly would like to know what Senior thinks Mr. Henkel a magnetic personality. Don't mind my Winchelling remarks, will you?

Chain letters have struck Ward-Belmont by storm. Woe—Woe! "Watch the dimes roll in." By the way, Anna Katherine, have you received six or seven dollars to date?

Concklin has decided to pose for the Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour Co. All she needs now is a good sun-tan and she'll more than fill the part.

And then there was the Senior-Middle who finally came to the conclusion that Marion Farr was really in love. Strange, isn't it?

'Tis said that the Zoology class has at last finished with their pride and joy of the year—the cat. It's a pity because everyone around school really enjoyed the dear (?) little things!

Today we shall honor the May Queen of 1935 here at Ward-Belmont. Congratulations, Madame Queen! May you reign forever in everyone's hearts!

Teta Clay is quite that way about a certain "Hiram," and we really don't blame you! He's enough to get anyone's heart a-palpitatin'!

'Tis a late hour, so this epistle to you fond gals must end sometime, and until next time—Good gye (In the words of Gilly).

SOCK AND BUSKIN  
GIVES FINAL PLAY

The *Sock and Buskin* presented the amusing and fast-moving one-act play, *Enter the Hero*, in Chapel on Monday, May 13.

Patsy Burgher was a lovely heroine, playing the rôle of Ann Cary, a young girl who was embarrassingly situated because of letters, supposedly from her lover, but which she had written to herself.

Edwine Schmid was excellent in the humorous rôle of Harold Lawson, the "lover" who returned, and almost caused disaster to Ann.

Betty Carlisle and Louise Lillard ably portrayed Ruth Cary and Mrs. Cary respectively, and contributed much to the success of the play.

Mrs. Millring, in the expression department, and Miss Ordway of the High School English department, directed the play. *Enter the Hero* is the last project the *Sock and Buskin* is undertaking this semester.

## EAGLE FEATHER

Jesse Stuart is the newest of all the new poets. He is a Kentuckian and a former student at both Vanderbilt and Peabody. Here are some representative bits from his book *Man With a Bull Tongue Flow*.

1  
I am a farmer singing at the plow  
And I take my time to plow along  
A steep Kentucky hill, I sing my song—  
A one-horse farmer singing at the plow!  
I do not sing the songs you love to hear;  
My basket songs are woven from the words  
Of corn and crickets, trees and men and birds.  
I sing the strains I know and love to sing.  
And I can sing my lays like a fluting corn bird;  
And I can pipe them like a hunter's horn—  
All of my life these are the songs I've heard.  
And these crude strains no critic can call art,  
Yours very respectfully, Jesse Stuart.

36  
These are my people and I sing of them.  
I know these people I am singing of.  
I live with them and I was born of them  
Where high hills shoulder to the skies above.  
I sing of them and will you listen please,  
To the dead grass lying in the field song.  
Oh, listen to the wind among the trees,  
And it is futile as my dead grass song.  
I sing from commonheart of common clay,  
Of people that I live among today,  
And I sing of the men of yesterday.  
Tonight I sing; If you would only listen  
Where moonlight on the green leaves glistens—  
Listen to words like wind among the trees,  
Like winds beneath the stars and in green leaves,  
I wonder if you'd say "Stop singing, please."

50  
The hills are dear to you, my mountain mother.  
Cornfields are dear to you—green in the sun,  
The touch of wind is dear to you, my mother,  
The rock ribs of the hills are dear to you.  
The lightning storm will make no fear to you.  
One of the elements you surely are,  
With power to love, a child, a stone, a star,  
A will to work—one unafraid of life—  
One that loves life and gave her seven life.  
An autumn tree, no shaking hands  
The gold of age is hanging to your boughs.  
And unafraid you stand to meet new life,  
Beneath white glistening beauty of a star.

247  
You went somewhere and left our rugged lands.  
I don't know when you went—I asked not why.  
But I remember us a-shaking hands  
And you a telling me a long goodbye.  
Though years and years have gone we have not met  
To view our initials on the school yard tree;  
Though stubborn years stalk by, we shall not meet  
By trees where lies the youth of you and me.  
But Mable, I keep you forever young;  
I keep you in the roughness of a sonnet—  
Though you are gone I still keep you among  
The green corn with your apron and your bonnet.  
And I shall keep you dear, forever young  
With braided hair and wide blue ribbons on it.

328  
Elizabeth Hale, I know you are composed  
Of finer clay than you find in this man;  
Something is in you that is in a rose.  
Something is in me that is in a stone.  
The wind loves you, all things that smell the breath  
Of wind love you—I know they love a rose;  
Thin petaled, waving in the wind, Elizabeth—  
Wind passes over me and never knows  
I am a grey stone lying in the grass.  
And over me night wind and grass make moan;  
And over me the writhing blacksnakes pass—  
But wild-rose roots are under this grey stone,  
And winds can't shake it from its pasture earth.  
This stone will hold it near and show its worth.

437  
I want a shack among Kentucky hills  
With earth enough to raise my food to eat.  
And I wish to attend my neighbor's ills.  
I want to tramp the soft earth with my feet,  
And squeeze old last year's leaves between my hands.  
I want red autumn in a leaf blood scene.  
I want grim winter with his desolate lands.  
I want fair spring with her loose green snake green.  
I want the summer with green fields of grain—  
Just lightly moving under summerhaze.  
When I go off I seek the land again;  
I cry for good earth and rustic ways.  
And I shall own a shack among the hills;  
A shack among the music of the hills.

590  
I know I do not need a Ph.D.  
To throw the fodder over to the cows  
And to interpret wind in the pine tree  
And to sit by and watch the cattle brouse.  
Degrees are things to hang on parlor walls,  
This written scroll that shows what one can do.  
Degrees would make good bedding for cow stalls;  
They surely would be richer than manure.  
Oh, it is strange to see how people run a bluff  
And put themselves above the things they are.  
They look upon unlettered men with scoff,  
These chosen intellectuals striving for.



## CLUB CHATTER

## A. K.

Well, aren't the A. K.'s proud of our friends, Virginia and Tony, today? We've always said that we were at the top, and our individual members are showing it today by being the May Queen and College Maid. We are so proud of you!

And now that Tony is president and Jonnyne vice-president for next year, just watch our club show speed. We are all just tickled to death, and wish you all the luck in the world, Tony and Jonnyne. The old girls who will not be with you will be in spirit, and the ones who will be here next year, both old and new, will be behind you in all you do. Here's to you!

Wasn't Nancyann swell in the Riding Show the other day? And Dorys, you didn't do so badly yourself. In fact, today we seem very proud of all of us A. K.'s. And at last Carolyn gave her recital that we have been waiting for so long. It was just marvelous. Congratulations, Carolyn!

The A. K.'s aren't so bad at track, either. Oh, we're all just so good that it makes us wonder why we aren't a little better all the time! We're looking forward to our dinner next Wednesday night and the installation of officers. Bet there'll be showers of tears sure 'nough then.

## Anti-Pan

With Charlotte Watkin as their new president, the Anti-Pans are al-

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## 1935 BASEBALL SCHEDULE

NASHVILLE AT HOME

May 23, 24, 25	Memphis
June 2, 4, 5	Memphis
June 6, 7, 8	Little Rock
June 10, 17, 18, 19	New Orleans
June 20, 21-21, 22	Birmingham
June 30	Memphis
July 1	Memphis
July 5, 6, 7, 8	Knoxville
July 9, 10, 11, 12	Atlanta
July 21, 22, 23, 24	Chattanooga
July 25, 26, 27, 28	Chattanooga
July 29, 30	Knoxville
Aug. 1	Memphis
Aug. 31, 4, 5, 6	Birmingham
Aug. 7, 8, 9, 10	New Orleans
Aug. 31	Atlanta
Sept. 1, 2, 3	Atlanta
Sept. 9, 10, 11	Chattanooga
Sept. 12, 13, 14, 15	Knoxville
*-Sunday	†-Saturday

ready making plans for another successful year. With the large number of girls definitely planning to come back, this should be easy.

Zounds an' zithers! The Marbury woman just won't stay put one minute. Last week-end she fitted off to Jonnyne Walker's and zoomed around in a speed boat. But then, we guess that wouldn't be so hard to take.

Woe is Crockett! Seems she was in quite a dilemma the night of the Glee Club concert, on-account of her new dress ordered for the occasion just forgot to show up. The harassed girl could be seen shortly before the performance in Senior Hall, ranting in a language quite unknown to her listeners, and just about ready to chew nails.

Will had an encounter with a coat-hanger the other night and got the worst of the bargain. Lost: One coat-hanger and one good disposition (for the moment only!)

## Agora

Congratulations, Betty Jayne! For a second time (please excuse the week-early congratulations; my mistake). We certainly have two fine officers for next year—our hopes are all high for our future success. But we will sure miss Fran, *n'est-ce pas?* Just wait til Homecoming, though, and we will show our departing Seniors a real wheel!

Congratulations also to Winnie Coffee! Athletic Associations should do well under her watchful eye.

My dears, June is slipping.—He was with Jean R. at the Shakespeare play. Let us all be off to her rescue!

I see by the gym our little members a Maypoling! My, you all must be light-headed to be able to flit about like you do, and trip the merry green.

Not quite three more weeks, and I'm sure we are all working hard to bring up our grades. Well, babes, good luck and study hard during Dead Week . . . or you'll die the next week! Bye, bye—

## Penta Tau

The Penta Tau's were well represented at Jonnyne Walker's house party, with Boots, Brigham, Mary A. Faine and Schindler. Most of them came back singing "Over the Weekend I Fell In Love."

Patsy and Schmid performed beautifully in the play given in chapel last Monday. We're mighty proud of "our" Patsy.

Congratulations to Boots on the presidency—the best of luck!

## Tri K

The laurel wreath goes to Patsy Schorndorfer this week. We're so proud to have her as our new club president. You know one just has to be very good to get ahead of or keep up to our past president, Stanley, but we think Patsy can do it.

Most of last Wednesday was taken up by the members of Pennstaff who read their essays, stories and poems that were in the Pennstaff edition of the HYPHEN.

Have you ever wondered where . . . Marion Weber lost her voice? Anne Turney got her appetite?

Mary Eleanor put the hair she cut off?

Mozelle learned to play tennis? Margaret Louise Boyd and "Libby" Siegmund learned to hit baseballs?

Beverly Lack learned how to play ping-pong?

Stanley E. got the tears she shed last Wednesday Nite?

Well, neither have I—so don't worry too hard about it.

## X. L.

Congratulations to Elizabeth Rudolph! We all know she will make a grand president. Good luck! Congratulations should also go to Mildred Sarrior, Kitty Mood and Roselle Emery. They are on the Y.W.C.A. Cabinet for next year.

The Glee Club concert Monday was very good. I didn't know we had some song birds in the club but Mary Beth

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Caton, Mildred Hood, Georganna and Cookie Durand certainly were in the concert.

Can you imagine where Irene is going to school next year—no?—well she told me quite awhile ago that she was going to Smith. Courage I call it. Lattie Miller just can't get away from Nashville so she is coming back and going to Vanderbilt. Annette I think is going to the University of Mississippi. Let us know if that is a mistake, Annette. I haven't heard where Georganna and Betty are going but here is the best of luck to all of you. Bye, now!

## Triad

Triads went to Dainty Maid for lunch last week and had a swell meal. The food was delicious.

Why does Sallie Pardus look so puzzled lately? Could there be a conflict somewhere? Didn't Sue Perkins' and Anne H's picture in the paper look snappy?

Have you noticed that Emmarlyn is really looking "Childish" these days in those cute prints and socks? Why has Marcelle D. suddenly become so quiet and retiring? Or has she turned? Ask Sallie W. how it feels to turn 24 hours into one day Actually? No Sleep, Sallie????

## Ariston

Well, it does seem as if club meetings are just about a thing of the past. Surely we hate to realize it. But all we can say is, "tempus does Fugit," doesn't it? And exams do come around too often, don't they.

Ariston's college department graduates are: Mary John Atwell, who is leaning toward being a co-ed at Vanderbilt next year.

Janet McFadden, who may seek her

higher knowledge away from Nashville colleges. Kitty Clark—she's going to rest for a while anyway.

Jayne Allen, the about-to-be social service worker.

Virginia Smith, we've heard rumors, but they don't pertain to "more school."

Barbara Shields, Marion Nicholson, Marion Truett, Evelyn Boyd and Eleanor Cleghern haven't confided in us about their future as yet.

Kathryn Mills, she's anticipating being a Vandy co-ed.

Patty Chadwell wants to continue her Physical Education work.

Mary Ann Evans wants to be a teacher.

The high school graduates are: Eleanor Bailey, Agnes Kerr, and Bernice Blowers.

As we leave the club room, that glamorous Citizenship Cup can't help but attract attention. I wonder if it will stay with us! Only Saturday can tell! Only Aristons can hope.

## F. F.

Congratulations to all of the new officers for next year. We know Eula will make a "swell" president. Alice Hancock, Jane Cravens, and Katherine Hayes will perform their duties to the best of their abilities we're sure.

Lost: One club song. Finder please return at our earliest convenience. Try to make it at least before all-club banquet. We may need a little practice in singing it.

That must have been an awfully interesting story that Fanny was engrossed in at meeting the other night. We were afraid for a minute those big blue eyes were going to pop right out.

Rosemary is going around with a more contented look these days. What's the reason? Well you would too if after all these months the dues



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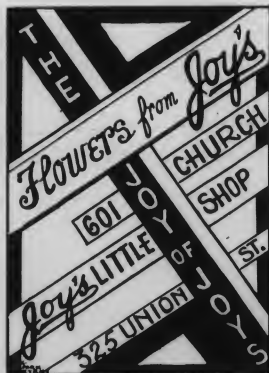
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finally started rolling in. They really are rolling, too. So she says!

Did you by any chance see some paper floating down Senior Hall the other night? If so, don't think it was because we don't keep our hall neat and tidy, for it was only Nita opening her book to study.

The club house was the scene of another breakfast party Sunday morning. Miss Carling was the guest of honor. Sausages and grapefruit were the main dishes.

Pony sure did have a big week-end. First her friend, Miss Carling, arrives on the scene, then the parents, then victory in the Riding Show. Not bad at all! Sunday she took some of her friends to Sewanee. That place must hold some interest of some sort. Could it be just the chapel?

Rosemary's friends just aren't a bit considerate. They go off and get married and poor Rosemary just has "a big hole in my summer plans."

Alice was off to Franklin again this week-end. Another place that seems to hold quite a bit of interest for a certain group!

### Del Ver

We are certainly proud of our new officers for next year. Best of luck and good wishes to Elizabeth Ann Reed as President! We know she can't fail with such able assistants as Teddy Krauss, vice-president; Betty Burns as secretary, and Hope Hoofman as treasurer.

These new officers were installed at our club meeting Wednesday, and believe me, there were some very sad-looking Seniors present. I saw more than one tear trickle down!

Marion Farr talked to Ab last Sunday night. Maybe that accounts for the pensive look on her face this week.

We surely do miss Judy with us. We think of you all the time, Judy. Hurry and get well so you can come back to us.

Mardie and Barbara Lee reported a fine time on the council picnic. We shoo' do envy these gals what tear away on such a gorgeous week-end!

Chat is getting to be quite a devil.

She heard she had a phone call from ONE of the local young swains, tore down the steps of Senior hall, missed her step and result—has a mis-laid goose egg on her forehead! However, we hear that there might be another reason for it, that of making an A-plus on the Pennsylvania tests. We admit it's a good reason.

Ask Martha Lou Lawrence how the pillars of the Parthenon are for guarantees of privacy, good ole private—arrumph—conversation. A little bird told us that she found them OK.

And have you heard the tale of "Sarah the Seamstress"? 'Tis said to be very, very sad! Miss Ashley is being forsaken in the truest sense of the word. And by none other than the DEVOTED Phillip.

### Osiron

The ping-pong tournament Wednesday night was a huge success. With Tibbets in charge, the games progressed as follows:

Semi-finals—  
Lawrence-Stokes vs. Beckman-Sheep  
Good-Pickering vs. Biedenbarn-Howard.

These games were close and exciting, but absolutely nothing as compared with the finals in which Lawrence-Stokes team battled desperately with Good-Pickering for the momentous prize of two chocolate Hershey bars. Excellent placing on the part of Good and Pickering finally won for them the title and the coveted bars.

Congratulations are in order. The Osirons won the riding cup! A brand-new one, too. Long may it deck our newly-dusted mantle! Biedenbarn, Jones, Fosgate and Shepherd, we are proud of you. Also of Pauline who was our most promising representative in the track meet.

More work for Marty Kiger! We know she'll make a grand rush captain.

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# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, May 25, 1935

Number 29

## OLD COUNCIL INSTALLS NEW

### School Aply Compared to Small Community

The impressive ceremony of Boarding Student Council installation was held on Tuesday evening, May 21. At this time the old council gave its place to the incoming council in a dignified, traditional ceremony. Marguerite Page, president of Student Council in 1934-35 presided over the installation and then turned over the leadership to Barbara Lee Reed, president for 1935-36.

The service in which the new council takes over the duties of the new was held at seven o'clock in the chapel. Mr. Henkel was at the organ and played the Ward-Belmont Hymn for the processional. Marguerite in cap and gown, took her place in the center of the stage as the Councils, old and new, marched down the aisles and into their places. The old Council stood to her right, the new to her left, all in white. Marguerite stepped forward and spoke first to the student body, then to the new Council and then to the new president. To the students she explained that at the end of the year there also comes the end of participation in campus activities for many. Speaking to the Council she asked and received their pledge, and signifying the bestowing of the office, she then placed the cap and gown on the new president, urging her to lead her Council to new heights, to profit by the outgoing Council's efforts and mistakes. Barbara Lee, capped and gowned, pledged herself and her Council to continue the work of governing, in a short speech to Marguerite and the old Council. Led by the retiring president, the old Council left the stage. (Continued on page 5)

## GLEE CLUB GIVES ANNUAL CONCERT

On May 13, the Glee club gave its annual performance, under the direction of Sidney Dalton.

The high light of the ensemble's work was the spirited and finished interpretation given of Deems Taylor's "The Highwayman," set to a ballad of Alfred Noyes. This cantata for women's voices, with baritone solo, is a composition bristling with difficulties for ensemble, soloist, and accompanist. The contrasts of high dramatic fervor, the pathos of the text, and the faithfulness pictured in the music and were illustrated lucidly by Mr. Dalton in his presentation of this number. The baritone solos were taken in fine style by Priestly Miller, and special mention must be made of the skillful accompaniment at the piano of Mrs. Bowers. All participating received many recalls.

The rest of the program made no concessions to the youthfulness of the singers and certainly none was needed. The freshness of tone quality of the group made it possible for the conductor to gain effects of shading and tonal balance that matured voices might well envy. Tchaikovsky's "Legende," a "Berceuse" of Gretchaminoff, and Kremers' "Prayer of Thanksgiving," were given a polished and authoritative reading. Lady Corinne Myers' solo, in the "Berceuse," was well done.

Mr. Dalton was especially fortunate in his soloists for the evening: Priestly Miller, baritone, well-known as recitalist and radio artist, and Margaret Pittman Bowers, pianist.—From the Nashville Banner.

## COLLEGE EXAMINATION SCHEDULE, MAY, 1935

College classes are scheduled for examination according to the period at which the class regularly meets for recitation, with the following exceptions:

		English 1 (Miss Lydell)	
		English 2	
		History 2	
		Psychology 22	
		English 22	
Monday, May 27	8:30-11:30	History 2	Study Hall
		Psychology 22	Library
	1:30-4:30	MWF—5 classes	Classrooms
Tuesday, May 28	8:30-11:30	English 22	Classrooms
	1:30-4:30	MWF—4 classes	Classrooms
Wednesday, May 29	8:30-11:30	TTS—3 classes	Classrooms
	1:30-4:30	MFW—3 classes	Classrooms
Thursday, May 30	8:30-11:30	TTS—2 classes	Classrooms
	1:30-4:30	MWF—2 classes	Classrooms
Friday, May 31	8:30-11:30	TTS—1 class	Classrooms
	1:30-4:30	MWF—1 class	Classrooms
Saturday, June 1	8:30-11:30	TT—4 and TT—5 classes	Classrooms
Monday, June 3	8:30-11:30	English 2 (Miss Herron)	
		Biol. Lect. Room	
		English 1 (Miss Lydell)	Study Hall
		English 2 (Miss Lydell)	Study Hall
		English 2 (Miss Pugh)	
		Chem. Lect. Room	
		English 2 (Miss Ransom)	Study Hall
		English 2 (Miss Rhea)	Classroom

## CANDLE SERVICE HONORS "Y" CABINET

Sunday evening, May 19, the new officers of the Y.W.C.A. were installed with a very impressive candle service. The old officers and cabinet were seated on the stage, dressed in white, each holding a candle which represented the light of faith, knowledge, and wisdom.

The new cabinet entered, singing "Hymn of Light," and were seated in front of the girls whose places they are to fill during the coming year. The new officers are: Jane Flannigan, president; Mary Louise Henderson, first vice-president; Evelyn McCall, second vice-president; Dorothy Jaeger, secretary; Pauline Myers, treasurer. New cabinet members are: Marjorie Crume, Rozelle Emery, Alice Hancock, Leora Hill, Mamie Jones, Teddy Krauss, Kitty Mood, Mary Elizabeth Lauhon, Martha Merryday, Mildred Sartor, Elizabeth Tipton, Anne Turney and Mary Norman West.

After the installation of the officers, students representing the campus organizations presented a request to the new "Y" president that they might have the help of the Y.W.C.A. in all of their undertakings.

## STUDENTS RECEIVE READING HONORS

At the beginning of this semester, the college English Department instituted an experimental project by which students, who so desired, should devise and carry through a plan of reading in keeping with their own individual choice. Last week those students, who, in the opinion of their respective teachers, have carried forward this plan with intelligence, were awarded the distinction of Reading Honors. They are: Louise Anderson, Ellen Bowers, Hope Hoofman, Dorthea Johnson, Ruth Jones, Helen Kirkbride, Jane Latz, Frances Prince, Mildred Sartor, Mary Smith, Fay Stipp, Lillian Walters, and Mary Donnan Wilson.

## CLUBS ELECT FOR NEXT YEAR

The Ward-Belmont Glee Club held its annual picnic at Percy Warner Park, Tuesday afternoon, May 21. A very short business meeting was held at which officers for the coming year were elected. The new president is Mary Sudhoff, and the new secretary-treasurer is Mary Morel. A Ward-Belmont ring was presented to Royena Kipp for her perfect attendance record during the past year. She is to be congratulated for this very fine record. Congratulations and best wishes for next year to the new officers! All in all, the picnic was a huge success and everyone had a grand time.

At the regular meeting of the Spanish club, the following new officers were elected for the year 1935-36: President, Phyllis Carr; vice-president, Mary Donnan Wilson; secretary, Kitty Mood.

## CORNELL DEAN ADDRESSES SCHOOL

Dr. Georgia White, former Dean of Women at Cornell University, addressed Ward-Belmont, Monday, May 20, on the subject, "Educational Gains for Women During This Century."

Dr. White used the quotation, "As it came and went on the mysterious business of being a camel," in relation to her talk and re-stated it thusly: "The mysterious thing of being college women," on which she based her entire talk.

She emphasized the fact that it has not been until recently that we have been able to do college women, and this was gained through the effort of a few individuals who were particularly interested in it.

Dr. White urged us to "Push the ball further on" and help them who had started this highly important movement for the betterment of the country.

## ANGKORS WIN CITIZENSHIP CUP

### Margaret Greene Rates High Score

Although May-Day was postponed, the day-student club picnic was held as planned, Monday, May 20, in the gym. Angkors received the day-student Citizenship Cup. Margaret Greene, Angkor, was first in the individual awards. Although this is the first year this club has won the award, it is the second time that Margaret has received the honor.

The club average for this year was 75.4, a great deal higher than last year. The scores for the four clubs are as follows:

Angkors	82.56
Ariston	74.74
Triad	73.12
Eccowasin	69.75

The highest ten per cent, that is the girls in the upper group, have ratings as follows. It was possible to get 150 points.

Margaret Greene (Angkor)	145
Patty Chadwell (Ariston)	138.5
Virginia Smith (Ariston)	128
Mildred Clements (Eccowasin)	119.5
Dorothy Colmery (Angkor)	118
Elizabeth Neel (Triad)	115.5
Ann Huddleston (Angkor)	114
Grace Benedict (Angkor)	110
Alice Williamson (Ariston)	109.5
Elizabeth Gray (Ariston)	109
Susan Cheek (Angkor)	106
Marion Hill (Angkor)	105
Evelyn Braden (Angkor)	104.5
Juanita Roberts (Triad)	104
Elizabeth Cornelius (Angkor)	102
Ellen Bowers (Angkor)	101.5
Judith Davis (Angkor)	100.5

These scores are given on athletic participation, intellectual ability, attitude towards rules and regulations, responsibilities towards campus offices, and creative ability. The club scores are obtained by dividing the individual points of the club members by the number in the club. Last year the Aristons won with a rating of 75.6.

## DR. DANDRIDGE, CHAPEL SPEAKER

Dr. E. P. Dandridge, of Christ Church, delivered an unusually far-reaching talk at the last Ward-Belmont chapel for this year, on Wednesday, May 22.

Dr. Dandridge opened his talk with the observation that the roses have been exceedingly beautiful this spring. He continued, saying that persons who have gardens and love flowers are very careful about what they plant—especially if their gardens are only small ones. How about a mind? One must be very careful about what he plants there—especially if the mind is a small one. It is thoughts, ideas, dreams, and imaginations that grow in minds.

Dr. Dandridge told that a girl raised in slums among filth never had much of a chance; whereas a girl from a Christian home is given every great opportunity to have a mind like a well-planted and cultivated garden. However, none of us is immune from evil. We have to choose our thoughts, what we choose to be, to read, to do. In our choosing, we, of course, take what we like; but we can cultivate a taste, and "as a man thinketh in his heart, so he is."

"Don't choose the things that will be like weeds in your mind," advised (Continued on page 5)

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## DANCE COLUMN

Nijinsky was not only a genius in the art of dancing, but he was also the consummate scientist striving to advance the technique of his art. Although his training was in the purely classical technique of the Imperial Ballet School of Russia, his departure from the school marked a great change in his dancing—a change which heralded a momentous revolution in technique. Both Isadora Duncan and Fokine had sensed the need for change, but it was Nijinsky who realized this change.

"Dance is the art of producing and combining movement. It has not only to express a dramatic action of emotion, but the movements of the dancer must be each penetrated by the living idea," Romola Nijinsky explains in the biography, *Nijinsky*. "The idea underlying as in all art, must be the basis of the art of movement," she states further. "Nijinsky set out in revolutionizing dancing by making clear the distinction between a movement and the dance, which is a combination of movements. It was clear to him that the first and most important thing is to express the idea through movement, as a writer through words."

His first radical step was rejecting grace, charm, fluency, and classical technique. He created new technique which resulted in a liberal treatment of movement. He eliminated the floating, sensuous gesture and every unnecessary move. He allowed only definitely rhythmic and absolutely essential steps, as in verse one uses only the words needed to express the idea. He established a prosody of movement—a single movement for a single action. He was the first in the history of the dance to use consciously immobility to accentuate action. He also introduced a new theory in facts of plastic expression, for he realized fully that dancing is not an art of fixed principles but one which has as its progressive purpose the expression of human personality and ideas. His final innovation in technique was the use of straight lines and angles to liberate movement.

Because his high aim was the expression of a literary and moral idea, he brought acting and dancing together through the medium of movement.

## P-S-S-T-I

Whew! We just remembered that we had to get a column in before the **BIG EVENT** really comes off. Let us all hold a session and hope that it doesn't decide to rain again before IT gets started.

We are going to have a little machine, made that will respond to a button with, "Congratulations, Margaret!" It's got to be such a habit with her that it is growing to be monotonous. While we are on the subject of the citizenship points, let us tell you what goes on—or rather, what doesn't go on—in the mind of one of our midst. Even after Elizabeth Neel had got a good-sized number of points, she didn't know what they were for, and thought that maybe she had done something she shouldn't have! That's an intellect for you!

EXTRA!!!! Emmargyne's "found herself." Although we have been laboring under the impression that she has been with us all year, it seems that we have all been misinformed. Get her to elucidate the matter.

Just an old "man snatcher," that's all you are, Woopa! Yes, we heard about the way you took those St. Louis

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visitors away from some boarders—and the girls were your guests, at that. Tck, tck, Woopa, that will never do.

We hear that, although Dorothy Colmery has been partial to the Betas for some time, her interests are widening out in the ranks of the Betas.

Oh! Oh! We have just been informed of the news that Sally is the proud possessor of a—P! K. A pin. Also, she had suddenly started displaying a new radio for her car—and that, too, has history. And, third and lastly, we have observed of late that a certain young man has had to play second fiddle to another certain young man. That's enough for the present; we've probably said too much as it is.

These unions are a fine thing. Now, just don't ask us what we meant by that for awhile, please!

Millie wants to prove that she can take it. How do we know? Well, we just do, that's all.

"Seeing as how" we have to have in the material for the last **HYPHEN** just two days from now, we have to save a little gossip for the final edition. So, until we "bare all" for the last time, you had better be careful. All that you do or say from now on is subject to immediate print. And a little of what you think has been securely concealed all year will be out.

For a short time, we'll be snooping on you.

**"WASHINGTONERS" SEE  
—ALMOST EVERYTHING**

From Thursday, April 25, at 1:40 until Monday, April 29, twenty-seven Ward-Belmont girls and the two chaperones saw practically everything of interest between Nashville and including Washington. We arrived at the Hotel Willard in time for lunch Friday. Immediately following we piled into a bus and really "saw" the nation's capital. The White House, foreign embassies, mansions of the great, the mint, museums, Lincoln Memorial, Washington Monument, the Supreme Court Building, War and Navy headquarters and the Capitol itself were all taken in. The climax of the afternoon was the avenue of cherry blossoms. The blooms were at their fullest and the great clumps of the loveliest pink in the world lent a fragrance to the air which is indescribable. It was so warm that picnic groups were to be seen everywhere in the lovely grounds. That night, a few hours of light entertainment at the Fox Theater rounded out our first day.

Saturday morning we turned to another type of beauty. At eight, we left for Annapolis, where the midshipmen paraded. Buildings, bay, traditions and . . . boys measured up to our highest dreams and it was with

some regrets that we bid it all adieu. Saturday afternoon included a visit to Mt. Vernon and Arlington Cemetery. Beside the beauty and the interest of these two places, of which we had all heard so much, there was a drive through old Georgetown.

Highlights were: The view of the Potomac from Washington's old home, residences belonging to members of his staff, and the home of Edgar Allen Poe.

The trip to Mt. Vernon and Arlington was preceded by a visit to the National Cathedral, now under construction. To a great many, this was the most impressive single item of the entire trip. The stained glass windows, the magnificent altar pieces, the massive arches, were all of miraculous beauty. The tombs of President Wilson and Admiral Dewey are in the chapel, and add to the historical interest of the place.

Saturday night the annual "Gridiron Banquet" was held at the hotel where we were staying. All notables, including the President, attended, and it was to see him that we stood up in the same place for as long as two hours. An unscheduled event occurred when we met Vice-President Garner. He greeted especially the Texas girls.

Very late that night we boarded our train, and at eight the next morning were in Lynchburg, Va., where a bus took us to the Natural Bridge. Here again, Nature challenged us, but seldom has she been so improved upon as in the gorgeous spectacle of the electric lights used in a pageant called "The Creation."

Again, late that night, our bus took us to the train at Roanoke, where the last lap of what everyone agrees was "The most fun ever," began. At one o'clock Monday, it was all over, but the memories will live forever.

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## 1935 BASEBALL SCHEDULE

NASHVILLE AT HOME

May 23, 24, 25	Memphis
June 2, 4, 5	Memphis
June 6, 7, 8	Little Rock
June 16, 17, 18, 19	New Orleans
June 20, 21-21, 22	Birmingham
June 30	Memphis
July 1	Memphis
July 5, 6, 7, 8	Knoxville
July 9, 10, 11, 12	Atlanta
July 21, 22, 23, 24	Chattanooga
July 25, 26, 27, 28	Little Rock
July 30, 31	Memphis
Aug. 1	Memphis
Aug. 1, 2	Birmingham
Aug. 7, 8, 9, 10	New Orleans
Aug. 31	Atlanta
Sept. 1, 2	Atlanta
Sept. 9, 10, 11	Chattanooga
Sept. 13, 14, 15	Knoxville
—Sunday	—Saturday



MAY DAY, COLOR-  
FUL SPECTACLE

The May Festival which was postponed twice on account of inclement weather was held on May 22. About three thousand spectators watched the lovely pageant as it was unfolded on the campus.

Virginia Shaw and her attendants, Tony Treadway and Virginia Lee Smith, were even lovelier than had been expected. Their carriage was beautifully decorated with flowers, and the little crown bearer looked like a lively pink rosebud.

The Senior Court, led by Jean Stewart, president of the Senior Class, and Marguerite Page, president of Boarding Student Council, made an unforgettable picture in their soft pastel gowns. The colors of the girls' dresses shaded from pale pink to peach to yellow, green, light blue through orchid to darker blues.

Following the crowning of the Queen, which was done by the College Maid, the program began with the club May poles—fourteen all at once. The girls danced the various dances and closed with the "Faust" Ballet number done around the large May pole. The finale of this number was one of the loveliest parts of the entire day.

The program in its entirety follows:

## I. PROCESSION

*Heralds*—Dorothy Jaeger, Frances Prince.

*Class Pennants*—'35, Evelyn Braden; '36, Frances Wilkerson; '37, Virginia Barret; '38, Shirley Leake; '39, Shirley Caldwell; '40, Keith Glasgow; '41, Florence Cheek.

*Club Standards*—*Agora*—Olga Vanta, *Triad*—Jacqueline Patton, A. K.—Jane Ludwig, *Ariston*—Carmenita Torrey, *Twentieth Century*—Jane Meyer, *Eccovasin*—Jane Meadows, *Penta Tau*—Mary Elizabeth Lauhon, *X. L.*—Mary Elizabeth Herder, *Angkor*—Margaret Greene, F. F.—Eula Wade, *Anti Pandora*—Marjorie Crume, *Del Ver*—Elizabeth Carruth, *Tri K*—Patsy Schorndorfer, *Osiron*—Gretchen Beckman.

*Social Clubs with May Poles.*  
*Senior High School Class.*

## II. THE QUEEN'S COURT

*Senior Class.*  
*Heralds*—Edwine Schmid, Beverly Lack.

*High School Maid*—Virginia Lee Smith.

*College Maid*—Antoinette Treadway.

*Crown Bearer*—Barbara Anne Estes.

*May Queen*—Virginia Lynn Shaw.  
*Pages*—Ellen Bowers, Louise Douglas.

*Crowning of the Queen.*  
*March of the Standard Bearers.*

## III. THE DANCES

1. *Club May Poles*  
2. *Russian Holiday*—

"Gopak"  
Margaret Burk, May Caldwell, Ann Core, Mary Dalton, Betty Ruth Davenport, Mary Douglas, Dolly Nance Fisher, Sara Knox, Nancy McCall, Katharine McNeilly, Ruth Fawcett, Martha Word Sanders, Ella Sykes.

## "TREPAK"

Cecile Sarah Bergeda, Mildred Milam, Phoebe Douglas, Stella Rosenblum, Betsy Rowlett.

3. *Greek Games*—Jane Bagley, Grace Benedict, Mary Cozart, Dolly Dearman, Virginia Gaffney, Patricia Gibbs, Frankie McHenry, Mary McComas, Evelyn Norton, Mary Alice Paine, Margaret Street Roberts.

4. *Robin Hood's Men*—Louise Armistead, Ann Caldwell, Mary Douglas, Leila Harwell, Eleanor Holder,

Julia Rhoda Merriek, Cynthia Mizell, Lucy Merrill Mizell, Polly Nelson, Sarah Starr, Florence Stevenson.

5. *Spring Hours*—Martha Armistead, Elizabeth Craig, Catherine Crossan, Jane Davis, Nelle Edwards, Ann Carolyn Gillespie, Elaine Haile, Jeannette Oliver, Elizabeth Pinner, Dorothy Proctor, Jane Vance, Margaret White.

6. *Two English Dances*—

## (a) "OLD ENGLISH"

Margaret Burk, Sarah Polk Dallas, Mary Dalton, Leila Douglas, Jane Lansden, Katherine Yowell, Helen Nelson, Frances Ragland.

## (b) SCARF DANCE

Katherine Armistead, Jane Barton, Elise Campbell, Eleanor Ritchie Cheek, Mary Manier Cooper, Mary Alene Edwards, Jacqueline Horn, Mary McCullough Keith, Nell McCullough, Patsy Proctor, Juliette Ragland, Adelaide Robert Evelyn Turner, Elizabeth Ragland, Alice Thompson, Peggy Wemyss.

7. *Water Study*—Sara Joyce Beasley, Lawrence Butler, Phyllis Carr, Martha Claire Clay, Virginia Gaffney, Llewellyn Granberg, Evelyn Norton, Margaret Street Roberts, Elizabeth Rudolph.

Trio: Patricia Gibbs, Frankie Marbury, Mary Alice Paine.

8. *Caprice*—Ann Diehl, Clara Knox, Thelma Ross, Mary Frances Raine, Nelle Lacy Waite.

9. *Pastoral*

## SHEPHERDESSES

Mary Lou Bard, Katherine Gallagher, Grace Trammel, Nancy Ross.

## SHEPHERDS

Betty Bryant, Evalina Harwell, Ann King, Mary Ann Graham.

10. *Trio*—Edith Davis, Mary Alene Edwards, Adela Roberts.

11. *May Pole*—Jane Bagley, Grace Benedict, Martha Claire Clay, Mary Cozart, Dolly Dearman, Virginia Gaffney, Patricia Gibbs, Jean Goode, Mary McComas, Frankie Marbury, Evelyn Norton, Mary Alice Paine, Margaret Street Roberts, Anna Rosenblum.

ROSES DECORATE  
BIRTHDAY DINNER

The final birthday dinner was held Thursday evening in the little dining room. As usual the table was beautifully decorated, this time with pink ramblers roses. A silver bowl of the pink roses graced the center of the table surrounded by six silver candlesticks with long white tapers. Two flat plaque-arrangements of the same flowers tied with fast blue ribbon were at the head and foot of the table. In diagonal arrangement were two groups—three white ivory pots, with trees of the roses blooming in them, surrounding a Japanese lady in a rickshaw. At each place were miniature colonial bouquets of rosebuds and ragged robins. Dr. and Mrs. Barton and Miss Sisson were host and hostesses to the fortunate birthday girls.

TEA HONORS  
STAFF MEMBERS

On Thursday afternoon, May 23, members of the *Hypen* and *Milestones* staffs were guests at a tea given in the Osiron club. Miss Jane Pulver presided at the tea table and Mildred Scott and Gail Lawrence assisted with the serving.

CLOTHING CLASSES  
GIVE DISPLAY

Members of the first and second year clothing classes held a style show in chapel on Friday, May 17, at which time girls displayed clothes which they have made this year. As each girl came onto the stage, a card giving the cost of the dress, and whether she was a first or second year girl was posted.

Almost every item in milady's summer wardrobe was shown, including pajamas, house dresses, street costumes, and formals. Each outfit had been planned with an eye to the personality and figure of the girl who was to wear it. The result was well worth all the time and effort spent.

This week also, members of the cooking classes are holding a series of breakfasts and dinners in the cooking rooms.

PENSTAFF HAS  
MOTHER'S TEA

The last meeting of the Penstaff, Thursday, was in the form of a tea at the Tri K house, where members were guests of Miss Sisson. The day students brought their mothers and each boarder invited someone to act as her "mother" for the occasion. The program consisted of work which had been written by the members.

WORDSMITHS HOLD  
FINAL MEETING

Monday evening, May 20, Wordsmiths held their last meeting of the year. In the absence of Judy Acheson, president, Winnifred Marsh presided. Winnie Coffee was appointed chairman pro tem for next year, and plans made for next year's work. Girls interested in becoming Wordsmiths are urged to do some writing this summer.

## MILESTONES READY SOON

The *Milestones*, which is on the press at the present time, will be ready for distribution on Saturday, June 1, after the last boarder has bought her ticket.

This announcement will set at rest temporarily the many who are daily asking for information about the yearbook. The dedication ceremony will take place the same day at 12:30 noon in the chapel unless otherwise announced. So it will not be long until each girl will be able to see for herself just "what the cover is like," "who won what in the ABC Contest," and all the many other delightful points about the 1935 *Milestones*.

## EXPRESSION NOTES

Saturday evening, May 18, Arlyne Milligan read, "The Charm School," as her studio-recital to a large audience of friends. Her interpretation was delightfully fresh and had an appealing quality of beauty. Her characterizations were excellent, and showed she had a keen understanding of the situation.

Helen Pillow presented "Under Twenty," as her Senior Diploma Recital, last Thursday afternoon, in the Expression studio. She read this study of an ultra-modern girl with an excellent spirit and understanding of the characters, and gave an especially attractive portrayal of the young daughter who was always trying to "Fix everything for everybody."

Mary Elizabeth Oman, a student of Vanderbilt, who has been completing her extra year of Expression at Ward-Belmont, gave "Mary III," as her studio-recital, last Friday evening, at 7:30. She read this dramatic play with a quiet dignity and beauty of character, and her interpretation was thoroughly enjoyable.

Saturday evening, in the Expression studio, Mildred Ann Pratt will read "His Master's Voice," as her Diploma recital. Miss Pratt is a graduate of Vanderbilt, and gave an excellent portrayal of Leonato, in the Shakespeare play.



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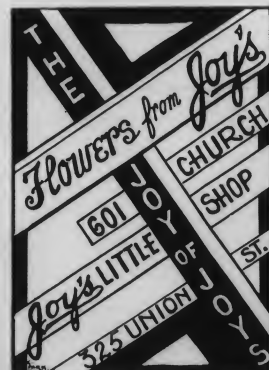
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## OFFICE ASSISTANTS

BETTY CARLISLE, MARY JANE BASS.

## EDITORIAL

## TO THOSE WHO CARRY ON—

Now that new officers have been elected and installed, the retiring heads of organizations face exams and the many activities which fill the last weeks of school, secure in the knowledge that the positions which have come to mean so much to them pass into capable hands.

We are proud of these new officers. We liked them, and rushed them diligently in those first hectic weeks last September. We learned to like them still more and to admire their talent, their industry and their capability, as we worked and played with them through the year. Finally we chose them to lead the various phases of school life next year. To them we give more than they realize as yet. For in their keeping we leave not only the carrying on of campus activities but also the ideals and traditions which are so much a part of Ward-Belmont and which bind, not only present classes, but many hundreds of "old girls."

G. L., '35.

## COMMON SENSE—GILDED

Happiness is like the fruit tree that tempted Tantalus; it lured him on, yet ever hung elusive just beyond his grasp. In our daily life, we, like Tantalus, struggle to attain this ideal, happiness. It is a golden eagle soaring before us, ever luring us forward, making our struggle for life much easier. When we are joyous, the eagle is within our grasp, but ecstasy is short-lived and the eagle always eludes us. In the pursuit of happiness we find a great stimulant for our ideals, for even when we are in the depths of despair, happiness is somewhere before us as a vision, a challenge for us to seek, and to pursue until we find God.

W. C., '36.

## BEST WISHES FOR EXAM WEEK!

The year is done,  
Exams have come.

Goblin's 'll getcha.

Blue Books loom  
Much too soon.

They're fierce 'n grim.

Our dreams are haunted  
By visions unwanted.

'Ya—you would go to town.

Where now is our belief

That to cram brings grief?

Our power is slipping.

Buck up, be brave,

There's yet time to slave.

Foiled again.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

Every evening we find many of our midist garbed in white dresses for the various installation services. The Y.W.C.A. service Sunday was terribly impressive, as was the Council "giving-of-the-robe" Tuesday. Most all the clubs had theirs Wednesday, so it looks like we are getting a fine start for next year. We know their organizations can't go wrong with such people as Barbs Reed, Jane Flannigan, Winnie Coffey, Edwin Schmidt, Charlotte Watkin, Fran Prince, Liz Reed, Pat Schorndorfer, Boots Bradley, Elizabeth Rudolph, Louise Fosgate, Bettie Jane Reed, Tony Treadway, and Eula Wade as leaders. We Senators almost wish we could come back again and be with them in their various groups.

Finally after so long a time we had May Day, and it was really worth the long wait to see Lynn Shaw as May Queen, Tony as Colletted Maid, and Virginia Lee Smith as High School Maid. The May Pole dancers were exceptionally good, even if they felt slightly conspicuous.

And have you seen the picture of none other than our own little Miss Ruth Potts in the *Washington Post*? We hear that it was as big a surprise to her as it was to us! (But how are we to know?)

And did you see Marty Kiger's Homer here Wednesday? A very special little bird tells us there will be a wedding (or so it is planned) in the coming year.

And anyone wanting to know the best method of picking pansies, breaking plates, and seeing stars may get the desired information from Mary Jane Dunlany, known to intimates as "Dull."

We hear that the Glee Clubbers just can't help but have some excitement on their plumes. The ones that went on the Tuesday picnic had the fun of getting lost. They started from Percy Warner Park, but the bus driver evidently had other plans.

The Oklahoma Club members had a fine fried chicken dinner at the X. L. Club. Mary Jane Bass and Martha Lou Lawrence were in charge, and everyone had a grand time.

Poor Nancyann Schmid had an unexpected rain in a more unexpected place when the pipes burst at three o'clock in the evening in her closet. It was the source of much excitement, and Mary Lee Wilson, Jane Keyport, Annette McMullen, Helen Pillow, Martha Fisher, and Carolyn Bryant didn't escape the flood either, but they didn't get to the excess that Nance did.

A local swain has been driving a certain day student crazy for information concerning Lattie Miller Graves. What is that mysterious power, Lattie?

Mildred Scott can tell you a very hair-raising tale about cock-roaches as bed partners. Just ask her!

Marion Farr is the proud possessor of a fine new Sigma Chi pin from none other than our good friend, Ab. The angle of wearing it has been the cause of much controversy.

We hear that the picture in Nita Bogue's frame has been changed for the third time this year. Some woman, we'll say!

The Style Show Monday was really quite a success. Christine White furnished the comedy element with the most coy little tugs on her dress; Sarah Ashley's approach on the stage was choice. Personal nomination for the best model, however, was Roselle Emery, who really showed some aw-

(Continued on page 5)

## EAGLE FEATHER

## WARD-BELMONT SONNET SEQUENCE

I

The Attic pillars and their cool, carved strength  
Have shaded every Grecian poet's song;  
Though men must fall and rise and pass, at length  
Still stands their inspiration firm and strong.

Above the trees where mockingbirds will hide,  
These other pillars of another day  
Look to the south with dignity and pride  
And mellowed smiles for all that they survey.

Oh, dusky pillars, stand forever straight  
Above the campus green! Though less your years,  
Your strength endures; your symbol is as great.  
Men wept for Athens; you have women's tears.

And if myself turns coward later on,  
I shall remember you, and fear be gone.

II

There was an angry wind that lashed the earth  
And spun the silence of the prairie sand  
Upon that mad March morning of my birth,  
So I have always seemed to understand.

How like that day the blood surged in my heart,  
And I knew the snow sting and the rise and fall  
And conflict tearing self and sand apart!  
But it has gone; this morning changed it all.

I came while heart and wind made wild caprice;  
I found a pleasant fire and daffodils  
In small bronze bowls; I found a happy peace  
Like spring on your New England's gold-rimmed hills.

There was assurance in your spoken word,  
Like daffodils that storm had left unstirred.

III

Here in the listless falling rain I stand,  
Waiting as if my untrained eyes might see  
Spring coming quietly to take in hand  
The doorknob of the tight-furled tulip. She

Will turn their crimsonness to open rooms,  
With myths of tall, green poplars in thin lines. . .  
The glowing fragrance of wisteria blooms  
In robes of purple dripping from the vines.

Then in the chancel of a later night,  
Magnolia trees in their communion mood  
Will hold a fragile chalice, lone and white,  
In reverent cathedral solitude.

If spring is just the same year after year,  
Why am I breathless as I wait it here?

IV

October afternoon has spun a haze  
With wings of dragon flies. A fall wind croons. . .  
There in the sunshine warm, young bodies laze  
On tall-grassed slopes and dream and hum new tunes.

Sounds through the winter air a carol now.  
The chimes for chapel play; thin lies the snow.  
And someone swings on a magnolia bough,  
To shake its load on laughing girls below.

Spring nights, soft-slippered by the rain, begin,  
And books lie idle for a quiet walk.  
Above the splatter and the thunder's din  
Come murmurs of a happy, friendly talk.

When summer comes, how still it all must seem,  
The campus drowsing in a next year's dream!

V

I, too, have gone away. But never comes  
A church bell or a distant chime at night  
But I must hear the carillon. No drums  
Beat stronger than the memory of moonlight

That wets gray slate roofs. And no white jade moons,  
But I must see the frosting lombardies.  
No bird's song, but I hear deceiving tunes  
Of mockingbirds in magnolia trees.

No friend who smiles, but I can dimly see  
The smiling eyes of someone there who grew,  
Like all the rest, to be a part of me.  
O, little years, how I have cherished you!

No challenge, but I feel the answer lie  
In dreams that have come true—and cannot die.

DORRIS FISH, '32.

## THE DIARY OF MIS- TRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday—

Dr. Craig spoke in chapel this morning, and how every one enjoyed him! Despite the fact that 'twas a devotional service we had the great desire to applaud!

We donned our little white frocks tonight and installed our new club officers. Slowly the curtain is ringing down, and how we dread its final fall!

Thursday—

Miss Morrison gave directions concerning the May Fete to be during the chapel time.

We tripped (please don't take us literally!) on the green this afternoon to the tune of Jimmy Gallagher's orchestra, and not having had quite enough exercise we tennised for awhile, too!

Friday—

Patou and Schiaparelli were put to shame by the clothing classes this morning as they walked and pivoted on the stage!

Kidnapped Mrs. Bryan tonight and in no uncertain tones commanded her to ride us! There must have been something to it, for ride us she did! Libby and Moselle will certainly get along in the world should they ever have to depend on their persuasive powers!

Saturday—

May Day? No go! Woke to a damp chilly world this morning so we went to town for lunch and "Let's Be Miserable"! Back to school underneath a warm sun to find Miss Morrison fussing and Mr. Puckett gently informing bewildered and puzzled visitors that rain, etc., had prevented May Day!

Spent a very dull evening studying and doing various and sundry (on Saturday, too!) things!

Sunday—

Surprise! And still it rains! We've forgotten what a pretty Sunday looks like!

Out for dinner and the afternoon and what a wonderful time!

The Y.W.C.A. installation service was tonight causing the curtain to lower a bit more! The candles used were most impressive and nary a one

blew out, which is certain proof that our chapel is draft-proof!  
'Night!

Monday—

Never before had we realized that we were mysterious, but when we stop to think about it we've come to the conclusion that mysteriousness comes second nature with us! Won't the home-folks be surprised?

After going to the trouble, and such trouble, of getting excused from classes this afternoon to make the daisy chain, along comes some more of that stuff they call rain! Who said anything about having a May Fete?

To the library tonight!

Tuesday—

Well, the entire school has turned into a weather bureau, and if hoping will do any good the sun will be in its glory tomorrow!

The curtain is no longer falling slowly, but we're afraid, now that we're going to get caught under it! We filled out home-going blanks this morning in chapel and when we saw the number of gals who are driving home, we figured that the trains would probably just stop and we would walk!

Walking in our sleep, we were told, is not a very becoming habit—so, we came up to the hut and went to bed!

The stage hands let the final curtain get out of control tonight and it almost rang clear down for more than one at the Student Council installation!

Just a parting word—will it be clear tomorrow?

'Night!

### DR. DANDRIDGE, CHAPEL SPEAKER

(Continued from page 1)

Dr. Dandridge. A girl who is always thinking about her hard luck, and how she is not appreciated, can become a terrible bore. She makes herself unhappy, and those around her unhappy. On the other hand, a girl with the same troubles can choose to see only her blessings. There are crocus and mud in the spring. Which will you see, the crocus or the mud?

Dr. Dandridge added meaning to the eighth verse of Philipians IV when he called it a "Catalogue of seeds for our mind." One seed is, "Whatever things are true"; those things that are eternally real.

"You can't furnish your mind satisfactorily from bubbles." They're very pretty, but are quickly gone, leaving only dirty water. But in nature and art we can get those colors permanently. "Whatever is honest," venerable is another seed; Beauty of nature, "The great possibilities of human nature," and the love of God.

"Lately we've had an epidemic of 'debunking.' Debunkers defend themselves as realists. Is poison ivy more real than roses? But I prefer roses. Would you choose the odor of violets, or of decaying fish? It's simply common sense to think of the good, the beautiful, and the true.

Learn to appreciate, and to cultivate what is lovely, pure, and true in other people. Let your mind be a lovely garden, a "Garden of beauty," that will draw respect from people.

"Carry along wherever you go a mind dwelling on the true, the beautiful, and the good, and you'll be shedding happiness and exerting influence on other people and yourself."

### OLD COUNCIL INSTALLS NEW

(Continued from page 1)

and took a place in the audience. New Council moved into the chairs thus vacated, and Barbara Lee made a short talk in which she aptly compared the school to a small community with its own representative government. She stated that the new body of elected representatives were going to endeavor to uphold the standards of the community and asked for the support of the student body. In behalf of the Senior Class

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## CASTNER-KNOTT

of 1935-36, Edwine Schmid, the president, answered this plea.

Following the withdrawal of both Councils at the close of Edwine's speech, Mr. Henkel played the "Bells of Ward-Belmont" while the audience stood quietly. Retiring members of the Council are Marguerite Page, president; Mary Eleanor Clay, first vice-president; Mary Lalla Byrn, secretary; Virginia Barret, high school representative; Helen Jones, chapel proctor; Edwine Schmid, North Front Proctor; Barbara Lee Reed, Founders proctor; Anne Turney, Heron proctor; Marion Weber, Pen-broke proctor; and Margaret Young, Senior proctor.

The members of the New Council are Barbara Lee Reed, president; Helen Jones, first vice-president; Beverly Lark, second vice-president; Marion Weber, secretary; Joanne Cookson, high school representative; and Billie Frank Smith, chapel proctor.

### CAMPUS COLUMN

(Continued from page 4)

fully nice things as did Kay Crosswell and Charlotte Ann Doughty. We mentioned these because they were the advanced students, but everyone looked jam-up to us.

We hear that Carolyn Whited had a sudden illness Sunday night. I guess you won't get so rash again, will you, my "fran"?

Seen about the campus:

Edwine and Gilbertine Moore in tears at the Council and Y.W.C.A. installations respectively.

Connie Chase outlining her itinerary home to Concord, Massachusetts, time and time again.

Christine Jill—the proud possessor of a new Whitman's Sampler.

Jeanne Brigham's new permanent—it's very becoming!

Mary Ann Wirtz's tan with her pink May Day dress.

Bicky curled up in Mrs. Powell's chair saying "Good-night" nightly to Judy Acheson, whom we all miss, at St. Thomas.

Boots Bradley's ATTRACTIVE coiffure of late.

Louise Longworth and fiancé prom-nading Sunday afternoon.

Frances Street's becoming chubbiness. Doesn't it just her disposition?

Irene Sartor's fair for wearing clothes.

This is all for this week, but in our last column the truth will out and then take pity on your poor columnist!

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## CLUB CHATTER

## Agora

Ta, ta, te, do, all we do is sing our club song . . . and oh—what harmony! After seeing the Paramount this week—I nominate Keyport to rival May West—but as far as going to town is concerned, June and H. B. take the cake. Let's hope it doesn't choke them. Initiation Wednesday and tears strewed the face. It's sure going to be lonesome without Frances and the other Seniors. Can't wait for the feed next Wednesday. If everyone keeps holding out the green suit's on me—I'll certainly have to charge rental on them. So long—

## Angkor

Well, the old roof flew off the gym on the day of the day-students' picnic, held there on account of rain. When Dr. Barton calmly said, "If the president and sponsor of the Angkor club—" that's all we heard but that was enough. Anyway, the citizenship cup repouses in resplendent glory on our mantel. We wait to congratulate all the girls in the club who got on the list as one of the most outstanding girls and especially Margaret Greene who has won the honor as the most outstanding girl twice. We think that is really good—who wouldn't?

We were awfully sorry to give up our baseball cup, but we fought hard for it. We only hope the Tri K's enjoy it as much as we did. Judy made a superb manager, and thanks, Judy, for taking us to the finals. Marion was certainly an outstanding pitcher. Last, but certainly not least, comes the archery cup which we won with the aid of many loyal Angkors who seem to be second Robin Hoods. Well, now, having hubbed over with enthusiasm we say, "Bye, now."

## A. K.

Of all the nights, last Wednesday night was the triumph at the club, what with initiation and everything. Oh, it's really dreadful to have to leave everything, but when we're leaving things to such able hands as those we're leaving the "Dear A. K." to carry on, we are being just selfish in not wanting to leave, for we know the club will grow to be bigger and better in every way under such guidance as Tony and Miss Rhea. I think all these things were expressed at initiation, but I wanted to re-express them. It's been a grand year, and it's going to be a better one next time.

But enough of this—Didn't Tony and Virginia look gorgeous at the long-awaited May Day on Wednesday? We weren't afraid for a time that we weren't going to get to show off our fine A. K.'s, but we did, and they looked all the better and we were all the prouder of them.

## Anti-Pans

The Anti-Pans certainly did show their stuff this week when it came to decorating the May pole. They could be seen swarming around the campus furiously cutting green and yellow streamers, and gilded cardboard keys. The high-and-mighty Seniors were right proud of the result.

The much-looked-for results of the A. B. C. contest held at club meeting last Wednesday night are as follows: Athletic—Patty Howell; Beautiful—Sara Joyce Beasley; Charming—Jane Flannigan; Democratic—Patty Howell; Entertaining—Mary Lee Wilson; Fashionable—Sara Joyce Beasley; Genuine—Pauline Meyer; Haughty—Betty Meroney; Intellectual—Jana Longnecker; Jolly—Mary Crockett Evans; Kind—Pauline Meyer; Magnetic—Frankie Marbury;

Northern—Jane Barrett; Original—Mary Lee Wilson; Popular—Martha Anne Rogers; Queenly—Martha Fisher; Reserved—Martha Claire Clay; Southern—Frances Ehrdridge; Temperamental—Frankie Marbury; Unsophisticated—Martha Carson; Versatile—Mary Lee Wilson; Witty—Mary Crockett Evans; Executive—Martha Fisher; Youthful—Barbara Leake; Zealous—Virginia; ENSEMBLE—JANE FLANNIGAN.

## Del Vers

Well, our new officers were all installed Wednesday week—Elizabeth Ann Reed, as president; Teddy Krauss, as vice-president; Betty Burns, as secretary, and Hope Hoffman, as treasurer. It was very impressive, but afterwards we all enjoyed ourselves with a great big Del Vers cake and ice cream. Liz got her first taste of cutting the cake, and I must say she presided very elegantly.

This week at meeting, Liz got some more experience presiding for the first time. After the regular meeting, the girls presented Miss Hollinger with a pen and pencil set, and Judy with a lovely identification bracelet.

We can hardly believe that this was our last meeting, but we know that we are going to have a fine club next year. Sarah Ashley is Rush Captain.

## F. F.

Dorothy Elliott was the lucky one last week-end. Her family came and spent a few days with her. That Fayette County license looked good to a certain other F. F.

They sure were good-looking outfits you displayed last Friday, Alice!

Hurray! Mary Ellen and Rosemary finally received those long-hoped-for checks. All debts are now paid up.

Lost: One finger-nail brush. Finder please return to Miss Jean Weis, 202 Senior. Ozzie is sorely in need of a bath. The return of this much-sought implement would be much appreciated.

## Osiron

My! My! Are we excited! So much is happening these last weeks that we just can't remember all we have to do. To begin with, I hope Nell will accept apologies for my forgetting to mention her trip to Birmingham, or somewhere, two weeks ago. Thelma and Mildred had a grand time with Mildred's folks last week-end. Tibbet got to go out riding, Sunday afternoon. Such fun! And Marty's (Kiger) boy friend is coming, or has come. After all sorts of specials and phone calls and changed dates for arrival, Marty has been all excitement for a couple of weeks. We're glad for you, Mart, and mighty envious.

## X. L.

Friends, friends, friends you and I will be, whether together or far from each other—so begins our song, and so ends another year at Ward-Belmont. Here's the best of luck and success to the girls who are coming back to W.-B. next year and to those who seek their higher education elsewhere! We are so, so sorry to see Miss McElfresh go; we surely will miss her jests and lots. When school starts next year, Miss Merriweather will be sponsor of the X. L. club; we certainly are lucky to have such a good sponsor and hope she wants to be our sponsor as much as we want her.

Ye old club house is getting dressed up for graduation. I see new curtains at the windows. They are so cute—green and brown. You are all invited to come down and see them. Goodbye, please—!



PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Number 30

BY MARY ALICE PAINE

BY JEAN WEIS

BY BARBARA DRATZ

BY TONY TREADWAY AND WINNIE COFFEE

BY HELEN KIRKBRIDE

The work here includes drawings from cast and life in charcoal with portrait studies of the head in charcoal and wash. Very interesting in this reporter were portraits done by Olga Vanta, Judith Berry, Lida Allene Brown, and Frankie Marbury. Olga's head of Elizabeth Rogers is strong and well done. Judith Berry and Frankie Marbury have portraits of Addie, the maid. Judith's is done in charcoal and is unusual in its excellence. There is strength, form, and gifted craftsmanship. Elizabeth Rogers on pen drawing that seems to stand right out from the page. Lida Allene Brown has a time sketch in charcoal of Nancy Lunsford that is remarkable. (Continued on page 7)

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## JUNE LUNCHEON DATES ANNOUNCED

The alumnae luncheons held every June all over the country are scheduled this year beginning the eighth of June. All the students now in school will receive at their homes invitations to their state luncheon, but we give you this list so that you may see just where and when they all are. You are cordially invited to attend any of them.

Atlanta, Ga.—June 21—Biltmore Hotel—12:30—price \$1.00—reservations to Linda Cox, 917 Springdale Road, Atlanta.

Birmingham, Ala.—June 22—Tutwiler Hotel—1 p. m.—price \$1.00—reservations to Roberta Munger, 100 Montevallo Rd., Birmingham.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa—June 10—Cedar Rapids Country Club—1 p. m.—price \$1.00—reservations to Helen Larimer, 2036 5th Ave., Cedar Rapids. Guest of honor, Miss Sisson.

Chicago, Ill.—June 15—Lake Shore Athletic Club, 850 Lake Shore Drive—1 p. m.—price \$1.00—reservations to Mrs. George Laflin, Hotel Knickerbocker or Superior 4234, Chicago. Guest of honor, Dr. Barton.

Cleveland, Ohio—June 11—Mid-Day Club, Union Trust Building—12:30—price \$1.00—reservations to Mrs. Leonard Roof, 13901 Shaker Blvd., Shaker Heights, phone, Garfield 5062 by June 10. Guest of honor, Dr. Barton.

Columbus, Ohio—June 8—Maramor—12:30—price \$1.10—reservations to Mrs. Howard Innes, 1048 Madison St., Columbus. Guest of honor, Miss Morrison.

Dallas, Texas—June 15—Adolphus Hotel, Palm Garden—12:30—price \$1.00—reservations to Mrs. Rex Townsend, Walnut Hill Lane, Dallas. Guest of honor, Miss Pulver.

Detroit, Mich.—June 12—Book-Cadillac Hotel—12:30—price \$1.50—reservations to Mrs. Horace E. McKnight, 7939 St. Paul Ave., Detroit. Guest of honor, Dr. Barton.

Harrisburg, Pa.—June 17—Penn-Harris Hotel—1 p. m.—price \$1.25—reservations to Elizabeth Shirk, 200 E. Walnut St., Hanover, Pa. Guest of honor, Miss Sisson.

Houston, Texas—June 19—reservations to Nedaye Eppes, 5322 Institute Lane, Houston. Guest of honor, Miss Pulver.

Indianapolis, Ind.—June 8—Athletic Club—1 p. m.—price \$1.25—reservations to Mrs. Ross Coffin, 5425 N. New Jersey Street, Indianapolis. Guest of honor, Dr. Barton.

Kansas City, Mo.—June 12—Mezzanine Floor, Muehlebach Hotel—12:30—price \$1.50—reservations to Mrs. Grant D. West, 5623 Brooklyn, Kansas City. Guest of honor, Miss Sisson.

Little Rock, Ark.—June 24—Albert Pike Hotel—1 p. m.—price \$1.00—reservations to Mrs. W. H. Vaughan, 1023 Louisiana, Little Rock. Guest of honor, Miss Pulver.

Louisville, Ky.—June 17—Louis XVI Room, Brown Hotel—12:00—price \$1.10—reservations to Aileen Reager, 1529 Tyler Park Dr., Louisville. Guest of honor, Dr. Barton.

Milwaukee, Wis.—June 13—College Women's Club, 1330 N. Prospect—12:45 p. m.—reservations to Merry Belle Palmer, 1914 N. Prospect Ave., Milwaukee, by June 10. Guest of honor, Dr. Barton.

Omaha, Nebr.—June 11—Paxton Hotel—12:30—price \$1.35—reservations to Mrs. H. A. Jacobberger, 5110 Chicago St., Omaha, by June 8. Guest of honor, Miss Sisson.

San Antonio, Texas—June 17—Gunter Hotel—12:30—price \$1.00—reservations to Helen Tibbets, 208

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Springfield, Ill.—June 14—Palm Room, Hotel Abraham Lincoln—1 p. m.—price \$1.00—reservations to Marion Nicholson, Abraham Lincoln Hotel, Springfield, or phone M-8000. Guest of honor, Dr. Barton.

St. Louis, Mo.—June 8—Gatesworth Hotel—1 p. m.—price \$1.00—reservations to Mrs. Curtiss Reeves, 7553 York Drive, St. Louis, or phone Cabany 0469-J. Guest of honor, Miss Sisson.

Tulsa, Okla.—June 13—Junior League Tea Room—12:30—price \$1.00—reservations to Mrs. Charles Eby, 3417 E. 15th, Tulsa. Guest of honor, Miss Sisson.

Yazoo City, Miss.—June 24—Country Club—1 p. m.—price \$0.65—reservations to Elizabeth Holmes, 217 Ward St., Yazoo City.

## P-S-S-T-I

BY ELIZABETH GRAY

Well, we have snooped for the last time! As we go to press, exams are over, and the first tears are being shed over step-sistering. Woe is all of us!

Plans for next year are still rather vague in the minds of most of us, but some have definite ideas about the future. We hear that Jayne is going on a trip with "him" and his family. That might not have aroused any suspicion, if she hadn't said that she might get married next year. Most people wouldn't have admitted it in such a calm and matter-of-fact way—but everyone has a way to do things.

From reliable sources, the rumor goes that she has already had some concrete discussions about furniture. That could only mean one thing.

We hear that Theresa's greatest wish for graduation is for her mother to tell her that she doesn't have to go to Wellesley. We were expecting such an outcome of all that intellectual notation; after all, there are "reasons" for that decision.

Evelyn Boyd is heading away from here with the intention of staying for a good length of time. It's Florida first, and then for California and more "larning."

Patty is going to be a counselor at Miss Morrison's and Miss Sisson's camp this summer. We heard of some rather high plans for Virginia and Patty on the way back; however, Virginia's sister will be along to keep them from too much mischief.

Nelia is really going in for "schuling" in a big way. We hear that she has a scholarship (as does Patty) to Pennsylvania. Congrats to both!

We wonder if Millie has ever figured out her "music or marriage complex" yet? From what we have been able to gather—!

Juanita is to be a camp counselor, also, this summer.

Emmalyne will, we suppose, be get-

ting a running start on her "career" this summer. Eh, Emmalyne?

Nobody could predict a settled future for Sally. Time will tell where and what she be.

Kitty will probably continue to have a good time for a while longer. Can't say that we blame her. But one can never tell.

Eleanor Cleghern hasn't given us any inkling of what she intends to do, so you will have to find that out for yourself.

Mary Ann informs us that she is going to be a clerk at Castner's this summer to keep from being "bored" and to buy a car.

We suppose that Nena and her "constant" will continue to be so. That's one record that we never expect to see broken.

Joyce will probably go on her "mysterious business of being" Joyce.

There are several paths open to Janet. It remains to be seen which she chooses.

Kathryne and her A's will continue to be just a little more intellectual than the rest of us. We wish her luck.

Elizabeth Neel is another one of these people who are blessed with having a "constant."

About so many months from now, we will doubtless be seeing the two Marions appearing on the same stage. One never knows.

Helen is another one of those whose future is pretty well already mapped out for her. You guess.

Sallie has come through this year with a new understanding of what her long legs are for. Congrats to you, Sallie; we know some people who can't boast of letters and right places.

May Evelyn plans to keep right on knitting. She should—with all the gift she has for it. It reminds us that we have some to finish.

Alice—well, we don't know what she will do! No telling; but we would suggest that she remove herself from town before next May Day.

Babe is another with whom we don't know how to deal. She has that gift of being silent, and still being able to make herself heard.

Mary John still will continue with her winsome ways to get her desired goal. Some people have the art.

And so,—we have come to the end—!

## SCHOOL OFFICERS ENJOY PICNIC

BY FLORENCE-MARTIN BRADFORD

On Saturday, May 25, members of Day and Boarding Student councils and of Presidents' councils for this year and next were guests of Miss Sisson and Dr. Barton at a picnic at Bonnybrook, Mr. Benedict's summer home. The group left the campus at 3:30 and spent the afternoon playing games. This picnic is an annual and much anticipated affair.

## EXPRESSION STUDENTS PRESENT RECITALS

By MARIAN COLLESTER

Miss Mary Elizabeth Oman, daughter of John Oman of Deer Park Circle, Nashville, presented "Mary III," by Rachael Carruthers, as her studio recital on Friday evening, May 24, in the Expression studio. Miss Oman is a Vanderbilt student who is continuing her expression instruction at Ward-Belmont, receiving her diploma in this year. Her voice was exquisite in its intonations, she showed a keen sense of humor for the situation, and her nuances of meaning were delightful.

Saturday evening, May 25, Miss Mildred Anne Pratt read "His Master's Voice" at the Senior Recital, to a large audience of friends. Miss Pratt is graduating from Vanderbilt this year, and at the same time is receiving her Ward-Belmont diploma in Expression. This was a thoroughly modern work with an interesting play of characters, and the entire presentation was enjoyable. Especially deserving of praise in Miss Pratt's interpretation was her portrayal of Ned, the loose-jointed husband.

## EXIT SENIORS

By EDWINA HOLLAND

We are those of the yesterdays. From many places and by different paths we came. We met as strangers at the gate, hesitant and half afraid. We recognized in each a common purpose, a purpose inviting fellowship. We formed ranks. We faced about and, guided by that common purpose, marched in. For two years that tie has bound us together. We have passed through. We stand at the outer gate. We wait the parting bell, again hesitant and half afraid.

Our laughter is stilled. Our eyes are moist. Our lips tremble. We look back over the paths by which we came. We are facing the sunrise of another day. We are guided by a new purpose. A new effort, single to each. We are of today. We will not all meet again.

The past stands still, that we may leave it. The future stands still, that we may reach it. Only the present is action. Its relentless pulse-beat bears us on. Thus it was and is and will forever be.

It is as we pass over the hills, when the haze of the distance closes the scene. We each then will send back our message of today, to yesterday, for tomorrow. A heart throb of love, to dwell within the now hushed halls and greet and sweeten the music of its voices tomorrow.

The bell sounds. We go.

## PAY ALUMNÆ DUES

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class, it was announced that the members could pay their alumnae dues before leaving school. In doing this, each girl will not only receive paid membership in the Alumnae Association but will also receive a year's subscription to the HYPHEN and to the Alumnae Journal when it is published.

The Seniors are urged to pay their dollar as soon as possible.

## LATIN MEDAL AWARDED

Eta Sigma Phi, scholarship fraternity, has presented their medal for the best work in Latin over the four-year high school period to Sylvia Cohen of Nashville. The presentation was made Thursday morning in chapel at the rehearsal for commencement.



## DANCE COLUMN

By MARY ALICE PAINE

### Let's Be Dance-Conscious!

Ever since I was a small child, dancing has been the fundamental method for expressing the state of my life. Now that I have reached the "ballroom" or "college dance" age, I cannot find in this type of dancing the emotional release that I gained through my childhood attempts. The desire for self-expression, the restlessness, the joy which I emitted through my childhood dance beats against the bonds of my body as waves plunge against the limiting shore. What is the trouble with our social dancing that it no longer serves as the means of emotional self-expression?

Social dancing is the expression of a nation's strength and weakness; it is the individual's outlet for his restlessness and his creative desire. To the Greeks the dance was a reflection of their high culture; when the people danced, the beauty and purity of their movements matched their spiritual goodness and their ideals. When the country declined under Nero's rule, their dancing fell into degradation and sensuality; so were the Greeks in their unhappy condition. The service of dancing is clearly stated by Mr. Cecil James Sharp who says, "Every high-strung emotional state which has not found its appropriate expression causes movement by which we instinctively try to get rid of the feeling of restraint."

No ruthless Nero is to blame for the state of dancing, but "conditions resulting from the past war state of mind, manners and habits," states Mr. Sharp. Twisted into its course by our emotionally disturbed generation, social dancing has become more enmeshed by the bonds of standardized music and crowded floors. Routine work has stifled the chance for creative expression and drives the people to the over-crowded floors. The modern dance resembles a drop of dirty water under a microscope with each little amoeba pushing each other around," Mr. Ted Shawn describes the situation.

Shall grace and beauty which are the rightful guardians of dancing be unknown to my children as they in turn reach the "college dance age?" In order that beauty may go hand in hand with emotional satisfaction we, who love the dance as an art, must make the dancing generation realize how much of the real purpose of dancing is lacking in formless movements. If we could look into a spacious ballroom of 1890 and see the couples dance the graceful, changing figures of the quadrille and the "lancers," or watch the girls accept the cotillion favors in exchange for a dance, we would turn back to our formless dancing in dismay.

Dance-consciousness is perceiving the emotional value of social feeling in pattern and beauty and realizing its service in our lives. This consciousness enables us to behold the dance in the melting pot of art, obscured by the impurities of conditions and form and colored by the emotions of many nationalities—lives assembled from the countries of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the most remote countries of the world. By a process of filtration through the education of dancers, these impurities can be separated from pure social dancing.

Beauty and emotional satisfaction can combine to form a dance worthy to serve as an expression of the American people. At our demands, larger dance halls can be constructed to allow space for the execution of

social dancing with form and beauty. By supporting the song writers who pioneer in the field of jazz to improve the quality of music, we are helping to build an American music that will have the variety and originality of folk music as well as the appeal of present-day jazz. By creating favorable conditions, we as the dance-conscious generation will afford dancing an opportunity for fulfilling its service in our lives and the lives of the Americans who follow us. Let's be dance-conscious!

## ALUMNÆ WELCOME

### SENIORS

On Saturday evening immediately following step-singing, the Alumnae Association entertained with a dance for the entire school in honor of the Senior Class. The gymnasium was undecorated save for the curtain and the large sign of "Welcome Alumnae."

At 8:30 the short ceremony of taking the class of '35 into the Alumnae Association was performed. Several alumnae were present to stand with the executive secretary, Miss Jane Fulver, as she made the invitation talk and introduced the officers of the Association. The ceremony closed with a few words from Jean Stewart and the singing of the alumnae song.

Music for the dancing was furnished by Johnny Miller's orchestra.

## MILESTONES HONORS

### MISS CAYCE

By MARY NORMAN WEST

The 1935 *Milestones* was presented to the students on Saturday, June 1, from the HYPHEN office. This year the yearbook is dedicated to Miss Mary Elizabeth Cayce. The formal dedication service was held after chapel Saturday, at which time Miss Cayce was presented with a copy of the book.

Miss Cayce is one of the most popular teachers on the campus. She was graduated from Ward-Belmont in 1928. While in school she was prominent in all of the school activities, acting as president of the Day Student Council, and a charter member of the Angkors club. After her graduation she attended George Peabody College, but continued her association with Ward-Belmont as part-time instructor in the athletic department, and at the present is an assistant in this department.

The *Milestones* this year is one of the most attractive. The color scheme is gray and black and the cover, suede. The theme used throughout the book is modern. We have presented to us the modern girl with all the glories of Ward Seminary, Belmont College as a background and foundation for what she now stands. Credit is due Frankie Marbury who designed the sketches and had charge of all the art work. This year all the pictures were made in the black drapes for the first time. This has added to making the book more uniform.

It is with pleasure that the *Milestones* staff presents you with this book, and with the hopes that it will always stand as a symbol of your days at Ward-Belmont.

## ART CLUB ELECTS

By ROSEMARY HORSTMANN

At the last meeting of the Art Club, Friday evening, May 24, Enalou Florey was elected president for next year with Kitty Mood as vice-president. The club feels it has made a good start this spring and is planning to do even more next year.

As a last undertaking the club is sponsoring the annual art exhibit that is being shown in the "Big Y" room from Saturday morning until after graduation on Tuesday. It is hoped that the exhibit will prove of interest to the student body and visitors.



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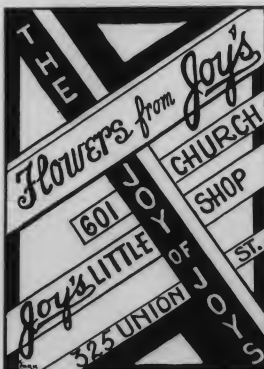
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## EDITORIAL

## A PICTURE COMPLETED

With this edition the HYPHEN staff puts the final touches to the picture which we have tried to create for you this year. A picture of school as it has been, and of you, and you, and you as you have appeared in it.

It has been fun . . . to watch the picture grow week by week. From the first "Extra" which emerged from frantic, hectic days in the HYPHEN office to introduce to the new girls the campus, its organizations, its clubs and its people; down to the present calendar of final events it has been fun.

As the year wore on and you settled down to a busy routine of activities, the HYPHEN staff settled down to the real business of picture creating. Hockey games, steak roasts, the President's visit, Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving, Christmas . . . exams . . . elections . . . new regulation . . . Washington . . . Homecoming . . . May-day . . . your picture is varied and colorful. There are dark spots to be sure, but even they have their place in throwing into relief the brighter ones.

This is not the first picture to be so painted. There have been other years and other pictures. Now it is the turn of the class of '35 to step into the background, to become a part of that ever-living, ever-growing picture which is Ward-Belmont in its entirety.

Now as the time comes for farewells to people and to things which have meant much to us this year . . . with many thanks for the things you have done and been, the HYPHEN staff presents to you your picture completed, and bids you adieu.

GAIL LAWRENCE, '35.

## HERE'S TO THE FUTURE!

I searched Hoyt's *New Cyclopedia of Familiar Quotations* and I could find no inspiration; but I am determined to write on the future. So much is said these last weeks of what's been; so many memories are forced up; so many tears are shed for the past, that I think it's time we gave a smile or two to the future. Months and years stretch ahead of us full of thoughts unthought, and dreams undreamed. Though one or two years at Ward-Belmont are gone forever, sister years in other places wait for us. The past has given us memories; Ward-Belmont has given us wisdom, friendships, courage and culture with which to face the future. These partings may mark the end of girlhood, but they also mark the beginnings of womanhood. Though good has gone, even better may be yet to come. So here's to the future, a Queen in her own right!

MARGARET GREENE, '36.

## TO THE HIGH GODS

They can tear your hand from my fingers  
They can force me to walk alone,  
They can blot the stars from the heavens  
Or give me for bread—a stone.  
But not, in the dim hereafter,  
Though suns be forever set,  
Though the Gods on high ordain it—  
Can they force my soul to forget.

NANCYANN SCHMID, '35.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

"When you come to the end of a perfect year"—There comes a time in everyone's life when she must say goodbye to old surroundings and pack her satchels for other lands. It is a sad and forlorn feeling when we are being turned out of the place we so dearly love, yet it does give us a feeling of satisfaction to know that our endeavors are being fulfilled, and that we have fulfilled our parents and our own wishes.

The familiar scenes of this year are gone but memories will linger on, and they are something that no one can take from us no matter where we are or what we are doing.

We will miss: Mrs. Powell, Senior Hall, Dr. Barton's inspiring presence, Mr. Benedict's sense of humor, Miss Sisson's gracious dignity, Mardie Page's fairness, Jean Stewart's magnetic personality, "Chat's" dignity, Edwina's calling us "Chum," The Cardinals, Miss Lester's white slips, our daily morning rush to the post office to see if "he" had written, Whittaker and Rec Hall, and so many things that will always find room in our book of memories.

Our prophecy for next year we bequeath to the Senior-Mids and anyone else whom it may concern:

That Barbara Lee will make one of the "better" Student Body presidents. All that we have to say to you, Barb, is that you'll have a lot to live up to in order to catch up with our president, Mardie!

That Senior Hall will be equally as popular and gay as it has been in 1934-'35.

That Catherine Crossan will be next year's all round athlete.

That the Seniors of next year will think as much of, and be as proud of Ward-Belmont as the present Seniors.

That Miss Sisson, Mrs. Charlton and Miss Meriwether will be in the home office, we hope!

Saying it with songs is truly our specialty, so here goes:

"I'm Just an Ordinary Lover with an Extraordinary Love"—Georganna Martin.

"Clouds"—Frankie Marbury.  
"It's An Old Southern Custom"—Virginia Shaw.

"I'm Just a Medicine Man for the Blues"—Gilly Moore.

"My Old Fraternity Pin"—All of us.

"Carry Me Back to Old Virginny"—Sarah Ashley.

"Live, Love, Laugh While You May"—Senior-Middles.

"I'm Just A Dancing Sweetheart"—Mary Alice Paine.

"Easy to Remember"—Our Exams.

"Soon"—For us Seniors.

"Rain"—Seniors During Step-Singing.

"Laughter in the Afternoon"—Tea Room.

"When Love Knocks at Your Heart"—When you get a telephone call.

"It's But the Lights and Go to Sleep"—Porgie Young and the other proctors.

And so there must be an end to all good things—And now may we bid you goodbye and good luck!

Sincerely,  
Frances Graham,  
Judy Berry.

## WHY THIS NIGHT?

It's just a night  
Like a thousand nights before  
And a thousand nights to come—  
There's been rain and cold  
The wind is blowing some—  
But it's different.  
It's wind and rain  
As I've often seen before,  
And I'll often see again.  
It's a common time,  
But it's never been the same,  
This is different  
The rain is new.  
The pavements shine like satin;  
The trees cry and crying bow,  
The wind's song is changed  
And I—I wonder how.

BARBARA DRATZ, '36.

## EAGLE FEATHER

By Eunimemary Bicknell

## DAY DREAM

Sometimes I long with all my heart  
To travel very far.  
I'd go for miles across the sea  
To Rome, Berlin, or "gray Faree,"  
I'd live a life that's wild and free  
With no conventionality.

I'd have a little three-room flat  
That's up four flights of stairs  
Where none must knock upon the door  
And all could sit down on the floor.  
We'd laugh and talk and laugh some more  
And no one there would be a bore.

I'd live all by myself, I think—  
It's nice to be alone.  
I could do just the things I'd choose,  
Read books and plays and of world news.  
There wouldn't be a thing to lose,  
And when I liked, I'd have the blues.

My tiny three-room flat would be  
Gay-colored, warm and bright  
The water might not always run  
And all the rooms not get the sun,  
But I'd have lots and lots of fun.  
Oh, why go on? Dreams never come.

EUNICEMARY BICKNELL, '35.

## PERSONALE

Remember autumn, the Youthful Poet.  
Youth and splendor (one would say),  
Real sunset stuff, but to the common,  
Common one hectic leaves,  
Modish sentiment, sentiment  
In common leaves.  
Then winter (snow sheaths thrust on hills.)  
Winter's gruff with ready sincerity  
Ground dreams, sounds dreams  
For added tone, added heat.  
Now spring, A Maiden Gay,  
Who's coy and fickle, unrestrained,  
An invitation to all youth's revolt  
Against winter's wisdom.

Soon summer, The Fruitful One,  
Whose beauty lags, whose maidenhood  
Soon lost, inspires  
The Melancholy autumn poet  
By the terror of her thoughts.

WINNIFRED MARSII, '35.

## PRAYER TO NATURE

That you gave us God a sky of blue,  
A meadow green, sometimes with daisies too,  
The shining sun that beams all day  
And a moon at night to guide the way,  
Oh, that we mortals could make things so great  
The seas, the oceans, a brook, a lake,  
Let me kneel upon the grass you made  
And offer gratitude for all  
At our offerings you have laid.

DAWN CHIARENZA, '36.

## SONNET ON LIFE

Life, thou art like a boat tossed on the sea,  
Striving to gain the high crest of a wave,  
Drifting amidst the billows of destiny.  
To the fates and the winds thou art a slave,  
Blown and whirled through storms of cruel deep pain.  
In vain you try to live, dear life, in peace;  
Escaping crowds and noise, shunning public fame;  
Running from the fear that soon you'll cease.  
Why do you flee from that which is decreed?  
Are you afraid to drift down in the trough?  
Is it that some inner soul's support you need—  
To end this reign of fate, and death ward-off?  
Is this you lack to make you ever strong?  
Great faith in God—and love—right all wrong.

WINNIE COFFEY, '36.

## A POEM TO YOU

I prayed that God would keep you thus:  
Snow on your lashes like white tips of a butterfly's wing,  
Night in your eyes like the depths of uncovered tombs,  
Wind on your cheek like swift caresses of an impatient lover.  
I prayed that I would never know—  
The snow to melt,  
The night to lift,  
The wind to slow.  
But God's hands were helpless,  
His heart was numb.  
Such love as this to Him  
Had never come.  
Snow must melt;  
Night must lift;  
Wind must slow;  
Love must go.

BETTY ROBERSON, '36.



## CLUB CHATTER

Editor, ROSEMARY HORSTMANN

## Agora

Eight months ago we all met in the Agora Club—strangers with our talents unknown. In these two quickly passing months we have developed skill in our own individual fields and have joined with each other in faithful comradeship. Our members can now be distinguished from being just strangers, for one connects each one with a different idea.

Lida Allene, dancing; June, dates; Keyport, blonde; Katherine, poise; Helen, laughing; Virginia Lee, vespers; Phyllis, red cheeks; Royena, calmness; Olga, music; Betty Jayne, chubby; Ruth D., late again; Christine, dues and expense; Annie Lou, southern; Ruth, "radio" for Christmas; harmonizing; Emma Lou, eyelashes; Mary S., singing; Margaret, oxfords; Elaine, Sunday dinners; Freda, curls; Florence, black hair; Mary C., freckles; Jane B., quiet please; Barbara D., modesty; Janie Ruth, absent; Fran, bubbly; Miss Gertrude Fay, hair-knitting; and me—well, I'm plain noisy!

What a list, what a club, and what swell gals—that's what I say! We've sure had a grand time this year and so let's all be back next year to put our heads out in front. We'll miss the Seniors, but we'll have them with us in our thoughts! Good luck to all of you!

WINNIE COFFEY.

## A. K.

"Dear A. K. we love you so,  
We'll stand by you where'er we go;  
You've shown us the standards high  
Which live in our hearts as the years go by.

Our dear old club calling to us, just longing  
For dear A. K."

As we come to the end of an almost perfect year, we become sad at having to part with our dear friends because of the fun we've had together. We've worked together as a whole and have learned to love each other. K. And in looking forward to the next year, we, who are leaving, can see only the best of luck for the club. Our best wishes are with you as we leave and we will think of you all through the year that is to come. To the Seniors and those who will miss us—good luck and God speed! To the club we, who will not be here, wish the same to those who are to carry on; Miss Rhea; Tony, president; Jonny, vice-president; Joan, secretary; and Leora, treasurer; the best of luck, and may the dear A. K. grow better and stronger under your care.

MARY LALLA BYRN.

## Angkor

Well, the year closed with a "bang" when the final announcements were made in chapel, Thursday. We are thrilled to death over making second place in the total summing-up, and next year we hope to creep up to first place. It is nice to sit down and sorta fold our arms and look at our five cups. Our first conquest was hockey where we thundered down the field to be victorious over the Triads in a fight to the finish. Then came that marvelous announcement about the scholarship cup which was worked for as hard as any hockey game. Then came the bowling conquest with Ellen Bowers and Marion Hill helping us to keep on top. Thanks, Ellen and Marion! Soon afterwards followed that bloody battle under the command-er, Judy Davis, for the baseball cup. We liked that cup with its three bats supporting a baseball, but, although we tried hard, the true-blue Angkors were defeated by a two-point loss. Commander Davis and "Dizzy Dean" Hill made first varsity. Congratulations, Marion and Judy! On top of this depressing news came good news

about archery. We won that cup! and then as the grandest climax of it all, we won the citizenship cup. There has never been such a happy club in the world.

We feel that we've had a successful year and so now we want to thank the people who helped to make it so.

We want to thank all our officers: Ann Huddleston, president; Margaret Greene, vice-president; Susan Cheek, secretary; and Elizabeth Cornelius, treasurer. Ann, we all feel that we couldn't have had a better president, and that goes for the rest of the officers, too. And last, but certainly not least, we want to say that in you, Miss Grizzard, we have the most wonderful and helpful sponsor ever. And, now as we say good-bye to Ward-Belmont for another vacation, we only hope that the Angkors will do as well next year under the leadership of our new president, Virginia Lee Smith.

VIRGINIA McLELLAN.

## Anti-Pan

Woe is us—we've been looking forward to this day for ages, but now that the time has come, we're feeling kinda' blue. Seems like only yesterday that we were having for Christmas.

Let's have an Anti-Pan reunion in 1950, and all come back and swap yarns. Can't you just see . . .

Martha Fisher with her knitting, once more presiding over the club of '35, but this time telling anecdotes of the little family in the country school where she teaches.

Mary Lee, the wall-flower of the party, because "they laughed when she sat down to play . . ."

Frankie, an old stick-in-the-mud, who never gets any joy out of life. Bill has died of old age just waitin' around.

Ginny positively wasting away because she's just not hungry. Cod liver oil of no avail.

Crockett, a sleek, shady siren who is just too bored with it all.

Martha Anne, just a little megal who "never goes out much now that me 'n Hiram's got all the kids."

Charlotte Anne, a timid, little country mouse, comfortably married to Art, and never opening her mouth.

Martha Carson who is growing her own garden, now that the gardenias have given out.

May you have all the joy and success that such a fine club deserves, Anti-Pans, and here's to a glorious future! With Charlotte Watkin as president, and Pauline Meyers as vice-president, this will be inevitable.

So, s'long, and be good! If you should ever be in Iowa, pa-leeseee drop in and see me. Zounds 'n zithers—I'm about weeping!

MARION COLLESTER.

## Del Vers

The school year is almost over and the Del Ver club is going to lose some of the finest Seniors the club has ever had. We predict that Mardie Page and Jean Stewart will go far in this world toward the goal they set themselves. To Mardie Fran we wish the best of luck in her acting. We will always think of Bicky as the careful accountant of every cent coming and going. Judy Acheson's marvelous ability to plan and carry out schemes and Mary Anne's grand management of the club house have helped to make the Del Vers a success this year. The Del Ver song cannot be thought of without Tillie who lends oomph in the right pitch. A scholastic wizard, A-Plus Chattin is about the best sport we know. Last but not least, we certainly have been proud of Judy Berry, our president, this year. She has what it takes to get along.

All in all, we think this year has been the better for our having been Del Vers. Next year we know the new officers, with the help of the old members, will carry on, profiting by this year's mistakes as well as triumphs.

BETTY ANN BELL.

## Ariston

Throughout the year, everyone has had a longing for school to end. Now

that this end has actually arrived, we are sorry. Tuesday, at our last club meeting, there was a silence, as Virginia courageously and valiantly gave her farewell to us. Joy again reigns supreme, however, when she presented Miss Major, our untiring sponsor, with a little remembrance as a token of our gratitude to her. Miss Major, in turn, commended Virginia for her splendid work which she has so nobly done as the president. We are proud of our president-elect, Rebecca Rice, but we realize she has some real work ahead of her in filling the rôle of Virginia's successor. Each member feels confident of her ability since she has so displayed it this year in her various club responsibilities.

We ranked second to highest this year with Patty ranking second in individual scores and Virginia third. Alice and Elizabeth had a score above a hundred. Congratulations!

Now, as Ariston HYPHEN reporter, I say "adios" after wishing success for the officers of the coming year.

HELEN POWELL, '35.

## Eccowasin

Congratulations to our new president, Elizabeth, and Juliette Craig and Shirley Leake respectively! Here's wishing them lots of success next year!

And still more congratulations to Frances Rose for winning third place in another poetry contest. She has received little mail from you down in Porto Rico. Famous already—don't be surprised at anything she may accomplish in the future. We're mighty proud of you, Frances.

Everyone it seems is ready to head for Sewanee. Jane, Carroll, Polly Ann, Elizabeth, and Shirley are all anticipating a perfect week-end for the finals. Shirley also had the V. M. I. finals to look forward to.

We've heard more exciting plans for the summer. Polly Barr and Elizabeth are to sail in June on the *Normandie* for a two-month stay in England and France. So, *bon voyage* and have a good time!

But now it's *au revoir* till way next year. We can rest up on snooping until next fall. We'll surely miss our girls who are leaving, but we're looking forward to seeing all you again in '36. Don't forget us during the summer.

JOSEPHINE NEIL.

## Osiron

We gathered together for our last club meeting of this year which has been one none of us can forget. The silence rather indicated the sad feelings we had as Thelma graciously gave her presidency to Louise. The club realizes how much is due Thelma who has been such a grand leader, but we are sure that Louise, with Catherine Kilty (vice-president) and Jean Morgan (treasurer), will lead us on to a still better club next year.

We can look back over these last months to see what we have done, to see where we have left undone; we see where we have failed and where we have succeeded; now, we are filled with the desire to make ourselves worthy members of a club which will be, as far as our ability can make it, an example of the standards and the spirit set for us by Ward-Belmont. With that as our parting word, we bid the Seniors a hearty farewell, and look on to next fall when we may be back again to carry on Osiron.

HELEN TIBBETS.

## F. F.

We, the departing F. F.'s, in this year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty-five, do hereby make known our last will and testament: I, Alice Adams, leave my pianistic talents to Jane Cravens.

I, Nita Bogue, leave my worries to Eula Wade.

I, Carolyn Conklin, leave "Yellow Dog Blues" to Betty McHenry and Elizabeth Quinker.

I, Murley Hall, leave my quietness

to Ruth Porter.

I, Rosemary Horstmann, leave my figures to Jane Cravens.

I, Mary Ellen Hudgins, have no successor. (There is only one "Hugkins").

I, Pory Irwin, leave my knitting to Dorothy Elliott. (I'll just take my riding medal along with me if no one minds.)

I, Louise Lillard, leave some of my inches to "Tinkie" Timberman.

I, Fanny Street, leave my duties to Alice Hancock. (May she continue the good work!)

I, Mozelle Trout, leave my athletic record to Leah Rochelle.

I, Jean Weiss, leave my Chemistry book to anyone who happens to be interested.

To future Ward-Belmont F. F.'s we leave our friend and adviser, Miss Ruef.

Sailing, sailing over the bounding main—

PONY IRWIN.

## Penta Tau

The Penta Tau Club meetings were brought to a climax Wednesday night with a lovely dinner given in honor of all the members. On this occasion the old members gave up their places to the new girls.

As a club we wish to thank Lou and Miss Clark for their fine leadership in '35. We are proud to congratulate Boots and Jean as our president and vice-president. The club sincerely hopes that they are able to fill their places as wonderfully as Lou and Mary Alice.

We leave the club to a group of girls whom we trust will continue to hold up the good standards and the fine feelings and thought that the Penta Taus represent.

And now as the Penta Tau reporter I say good-bye and good luck to you.

VIRGINIA ANN REED.

## T. C.

We did look quite nice in the May Day parade, didn't we? The purple and white were well represented in the dance, too, and weren't we proud of our Frances as herald and Jane as standard bearer?

We thought we were all going to weep when Mary Jack handed her high office, which she has held so well, over to Frances, but we know that the old club will be as well governed next year as it always has been. The dinner was lovely, too, but from now on let's believe we'd better label the salt. Remember?

Finally Martha had a chance to use her chicken a la king and weiners. They were very good, too, in spite of their old age.

Well, this is the last news before next year, so let's every one have a good vacation and be back with us in the fall.

LOWRECE BUTLER.

## Triad

It has been a wonderful year, and though the Triads didn't get a cup, they have worked hard and have shown lots of good club spirit. We're all proud of each member, and want to thank the Freshmen for their cooperation in all that we have done.

We've elected Marion Latta for our '36 president and we know she will be a good one.

We say good-bye to Elizabeth Neel, our '35 president, and she has really "stayed in there and fought a good fight." We're really proud of her.

As we look over our club members we count the ones who are going to leave us this year. There seem to be so many and we tried to find out what they are going to do next year. These are some of the answers: Juanita R., Vandy; Emmaryne H., Continue "college" we guess; Nelia C., a scholarship to Peabody; Joyce Martin, "I don't know"; Theresa H., Wellesley; Nena F., We wonder; Elizabeth N., no idea; Sally P., Vandy; Sally W., Duke.

From High School: Cynthia T.,

"Don't know"; Mamie H., "Off"; Betty B. Vandy; Peggy W. Vandy; Rebecca C. Vandy; Laura, We wouldn't be surprised—; Mary A. Herbert, Could it be marriage for our fair-haired high school Senior? We have to lose so many Seniors—but we're looking forward to next year as being a big year for the Triads. Here's to '36 Triads!

And as June the 4th draws near I sign off as the '35 HYPHEN, Triad reporter.

SALLY WOMACK.

Tri K

Last Wednesday night at our last official club meeting the following officers were installed for next year:

- President—Patsy Schorndorfer.
  - Vice-president—Wesley Forsley.
  - Secretary—Anne Turney.
  - Treasurer—"Libby" Siegmund.
  - Sergeant-at-Arms—Betty Carlisle.
- After the ceremony we all indulged in ice cream sandwiches—a final treat, you know.

This year has been fun, hasn't it? What with all the picnics, dinners, meetings, Vespers, and general get-togethers at the club house. You know what we'll miss most next year? Well! It will be Stanley and Mary Eleanor's cheerful singing, Margaret Louise's powerful art of making everyone go out for athletics, "Hershey's" genial good will and her speeches of "Be sure to see this dramatic club play." But then the rest of us might as well cheer up—we'll be Seniors some day and have our names in big letters, too. Until the next time—cheer you all up, life is just around the corner.

BETTY CARLISLE.

X. L.

The X. L.'s celebrated their last club meeting Wednesday night. The club presented Miss McElfresh with a silver centerpiece. She said it was to have the place of honor in her house. We certainly will miss Miss McElfresh. She has been a grand sponsor. We wish her all the luck and happiness in the world.

Irene Sartor, our old president, make a speech in which she told us how she had enjoyed the club. We wish to take this opportunity to thank Irene for all she has done for the club. We know she has worked hard for us.

Elizabeth Rudolph, the president for '36, said she would do her best to work with the girls next year and we old girls know that she will make a success of it.

Miss Meriweather, our new sponsor, made a very lovely speech in which she told us how happy she was to be an X. L. We are so proud and happy to have you, Miss Meriweather. We just know you will make the X. L.'s a grand sponsor.

After the speeches we had ice cream and cake. Quite a treat! We closed by singing our club song and club call. We sang it once for Miss McElfresh and again for Miss Meriweather.

So ends our last club meeting. The old members hope the new members will always uphold the purple and gold and remember what the club stands for. To the old and the new good-bye and good luck to you!

MARY JANE BASS.

WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

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"Y" NOTES

By CAROLYN BRYANT

"Y" Has Farewell Dinner

The executive committee of the Y.W.C.A. was hostess at a dinner given in honor of the "Y" cabinet on Friday evening, May 17. The dinner was given in the private dining room where the guests were greeted by Martha Jane Chattin, president; Mary Ellen Hudgins, vice-president; Martha Merridy, secretary; Mary Jane Dulaney, treasurer, and Miss Van Hooser, sponsor.

Pink roses and candlelight created an atmosphere that fitted in with the program, the purpose of which was to give a review of the year's work of the "Y." Each member presented some picture of the work that they had done, and Martha Jane acted as toastmistress. Mary Jane Dulaney began with "Around the Friendship Fire." She recalled the first vesper service in club village. Then Leora Hill spoke on "Getting Under Way" with the membership drive which the "Y" made on the second Sunday of the year. Mary Ellen Hudgins started us to "Thinking Together" at the first Sunday school. It wasn't long until "Peanut Week" with its mystery sponsored by Marjorie Wells and her committee—was here. Now, Jane Flannigan recalled the "Candlelight Vesper Service" when the new cabinet members were installed. Martha Merridy suggested that a cabinet remember "A Country Weekend" at Dr. Barton's, but this wasn't necessary for that is a week-end which the girls will never forget.

The days are flying fast now in the picture review. During this time Frances Street has "Discovered Toyland" at the Junior League Home; Matilda Daugherty made trips about Nashville and found a deeper "Understanding of the Community"; while Mary Lee Wilson made the old ladies at the Old Ladies' Home as happy "Today as Yesterday" with her broad smile and Willie's Wildcates. Christmas came and Mary Jane Bass made "A Doll's House" for the children at the Tennessee Children's Home; and Helen Pillion "Shared Fun" with the girls at the Florence Crittenton Home. The next picture was painted by Mary Eleanor Clay; it was an "Easter in Africa"; then, Alice Adams used for the subject of her picture, "Children and Music," which was made at a farewell party that the "Y" gave the children at the Tennessee Children's Home. At the close of the review a toast was made to the departing and then one to the new president with good wishes for them both. The cabinet felt a sense of unity and good fellowship that would not be broken with the separation of this year.

MISS MAGNOLIA SAYS—

By LEORA HILL

It seems Ruth Dazey had "Chow Mein" poison Sunday night.

And speaking of Sunday night, wonder who sat at those two certain tables where they had such a hard time getting enough to eat?

We heard about you Wednesday night, Fanny. Don't take it so hard. We still love you.

When asked how she hurt her leg, Gilly replied, "I bumped into the wall"! Oh yeah!

Talk about sissies, I think we Senior-Mids take the cake. We actually cried at practice for Step-singing. And speaking of things we dread—

One of the queerer things that happened on the campus—Louise Witherspoon being stepped on by a horse.

If any one recognizes the shoe down in Middle-March, will she please reclaim it for the School's sake!

If, by chance, any of you want to know what the height of futility is, ask "Tinky" Timberman.

Because she requested it, here's love and kisses to "Lammie" (Bettie Jayne to you).

Well, it's been a grand year, hasn't it? And Seniors, we're going to miss you next year, but we'll see you at Homecoming. Well, so long until next year!

CAMPUS LEADERS

FOR 1935 - 36

Lists of the officers for next year have been presented as they were elected, but no complete list has as yet been printed in the HYPHEN. Girls who will be in "command" when school opens in September are:

- Boarding Council  
President Barbara Lee Reed
- First Vice-President Helen Jones
- Second Vice-President Beverly Lack
- Secretary Marion Weber
- High School Representative Jeanne Cookson
- Chapel Proctor Billie Frank Smith

Day Student Council

- President Dorothy Colmery
- Y.W.C.A.  
President Jane Flannigan
- First Vice-President Mary Louise Henderson
- Second Vice-President Evelyn McCall
- Secretary Dorothy Jaeger
- Treasurer Kitty Mood

Hyphen

- Editor Margaret Greene
- Milestones

Athletic Association

- President Winnie Coffee
- General Manager Jane Meyers
- Secretary Catherine Crossan
- Treasurer Grace Benedict

Senior Class

- President Edwina Schmid
- Vice-President Elizabeth Cornelius

Boarding Clubs

- Anti-Pan Charlotte Watkin
- T. C. Frances Prince
- Del Vers Elizabeth Ann Reed
- Tri K Patsy Schorndorfer
- X. L. Elizabeth Rudolph
- Penta Boots Bradley
- Osiron Louise Fosgate
- Agora Betty Jayne Reed
- F. F. Eula Wade
- A. K. Tony Treadway

Day Student Clubs

- Angkor Virginia Lee Smith
- Ariston Rebecca Craig
- Eccowasin Juliette Crise
- Triad Marion Latta

Seck and Buskin

- President Elizabeth Cornelius
- Art Club Emmalou Florey

Glee Club

- President Mary Sudhoff
- Treasurer Mary Morel

Spanish Club

- President Phyllis Carr
- Vice-President Mary Donnan Wilson
- Secretary Kitty Mood

Penstaff

- President Charlotte Ann Bridge

JUNIOR-MIDDLES

HOLD BANQUET

By CHARLOTTE ANN BRIDGE

The annual Junior-Middle banquet was held at the Belle-Meade Country Club on Thursday, May 30. Virginia Lee Smith was toastmistress; Jane Bagley wrote the prophecy; Alice Overton wrote the class history. The class will was drawn up by Nancy Brown and the class poem written by Frances Rose.

COUNCIL POSTS  
"NO OFFENSE"  
HONOR ROLL

As the end of the year approaches, a list of those girls who have not received more than a major in the past two years, and a list of the girls who have not received more than a major this year have been posted on the boarding council bulletin board. These girls are to be highly congratulated on their fine record. The girls who have received not more than a major for two years are:

- Virginia Barret
- Carolyn Bryant (no offense)
- Mary Eleanor Clay
- Martha Fisher (no offense)
- Frances Graham
- Virginia Grotz (no offense)
- Kathryn Hyde (no offense)
- Christine Jill
- Janet Newbury
- Virginia Shaw (no offense)
- Frances Wernath
- Jean Weiss
- Margaret Young (no offense)
- Girls who have received more than a major—1935 include:
- Emma May Albro
- Boneva Bracraft
- Jeanne Brady
- Lida Allene Brown
- Alice Buchanan (no offense)
- Betty Burns (no offense)
- Joan Butterfield
- Betty Carlisle
- Martha Carson (no offense)
- Martha Jane Chattin
- Gretchen Coleman
- Catherine Crossan
- Matilda Daugherty
- Dorothy Elliot
- Lattie Miller Graves (no offense)
- Helen Hall
- Muryle Hall
- Patty Brown Harvey
- Florence Hirschberg
- Hope Hoofman
- Dorothy Jaeger
- Royena Kipp
- Maxine Laird (no offense)
- Catherine Lanham
- Jane Latz
- Elaine Levinsohn
- Louise Longworth (no offense)
- Jane Ludwig (no offense)
- Evelyn McCall (no offense)
- Nell McDavid (no offense)
- Jean McKibbin
- Jane Meyer
- Eliza Monk
- Gilbertine Moore (no offense)
- Pauline Myers (no offense)
- Ruth Pascoe
- Mary Patterson
- Janet Potts
- Virginia Richey
- Leah Rochelle
- Carroll Sheep (no offense)
- Jean Stewart
- Mary Ellen Stokes (no offense)
- Frances Storer
- Winifred Thomas
- Helen Tibbets (no offense)
- Pauline Tucker
- Anne Turney
- Irene Wakeman (no offense)
- Louise Witherspoon (no offense)

MUSIC NOTES

By GEORGIANNA MARTIN

Friday afternoon, May 24, the Junior Music Students from the Ward-Belmont Conservatory gave a Musical Tea in Recreation Hall. The varied program consisted of piano, voice and violin selections. A large audience enjoyed the program, after which refreshments were served.

With everyone making plans for the summer, it has been learned that Mr. Underwood, Mr. Dalton, and Mr. Henkel will conduct a six-week's summer musical course at Ward-Belmont. Mr. Rose plans to teach in Texas the early part of the summer, after which, he will go to Colorado Springs, Colo., where he will be on the faculty of one of the universities there.

## TROPHY WINNERS ANNOUNCED FOR '35

(Continued from page 1)  
The girl in each club who has participated in a different sport each season and received the highest number of points received a bronze medal. The girls are:

Agora—Winnie Coffe.  
A. K.—Gilbertine Moore.  
Anti-Pan—Martha Fisher.  
Del Vers—Marguerite Page.  
F. P.—Mozelle Trout.  
Osiron—Helen Jones.  
Penta Tau—Ruth Potts.  
T. C.—Jane Meyer.  
Tri K—Moselle Worsley.  
X. L.—Mildred Sartor.  
Ariston—Jayne Allen.  
Triad—Peggy Wrenne.  
Angkor—Margaret Green and Marion Hill (tie).  
Eccowasin—Peggy Dickinson.

## Baseball Varsities Announced

First Varsity	Second Varsity
Jayne Allen	Grace Benedict
Patty Chadwell	Evelyn Boyd
Judith Davis	Connie Chase
Mary Jane Foulston	Susan Check
Winnie Coffe	Sue Perkins
Marion Hill	Craig
Gilbertine Moore	Theresa Howley
Elizabeth Tipton	Ruth Potts
Marian Weber	Edwina Schmid
Moselle Worsley	Alice Webb
Peggy Wrenne	

Peggy Wrenne made the varsity for the fourth time. Judith Davis and Patty Chadwell were on the team for the second time.

The Angkors had the greatest number of club points, 110, but the trophy went to the Tri K's who won the final baseball game.

## Archery

The Tri K's had the highest number of club points in archery with 840. The Angkors received the cup for winning the tournament.

The following girls received W.B. letters in archery.

Betty Butterfield	Ann Huddleston
Patty Chadwell	Dorothy Jaeger
Eleanor Cleghern	Ruth Potts
Dorothy Colmery	Janet Pascoe
Mary Eleanor	Frances Price
Clay	Dorothy Strickland
Mildred Clements	Mozelle Trout
Louise Douglas	Dorothy Zimmer
Nina Flippin	Betty Goldstein
Margaret Greene	
Theresa Howley	

## Riding

Ward-Belmont and club letters for riding were given during the fall semester. A new riding cup was presented to the Osiron club for winning the spring riding show.

## Track

Only one girl, Sara Pardue, received a club letter in track. The Tri K club received the trophy for winning the track meet.

## Tennis

The tennis varsity was announced and included: Jayne Allen, Patty Chadwell, Catherine Crossan and Moselle Worsley.

The Angkors had the highest number of tennis club points, 54. The tennis plaque was presented to the Aristons who won both the fall and spring tournaments.

## CLUB SPONSORS STUDENT EXHIBIT

(Continued from page 1)

The water colors of the second-year group are outstanding in freshness of color and charm. The work shows a fine understanding of composition. The work of several of the second-year girls stood out in this spectacular memory—the pink magnolia of Stanley Elizabeth Clay, beautiful in coloring and composition, and the daffodils, by Lucille Endaley, which are

very good. Several water colors of campus scenes, by Rosemary Horstmann, created a lasting impression—the work is done with a definite style of her own and unusual strength. Olga Vanta's still life, done mostly in browns, is something that one does not forget. Judith Berry has several water colors that show her talent. They have the strength of oils. Her charcoal scroll is also a very well executed, difficult piece of work. Frankie Marbury has several beautiful pieces of water color; also some lettering which is difficult when done correctly. Her piece, "Dance Recital," is unusual in coloring, but even more for the spirit of the figure.

Of all the landscapes, the most outstanding are those of Nancy Lunsford, whose work is truly professional. This is Nancy's initial effort in this type of work and she has achieved some astonishing effects. Her views, from high places, of the campus and of the city surrounding, are excellent. The coloring is soft, yet strong, with unusual attention on shadows and sunlight.

There are also lovely things in the commercial illustration and costume design work. The wedding party and the hats, by Olga Vanta, and the coiffures, by Frankie Marbury, are excellent. Very outstanding are the plates shown by Lida Allene Brown, of evening dresses. Her work is exquisite and her taste in the designing of two of them is lovely. The students will be interested in these especially. Martha Anne Rogers, Patty Brown Harvey and Sarah Sherman, also second-year girls, are exhibiting one work apiece which are very nice.

There is much to be said of the first-year girls' work. Their water colors are, particularly their straight water colors with no drawing, unusual for first-year students. They possess a definite charm and strength not usually found in young work. The flower motifs on display show good color and execution. In the animal and bird forms, there is on display, work of the entire freshman class. Several unusually lovely things are the water color spires done in transparent washes. These are drills for the costume design course. In the Christmas posters there is much ingenuity shown. The coloring is good, the composition well done, and the lettering good. In fact, the posters, along with the other work, show that this is no ordinary freshman class. The textile designs strengthen this belief, and we hope that the suggestion to really print some of these on velvet and silks will be carried out.

Those in the freshman art work are: Freda Lee Hess, Virginia McCamey, Janie Ruth Huey, Carol Sheep, Jane Hovey, Elizabeth Pillow, Edwina Holland, Kitty Mood, Nelle Jane Ranck, Dorothea Johnson, Mary Ellen Peach, Emalou Florey, Evelyn Boyd, Betty Goldstein, Elizabeth Evans, Marion Kemp, Shelle Emery, Florence-Martin Bradford, Jane Flannigan, Dorothy Jaeger, Bettie Jayne Reed.

In the interior decoration and high school introduction to art work, we find the same excellence, the same marks of careful training and real interest.

In the high school work are Cynthia Tompkins, Beverly Lack and Nancy Houghland. Particularly interesting were the free-hand borders, done as the Chinese do, no drawing or patterns to follow. The casts in charcoal are good also. Particularly outstanding to this observer were the iris, by Cynthia Tompkins, and the brass-bound wooden pot of ivy, by Beverly Lack.

The Home Economics students, Charlotte Anne Doughty and Pauline Tucker, have some nice things. Particularly attractive are their monograms for linens.

The interior decoration work always hints a high excellence under Miss Gordon, but this year it is even more appealing than ever. Eleanor Irwin has a lovely pattern piece and

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then has it applied in a comfortable-looking chair. Her nursery draws one, and is a beautifully complete piece.

Irene Sartor shows a very interesting library, the chair in which carries her period pattern piece. Her modern room with the light coloring of walls and furniture, is handsome against the red of the rug. The work necessitated in these perspective drawings of rooms and furnishings done in this class is amazing. The details are all excellently done.

Marjorie Wells is displaying a lovely modern room done in blues and grays. Her breakfast room centers around an exquisite green rug. Her pattern piece which she has done has been used in draperies in a different color. Each of the girls have done modern lamps, also, and in some cases they have used them in the rooms.

This work is all carefully and thoughtfully done and shows distinct talents. It is astonishing how much these girls have accomplished in the ten hours a week allotted to them for this class. Just so are we amazed at the type of work done in the other department when we realize that the freshmen have only six hours a week and the second-year girls ten. The work is, in my opinion, better than many professional exhibits I have seen.

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June 26, 7, 8, 9	Little Rock
June 16, 17, 18, 19	New Orleans
June 20, 21, 21, 22	Birmingham
June 30	Memphis
July 1	Memphis
July 5, 6, 7, 8	Knoxville
July 9, 10, 11, 12	Atlanta
July 21, 22, 23, 24	Chattanooga
July 25, 26, 27, 28	Little Rock
July 30, 31	Memphis
Aug. 31	Knoxville
Aug. 31, 4, 5, 6	Birmingham
Aug. 7, 8, 9, 10	New Orleans
Aug. 31	Atlanta
Sept. 1, 2	Chattanooga
Sept. 9, 10, 11	Knoxville
Sept. 12, 13, 14, 15	—
— Sunday	— Saturday

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## THE DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

By BARBARA LEE REED

The week before—

Consisted of catching up loose-ends on most everything in general, and studying in particular, dancing around the May-pole on Wednesday, and praying that none of the honored maids would trip on their way up the great white way to their respective thrones, attending good-bye picnics, weeping at Dr. Barton's final address in chapel, practicing for step-singing at most any odd moment, and listening to the chimes on Sunday evening with tearful ears!

The week—

Consisted of exams and we unwillingly aged at least ten years since Wednesday, and funny though it may seem, we were in at least our second childhood Wednesday night!—also consisted of parents and more parents—some expected and some unexpected. We'll just leave us out of both the expected and the unexpected groups—what we mean to say is—we go home on the train.

The week after—

Consisted of step-singing, the alumnae dance, Baccalaureate, more step-singing, the Fringing, English, final, the banquet, commencement, and trains and cars—and—an empty campus!

Now, Diary, just a wee P. S. to say how much fun we've had recording the days' doings this year. For all the slips we hope we've excused and truly our heart's been in the right place.

You've been a good Diary, so we'll tuck you in for a summer's sleep after a hot supper of lino-type with twelve-point type for dessert; and we hope that whoever wakes you next fall will do so gently and with all good intentions!

'Night!

## HOUSEHOLD MAKES INTERESTING PLANS FOR SUMMER

By SALLY BATEMAN

Just a hint as to some of the household plans for the summer! You would never guess that Miss Sisson and Miss Morrison are planning to go back to their camp in Maine, would you?

As for the hostesses—Mrs. Powell will spend at least a month with her daughter. Mrs. Jeter will visit with both her son in Connecticut and her daughter in Alabama. Miss Neal will spend most of her summer in Camp Nakanawa, Mayland, Tennessee. Mrs. Tate is going to Chicago for a while but will spend most of the summer in Nashville. Mrs. Weedon is going back to Virginia.

Miss Jackson and Miss McElfresh are of the opinion that it will take most of the summer to get ready for their weddings and to get settled in their homes.

Two of our teachers are going abroad. After a special invitation from Moscow, Miss Townsend has made her plans to study the theater in Russia. Miss Herron is to study in London.

Misses Ransom, Loft, Jeter, Van Hooser, and Mrs. Millring are studying this summer. Miss Loft will be at Iowa State; Miss Jeter in New York; and Miss Van Hooser at Columbia. Mrs. Millring will direct a pageant at St. Cecilia's Academy, Nashville, June 26.

You would be surprised at the number of teachers who are counting the days till they can go home, too. Misses Hollinger, Lester, Douthit, Ruef, Bond, Blythe, Casebier, and Boyer will spend most of their vacations in their respective homes.

Wouldn't you just know that Mrs. Rose is going first to the plantation, then she expects to go on to Michigan. Miss Shackelford and Miss Ross will attend the forty-first Annual Art Exhibit in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Charleton, believe it or not, has made no summer plans as yet (you would think that she would file ahead of time just from force of habit). Misses Henderson, Lydell, Clark, and Pugh are also indefinite on the subject of plans for the summer.

## EXPRESSION NOTES

By MARIAN COLLESTER

Much credit should be given to Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend who has successfully presented all ten of her diploma students in a studio-recital of a three-act play. Each of these ten girls has, in her own way, stood high above the rank and file in her interpretation, keen sense of modulation of value, good character interplay, and her whole-hearted spirit of joy as she read her play.

The fact that these recitals, as well as the other undertakings of the Expression department, have been well attended, is in itself evidence of appreciation on the part of the students.

May we have this same spirit of cooperation, and an even more enjoyable year in '36!

## DR. BARTON GIVES PARTING MESSAGE

(Continued from page 1)

here this year, he said, and new things will continue to happen. School life is never monotonous; it is not just the same thing year in and year out. Every year brings new adjustments. "Whatever job may be yours, it never gets monotonous unless you become monotonous of yourself, or to yourself," stated Dr. Barton. Sometimes we get tired, of course, he went on, and often we want a change, which is only natural, but no job becomes monotonous unless you make it so.

Another point that Dr. Barton made was that people in schools count years, not by the friends they make. "The more years you are here (or in any school), the younger in spirit you are."

"I have great faith in your generation," he said. "Some one will always be telling you how bad you are, but you are going to be the dogs they always have. That has been said every year for years. But to me there is a frankness and an openness about you that I didn't know in my generation; I appreciate that. Your faults are only the faults of every younger generation."

Our greatest danger is of too much self-centeredness, he went on. Often because of that trait in a few individuals, a whole group has to be denied some privileges. Girls should not go into life thinking they are always going to get their own way, for there are always restrictions. "You may say you've been restricted," he said, "at Ward-Belmont, but there is a reason behind every one of even the petty rules. Some of the restrictions build up resentments in the same girls. If the desire to fulfill some personal want possesses one that far, it will only hurt the girl and her character, not the rules."

He then told how in spite of the "restriction" that the girls have not used their privileges that they have in any degree to the extent.

With further sound advice on the foolishness of self-centeredness and the companion feeling that because one has been penalized for breaking rules that one must continue because "everyone has it for you" he closed his talk with the reminder that "pretty is as pretty does."

Concluding, Dr. Barton offered best wishes for all that is good during the summer, and to those who were not coming back "our good wishes go with you anyway. Wherever you may be, you still are a part of Ward-Belmont."



# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Mid-Summer, 1935

Number 31

## GRADES NOT ONLY GOAL OF HONOR GRADUATES

### Hold High Offices

On each college graduation program appears a list of the students receiving diplomas and certificates. Underneath the names of certain girls receiving general diplomas, are the words "with honor standing." This means these girls receive special mention as being the students who have maintained, during their two college years, the highest scholastic averages of the entire Senior Class.

Eleven names appear this year with this distinction. Each of these eleven girls was active in campus activities. Each distinguished herself in other ways besides scholarship.

It is interesting to note that the two girls receiving first and second place on the list were girls who held two of the most important offices on the campus. Jean Stewart, who was first in scholarship with a 2.87 average, was president of the Senior Class. She was just as active during her Senior-Middle year as she was president of the Senior-Middle class also. Each year she has been included on the citizenship list and this year stood second. Last year she was named as Executive in the Milestones ABC Contest and this year, in the same contest, received the highest honor of all, that of Exemplary girl. In addition to a general diploma, she received one, also, in Expression.

The next girl on the scholarship list, Martha Jane Chattin, who had an average of 2.73, was president of the Y.W.C.A., a position which requires a great deal of time. In her Senior-Middle year she was also active in the Y.W.C.A. and in addition was associate editor of the Milestones. Both years she was a member of the French Club, the Glee Club, and the Choir.

Third on the list was Kathryn Hyde (Continued on page 7)

## W.-B. PLANNING

### ARTISTS' SERIES

For years Ward-Belmont has endeavored to bring, through her Artists' Series, a high type of cultural entertainment to the school. In this endeavor, she has been highly successful. Although, it is early for the release of the complete program for the coming year, the four artists whose coming is certain, are enough to insure the success of the season.

These four, who will make their appearance on the stage of the Ward-Belmont auditorium sometime during the winter, are: Kathryn McGehee, contralto and a distinct favorite with Ward-Belmont audiences; Albert Spalding, violinist; Alexander Brailowsky, pianist; and Frederick Jagel, tenor.

During the artists as the Series' existence such artists as Paderewski, Mary Lewis, Marinelli, Nelson Eddy, Heifetz, Padraic Colum, and Tito Schipa have made their bows before Ward-Belmont audiences.

Last year the program was a varied one and included Charles Hackett, tenor; Theilade, dancer; Edward Davidson, poet; Branson, the Cow, pictures; Casadesu, pianist; Nathan Milstein, violinist; and Jeannette Vreeland, soprano.

Judging from the four artists already secured for the coming winter, it is certain that this year's Artists' Series will uphold the high standard maintained by all former ones.

## ALL-CLUB DINNER CLIMAXES YEAR

### Happy Yet Sad Event

More than any other one thing, the All-Club Dinner climaxes the school year. It is at this dinner that the full realization of all that Ward-Belmont has meant creeps over everyone. An attempt is made to express this meaning and the expression generally dissolves itself into tears before the amazed eyes of parents and before the understanding eyes of classmates.

The dinner is always held the last evening of school, the day before college graduation. The parents and guests of the students are seated in the dining room between the club tables and as near their daughters and friends as possible. Entering to music and led by the club president and sponsor, the members of each individual club enter and take their places before their especially decorated tables.

Bright-colored streamers, gay ribbons, and many flowers make the dining room a colorful spot. Each (Continued on page 8.)

## FACULTY CHANGES ANNOUNCED

### Majority to Return

Although the majority of the Ward-Belmont faculty members will return this fall, three changes are announced at this time in the faculty and administration personnel. A few more changes may be made before school opens in the fall, but most of the former members will return.

Mrs. Ruth Hogan Pratt will come to Ward-Belmont this fall as an instructor in foods in the Home Economics Department. Mrs. Pratt received her B.S. degree from Iowa State College and her Masters from New York University. At the present time she is doing further graduate work in the School of Retailing of the latter university. She also plans to attend the second summer session of Iowa State College. Mrs. Pratt's home is in Kansas City, Missouri.

A former Ward-Belmont student has been obtained as the instructor in riding for the coming year. Miss Camilla Nance, a graduate of the (Continued on page 8.)

## "IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT"

As the door of the HYPHEN office closed the old typewriter over on the big desk just let go and the carriage flew across the machine and tinkled the little bell with a fury. The stops relaxed and the keys stretched themselves after a hard day's work. The ribbon lay quiet and the releases released—the old machine rested. Soon a fresh little breeze blew in through the window which still remained open and, as the sun was painting the campus in rose and gold, the little breeze danced about among the papers on the desk. The old machine watched the breeze as it ruffled the copy for the summer HYPHEN and a tear slipped down its face as it remembered that there were a lot of names that it wouldn't be writing in the HYPHEN copy any more. Suddenly a thought struck the HYPHEN typewriter and the keys all together in an awful jumble scaring the ribbon to death. Why not get the breeze to go through those letters on the desk and write an article. With a loud bang the machine swung the carriage into place. The breeze jumped and started for the window, but when the machine clattered out its request the breeze ran back, delightedly, to help out. The files gruffly complimented the typewriter and names of girls, as suggested subjects for the article tumbled from every drawer. The machine adjusted its spacing and the margin stops thoughtfully "No," it clattered, "this article will be just about the class of 1935—the one close to me—and I want to write about them just once more." With a great round of applause from the tables and chairs and shy grinning from the pencil sharpener, the machine, listening carefully to the breeze's soft sighing voice as she read through the letters on the desk, typed the following article.

Dear Editor: Please put this into the summer HYPHEN—the HYPHEN Office.

Patty Chadwell is in Cocheche enjoying the cool Maine weather and the marvelous snowfall, to say nothing at all of how she is enjoying camp. Helen Powers, seen in front of Loveman's, is missing school and wants to say "hello" to everybody. Judy Acheson is at home and at the last writing had lost her fountain pen "in the underbrush of packing." Helen Pillow was one of the lucky ones who joined Miss Townsend in New York after school was out for two weeks of seeing the latest plays and some of New York's night life. Eleanora Bicknell, who had a grand time rushing around. She spent three days in Detroit and took in the alumnae luncheon there with several others of '35. Marian Farr had come down with Ab the day before—just had to see someone she could really talk W-B to—and spent it with Mardie Page. Mardie writes that she is resting and not even thinking and that the future is still vague. Incidentally, Mardie introduced Dr. Barton at that Detroit luncheon and then was elected president of the Michigan alumnae for the next year. Nita Boggs looked simply knocked out at the Dallas luncheon—yellow dress and enormous black hat. I ((("!!\$-&?&"; (that means extreme excitement)—Mary Lalla, none other, was here the other day! My, oh, my, were we ever excited—I almost skipped a half dozen letters—Lalla was here on the campus bringing a new girl to us—my, but she was a sight for sore eyes—and at the same time Sally Womack breezed in and out of Ae looking for Dr. Hollinshead. Little Richey said she had had a wire from Tota Gilly. Tilly, Mary Eleanor, and Mary Lalla all the week of the Louisville luncheon, just to make her feel good, I guess. The phone rang the other day and a voice said, "I'll bet you don't know who this is," and we heard our editor yell clear over here, "Gilbertine!" And Gilly was en route to Richey's for the week end. Tilly and the Clays are busying around up in Kentucky preparing for the big two-week visit at Marian Farr's the end of July when Fran Graham, Mardie, Jean Stewart, and as many of that whole crowd as can make it will be there. Another house party affair in Union City, Indiana, where the Chattin family lives—sometime in August good ole Chat is inviting people to come see her. Sarah Clark and Edwina Holland were guests at the Houston alumnae luncheon and practically caught the alumnae secretary being lazy and sleeping late one morning—but she showed Sarah she was a night owl when she stayed up and saw her as the train pulled through Beaumont. Mary Lee Wilson is thinking of attending the University of Texas next year—and her from way up (Continued on page 8.)

## TRI K CLUB WINS CITIZENSHIP CUP FOR 1934-35

### M. L. Boyd, High

The citizenship cup, the most coveted of all Ward-Belmont honors, went back to the Tri-K Club for the coming year at its presentation during the All-Club Dinner. During the four years of its existence, it has alternated between the Del Vers and Tri K Clubs, with neither club gaining possession of it for three consecutive years. The winning of this cup is a goal toward which every club works from the very beginning of the school year.

Comparable to the honor bestowed upon a club by the winning of the cup is the distinction given to the girl who rates highest in individual citizenship. The girl who stood highest this year was Margaret Louise Boyd, vice-president of the Tri K Club, general manager of the Athletic Association, and a member of the glee club and choir for two years.

The competition for the cup this year was exceedingly close, there being 2.04 points difference between the Tri K Club and the A. K. Club, which placed second, and only 1.14 points difference between the A. K.'s and the Osiron's, who were in third place. The rating of the ten social clubs follows:

Club	Total Points	Members	Average
1. Tri K	2,330.5	28	83.23
2. A. K.	2,354.5	29	81.19
3. Osiron	2,254	28	80.5
4. Anti-Pandora	2,092.5	28	74.72
5. Agora	2,150	29	74.13
6. Del Vers	2,127	29	73.24
7. X. L.	2,124.5	29	73.26
8. Penta Tau			
	2,074	30	69.13
9. F. F.	1,833	29	63.20
10. T. C.	1,504.5	27	55.70

Five divisions are used in grading citizenship—athletic participation, academic attitude, attitude toward (Continued on page 8)

## SOCIAL SERVICE COURSE OFFERED

For the first time in its history, Ward-Belmont will offer this fall a two-year curriculum leading to senior college work preparatory to a life of social service. The subjects listed below are in line with senior college requirements for continued work and should prove of interest to students who may be thinking of engaging in social service activities upon completion of their college careers:

Freshman Year		
English 1, 2	6 s.h.	
History 1, 2	6	
Biology 11, 12	8	
Economics 1, 2	6	
Elective	4 to 6	
Library Methods	1	
Physical Education	2	
Sophomore Year		
English 21, 22	6	
Chemistry 11, 12	8	
or		
Physiology 11, 12	6	
Sociology 21, 22	6	
or		
Pol. Science 27, 28	6	
Elective	4 to 6	
Physical Education	2	

Electives in the first year may be chosen from anything in the catalog numbered under 20; in the second year, above 10.

## BURK & COMPANY

Cordially invites Ward-Belmont students to see its shops for **SPORTING GOODS** and **SMART SPORTS APPAREL**. Proper equipment and outfits for Riding and Golf, Tennis and Bicycling, Hunting and Fishing—Suede and Leather Coats, Sweaters and Sport Skirts.



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### COOPERATIVE TEST SCORES RECEIVED

For the past few years Ward-Belmont college sophomores have taken the cooperative tests which are sometimes called the Pennsylvania tests. These tests, which last for six hours, are very wide in their scope and are used to see just what culture and education the students have at the end of the general education pre-supposing that specializing comes in the junior year.

The Dean's office has just received provisional sophomore percentile tables and the average score for the Ward-Belmont sophomores who took the tests this spring. With the exception of history and social studies, all tests showed the Ward-Belmont girls to be grouped about the 50th percentile.

The Ward-Belmont average score in each test and the national percentile is given below:

History and social studies	48.03-30
Foreign Literature	49.20-50
Fine Arts	45.43-60
Total General Culture	142.66-45
English Usage	72.57-55
Spelling	29.75-40
Vocabulary	40.33-35
Total English	142.66-45
Literary Acquaintance	65.17-55

This year marks the fourth in which Ward-Belmont has participated in these tests. After the tests are scored and the marks reported to the Cooperative Test Service, the test papers are returned to the students so that they may check where she is comparatively weak or strong.

### 1935 GRADUATION DRESS CHANGED

Every year Ward-Belmont college seniors have dressed alike for their graduation exercises. Until last year, when the 1934 Seniors decided upon a change, the costume has always been a simple white sport dress. This precedent was broken by the adoption of white caps and gowns by last year's Seniors in an effort to have the costume uniform and all white.

A change was again made this year when the Seniors decided upon wearing black caps and gowns, since the white caps and gowns held no academic standing. This costume proved very effective and was worn by the Seniors to the Commencement Sermon and to Graduation.

The high school seniors, on the other hand, due to the fact that their graduation was held in the evening, wore white formal dresses of organdie and mousseline de soie. In addition each wore a gardenia corsage. The two girls who led the Junior-Middles to their places were attired in pale blue dresses of the same type and carried old-fashioned bouquets.

### ACHIEVEMENT LIST ANNOUNCED

In addition to the college honor roll, composed of all students making a B or above in all subjects, there was originated this year from the Dean's office an achievement list. This list contains the names of those students whose grades for one semester show the greatest improvement over their grades for the previous semester.

The names of the ten per cent showing the greatest improvement follow:

Jayne Allen, Sarah Ashley, Katherine Barnes, Margaret Barton, Mary Jane Bass, Judith Berry, Margaret Boller, Evelyn Boyd, Patsy Burgher, Allie George Collier, Winnie Coffee, Mary Leslie Cook, Mary Jane Dulany, Lucille Endley, Helen Hall, Emmaryne Hartnett, Ruth Hopkinson, Dorothy Jaeger, Marion Kemp, Beatrice Kimsey, Mary Jean Kirwan, Frankie Marbury, Martha Merryday, Katherine Prince, Juanita Roberts, Billie Frank Smith, Winifred Thomas, Eula Wade, Helen Watkins.

### FACULTY VACATIONS WIDE AND VARIED

The members of the Ward-Belmont faculty and household are, as usual, spending the summer vacation in wide and varied parts of the United States. From Maine to California "Ward-Belmont" is recuperating from the winter months.

In Maine we again find Miss Sisson and Miss Morrison conducting their own Camp Cochechee, with the aid of Miss Cayce and Miss Margaret Saunders. Miss Sisson plans spending the month of July in New York City.

At the opposite end of the United States are three faculty members in the persons of Miss Blythe, Miss Douthit, and Miss Church. The former two drove together to California, where they are taking work at the University of Southern California. Miss Church joined them later, making the trip by train.

Another faculty member, in school during the summer, is Miss Margaret Looft, who is studying at Iowa State A. M. College at Ames, Iowa.

Miss Cason's vacation is not so pleasant, as she is at present in the Vanderbilt Hospital, recuperating from an operation. However, she is getting along very well.

Among the music faculty, we find Mr. Kenneth Rose teaching a master class in violin at Beaumont, Texas. He plans, later, to join the faculty at the Colorado College School of Music at Colorado Springs. Mr. Riggs is spending the summer at his home in Oahe, South Dakota.

New York City has claimed three faculty members for the summer. Miss Throne is doing further work in piano under Sigismund Stojowski and Mr. Henkel is at the National Guild Organists' Convention. Miss Helen Grizzard is doing further study in chemistry at Columbia.

Miss Townsend also favored the City of New York for a short time. She was joined there by a group of her expression students and two weeks were spent in seeing the principal plays. For the remainder of the summer, she expects to do further work in the East.

The South also claims its quota of Ward-Belmont members. In Pass Christian, Mississippi, is Miss Rhea who is visiting her brother there before going to Colorado Springs to see another brother. And then down to Florida, we find Miss Van Hooser visiting her sister in Orlando and Miss Frances Ewing spending a short time in the peninsular state.

After being hostesses for nine months, Mrs. Jeter and Mrs. Powell are now taking the role of guests as they visit relatives, the former in Alabama and the latter in Jackson, Tennessee. Miss Neal is at Camp Nakanawa in Mayland, Tennessee, where she is spending her days in the open.

Ward-bound immediately after school closed were the Donners and the Burks. Mr. Donner and his family remained in Kansas for a visit, but the Burks, after touring Texas, returned to Nashville, and Dr. Burk can be found every day in his office.

Home, to certain members, was the most inviting vacation spot. We find Miss Lydell in Bradford, Pennsylvania, Miss Hollinger in Greenville, Ohio, and Miss Norris and Miss Ransom at home in Nashville.

Miss Ross and Mrs. Weedon are dividing their time, and both are beginning their summers in West Virginia. From there Miss Ross will go to Freeville, New York, and Mrs. Weedon to the Capital City.

Summer finds Miss Nelle Major desiring no vacation from Ward-Belmont. She is representing the school in the New England states.

To Texas also went Miss Herron following the close of school. She expects to be back in Nashville the first of August, at which time she will get ready for her trip to England, where she will do research work during the coming year.

Miss Vera Hay is in Philadelphia where she is doing graduate work in history.

Mr. Underwood and Mr. Dalton are spending part of the time on the campus where they are conducting summer classes in piano and voice. The Underwoods plan to remain in Nashville during the summer months.

### GIFT PRESENTED AT STEP-SINGING

In accordance with time-old tradition, the Senior Class sang its farewells to the campus from the broad steps of the Academic Building, on Saturday and Sunday evenings, and on Sunday made their final gesture with the presentation of their gift to the school.

Pausing in the program of songs, Jean Stewart, president of the Senior Class of '35, stepped forward and, calling Dr. Barton and Mr. Benedict to stand before her, presented to Ward-Belmont the gift of the Class of '35. The Seniors moved aside and revealed three beautifully carved, high back, red leather, cushioned chairs for the chapel platform. In presenting them Jean said that they were giving something which could be used "During the time of day when we are all drawn close together in common thought—the chapel hour." Dr. Barton, with a short and sincere speech, thanked the class in the name of the school.

Resuming the songs the Seniors again paused after singing a farewell to the Senior-Middle Class who were standing in the drive waiting their turn on the steps. Before both classes stepped Jean Stewart, motioning Antoinette Treadway, the retiring president of the Class of '36, and Edwin Schmid, the incoming '36 president, to meet her. To Antoinette, Jean gave the diary of the Senior Class symbolizing the responsibilities of the Seniors and in this manner handing them on to the incoming class. Antoinette in turn handed it over to the new Senior Class president, Edwin Schmid, who accepted it and pledged the Class of '36 to the writing of as fine and finer a diary during the next year.

At the close of the Seniors' part of the Step-Singing, the Senior-Middle as the incoming Seniors, took their place on the steps and concluded the program with several songs and a lovely rendition of "Taps." Following that both classes marched to Senior Hall where the Class of 1935 planted its piece of ivy which will one day grow high on the walls.

F. Arthur Henkel played "The Senior Song" on the Alumnae Carillon as the girls marched out onto the campus on their way down to the Academic Steps. He used "The Bells of Ward-Belmont" as the recessional as both classes watched the planting of the ivy.

Mary Lee Wilson accompanied the Senior Class in its singing and Arlene Hershey directed; Catherine Lannham was Senior-Middle accompanist, and Mary Stevens the director.

### ALUMNÆ MEET IN 22 CITIES

In twenty-two cities there were groups of Ward-Belmont alumnae gathered at various times this past two months to show their loyalty to their school. Twenty-two meetings were held to which around one thousand former students of the school and the two parent schools came. Eleven of these meetings were addressed by John Wynne Barton, president of Ward-Belmont, six by Emma L. Sisson, dean of residences, and five by Jane Pulver, executive secretary of the Alumnae Association. Every meeting was enthusiastic from the smallest of eleven to the largest of one hundred. Girls met friends whom they had not seen in years, contacts were renewed, and interest in their Alma Mater continued and rekindled.

## JUNIOR COLLEGE GRADUATES FROM TWENTY STATES

Girls from twenty different states were graduated this year from the junior college department. In addition to the general diplomas, special diplomas were granted in foods and nutrition, textiles and clothing, physical education, and expression. Certificates were awarded in piano, voice, general art, costume design and commercial illustration, interior decoration, expression, secretarial training, dancing, and riding.

A list of those receiving diplomas and certificates follows:

### GENERAL

Julia Louise Acheson, New York; Alice A. Adams, Tennessee; Jane Briscoe Allen, Tennessee; Mary John Atwell, Tennessee; Mary Jane Bass, Oklahoma; Judith Elizabeth Berry, Oklahoma; Eunice Bicknell, Michigan; Nita Adele Bogue, Texas; Evelyn Boyd, Tennessee; Margaret Louise Boyd, Illinois; Lida Allene Brown, Kansas; Carolyn Elisabeth Bryant, Tennessee; Mary Lalla Byrn, Kentucky; Nelia Chambers, Tennessee; Martha Jane Chatten (with honor standing), Indiana; Mary Eleanor Clay, Kentucky; Stanley Elizabeth Clay, Kentucky; Eleanor Cleghern, Tennessee; Mildred Frances Clements (with honor standing), Tennessee; Nellie Calder Clements, Tennessee; Marian E. Collette, Iowa; Elizabeth Glenn Dabney, Alabama; Matilda Frazee Daugherty (with honor standing), Kentucky; Jean Dayton, Iowa; Mary Jane Dulaney, Texas; Edith Eason, Nebraska; Lucille Endsley, Tennessee; Mary Ann Evans, Tennessee; Mary Crockett Evans, West Virginia; Marion Jean Farr, Michigan; Martha Pearson Fisher, Tennessee; Nena Frances Flippin, Tennessee; Frances Louise Graham, Iowa; Lattie Miller Graves, Kentucky; Elizabeth Gray (with honor standing), Tennessee; Virginia Grotz, Iowa; Emmurray Hartnett, Tennessee; Patty Brown Harvey, Mississippi; Buford Hayter, Texas; Betty Latimore Heck, Kentucky; A. Arlene Hershey (with honor standing), Pennsylvania; Betty Jean Hill, Iowa; Edwina Holland (with honor standing), Texas; Rosemary Horstmann, Colorado; Anna Katherine Howard, Texas; Theresa Dolores Howley, Tennessee; Janie Ruth Huey, Georgia; Kathryn Hyde (with honor standing), Alabama; Christine Anne Jill, New York; Gwendolyn M. King, Ohio; Mary Jean Kirwan (with honor standing), Oklahoma; Gail Lawrence, Kansas; Rosella Lee Lewis, Oklahoma; Louise Longworth, Tennessee; Janet McFadden, Tennessee; Annette McMullen, Mississippi; Frankie Marbury, Georgia; Winnifred May Marsh, Michigan; Georganna E. Martin, Kansas; Ruth Joyce Martin, Tennessee; Thelma Martin, Texas; Arlyne R. Milligan, Nebraska; Kathryn Mills, Tennessee; Gilbertine Moore, Kentucky; Elizabeth Neel, Tennessee; Marion Nicholson, Tennessee; Margaret Lee Page, Michigan; Mary Alice Paine (with honor standing), Mississippi; Helen Pillow, Mississippi; Helen Ignatius Power, Tennessee; Virginia Ann Reed, Alabama; Virginia Barmore Richey (with honor standing), Mississippi; Juanita Roberts, Tennessee; Louise Stewart Robinson, Louisiana; Irene Sartor, Indiana; Nancyann Schmid, Ohio; Mildred J. Scott, Indiana; Virginia Lynn Shaw, Mississippi; Barbara Anne Shields, Tennessee; Virginia Smith, Tennessee; Jean M. Stewart (with honor standing), Michigan; Mary Ellen Stokes, Tennessee; Frances Street, Texas; Marion Marchbanks Truett, Tennessee; Martha Frances Warmath, Tennessee; Jean Weis, Kentucky; Marjorie Wells, Indiana; Carolyn Whitte, Texas; Ann R. Whitmore, Tennessee; Alice Williamson, Tennessee; Mary Lee Wilson, Kentucky; Mary Ann Wirtz, Ohio;

Sara Sue Womack, Tennessee; Margaret Young, Kentucky.

**FOODS AND NUTRITION**  
Charlotte Anne Doughty, Iowa; Margaret Young, Kentucky.

**TEXTILES AND CLOTHING**  
Charlotte Anne Doughty, Iowa; Pauline Tucker, Texas.

**PHYSICAL EDUCATION**  
Patty Litton Chadwell, Tennessee; Ruth D. Potts, Oklahoma.

**EXPRESSION**  
Carolyn Elisabeth Bryant, Tennessee; Evelyn Louise Cooper, Illinois; Marion Jean Farr, Michigan; Arlyne R. Milligan, Nebraska; Mary Elizabeth Oman, Tennessee; Helen Pillow, Mississippi; Anne Pratt, Minnesota; Jean M. Stewart, Michigan; Marion Marchbanks Truett, Tennessee; Mary Lee Wilson, Kentucky.

### CERTIFICATE CLASSES

**PIANO**  
Mildred Frances Clements, Tennessee; Mary Jane Dulaney, Texas; Catherine Lanham, Indiana; Lisbeth Smith, Tennessee.

**VOICE**  
Mary Eleanor Clay, Kentucky.  
**GENERAL ART**  
Judith Elizabeth Berry, Oklahoma; Rosemary Horstmann, Colorado.

**COSTUME DESIGN AND COMMERCIAL ILLUSTRATION**  
Betty Annette Anderson, Tennessee; Frankie Marbury, Georgia.

**INTERIOR DECORATION**  
Eleanor Irwin, Michigan; Irene Sartor, Indiana; Marjorie Wells, Indiana.

**EXPRESSION**  
Louise Anderson, Mississippi; Evelyn Boyd, Tennessee; Nelia Chambers, Tennessee; Martha Craig, Tennessee; Catherine Crosswell, Michigan; Matilda Frazee Daugherty, Kentucky; Frances Louise Graham, Iowa; Buford Hayter, Texas; Mary Louise Henderson, Kentucky; A. Arlene Hershey, Pennsylvania; Theresa Dolores Howley, Tennessee; Gail Lawrence, Kansas; Rosella Lee Lewis, Oklahoma; Georganna E. Martin, Kansas; Marion Nicholson, Tennessee; Louise Stewart Robinson, Louisiana; Nancyann Schmid, Ohio; Jean Weis, Kentucky; Carolyn Whitte, Texas.

**SECRETARIAL TRAINING**  
Jayne Keyport, Michigan; Janet Newberry, Alabama.

**DANCING**  
Mary Alice Paine, Mississippi.

**RIDING**  
Julia Louise Acheson, New York; Eleanor Irwin, Michigan; Nancyann Schmid, Ohio.

## 27 NAMES ON HIGH SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

The high school honor roll, composed of those students who have made a B or above in all subjects, contains twenty-seven names for the second semester of the past school year. Of this group, the sophomore class boasts the greatest number of students on the list.

The following are the girls from each of the four high school classes who made the honor roll:

**First Year**  
Jane Vance  
Marjorie Weber  
Jean Caldwell  
Sue Perkins  
Ruth Dazey  
Ann Hardeman

**Second Year**  
Jean Burk  
Susan Cheek  
Judith Davis  
Ann Carolyn Gillespie  
Llewellyna Granbery  
Elaine Haile  
Virginia McClellan  
Jeannette Oliver

**Third Year**  
Grace Benedict  
Charlotte Bridge  
Jeanne Crookson  
Peggy Dickinson  
Marion Hill  
Lucille Johnson  
Mickie Perry  
Carmencita Torrey  
Fourth Year  
Sylvia Cohen  
Mamie Howell  
Elizabeth Love  
Jean Reinhardt  
Frances Rose

## THE DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

The curtain has fallen but we have been allowed a brief curtain call to review those last few minutes of a grand performance by all members of the cast.

*Saturday, June 1*

The Seniors' last final—and you didn't, by any chance, detect a gloating expression mixed with a bit of sadness on their faces, did you? Oh, well, we Senior-Mids consoled ourselves by not studying for our English final on Monday, so there!

The first step-singing this evening was gorgeous and the evening simply perfect!—and then the alumnae came—a bit on the warmish side perhaps, but fun, nevertheless! A ride and a "coke" with the Jean Stewarts cooled us off, though, before we skipped off to our trundle bed!

'Night!

*Sunday, June 2—*

Sat with Patsy while she went into ecstasies over hearing Dr. Lee from Dallas speak at Baccalaureate this morning. Seems he is the minister of her church—right proud she should be over it, too!

Tried to study this afternoon but failed utterly so we entertained ourselves otherwise!

Step-singing this evening was a breath-taking experience—what with the sky looking much as if it were going to turn upside down most any of minute—which it did after the ivy was planted!

Out in the rain with the Mardie Pages this evening and what fun! Only we kept wishing it wasn't so very near the end!

'Night!

*Monday, June 3—*

Up at—well, too early, to study for our English final, drat it!—and then all of a sudden, it was all over!

Somehow the day passed and the All-Club Banquet, with everyone looking so very summery in pastels, was all over, too. Then everyone signed everyone else's annual and told everyone goodbye and walked out to the waiting cars a million times, at least, and cried and then, somehow, that was all over, too!—with the comforting thought that there was always tomorrow when we told the Seniors all goodbye!

'Night!

*Tuesday, June 4—*

—and Graduation! Well, somehow we told everyone goodbye and practically swam out of Senior and then it was 4:45 and we were on the train on our way home—only we found that it didn't end there—there were still more goodbyes to be said. Webbie left us at 9:30, and we pulled in at St. Louis the next morning to lose five more!

*Wednesday, June 5—*

St. Louis—and still our number decreases—and so did we! If tears melted we'd be less than a mere shadow!

Flat land again and then floods and we knew where we were! Good ol' Kansas City first saw us at 4:05—a train-load of excited—shall we say dames!—tearing up the station steps! 'Home for the summer!

Those first few days—found us: enjoying our first date (unchaperoned) crying out—al—most later than usual 'cause, after all, Mother, we're a college woman!! Greeting the Bestest—who was, by the way, unnecessarily long in arriving. Partaking of various indulgences (?) which we are enjoying to the nth degree—and just getting generally readjusted!

Kansas may be hot, may have floods, may have grasshoppers and dust storms—but she's a great place to live—'cause there's something different most all the time! Anyway we like it!

Final curtain, 1935!



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Published every Saturday by the students of  
Ward-Belmont.

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## EDITORIAL

## HAVE YOU WRITTEN?

Every year immediately following the close of school, the Alumnae Association sends out a letter to each member of the Senior Class asking them, now that they are alumnae, to become paid members of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association. Some of these letters are answered immediately, others come in throughout the year, or even two or three years later, and, sadly enough, some are never answered.

The members of the class of 1935 have been sent such letters. It is to each one of you that we speak first. If you send a dollar to the Alumnae Office, you will receive for one year a subscription to the *HYPHEN* and to the Alumnae Journal when it is issued. Don't you want to know what happens to your classmates? Don't you want to know what the present Seniors, your friends, are planning, are carrying out? If you don't receive the *HYPHEN*, how will you know who wins Senior-Senior-Middle Day, or which club gets the Scholarship Cup, or the Citizenship Cup? How will you know whether your club is failing or is winning new honors? How will you know whether or not there have been changes in regulations or whether your favorite faculty member is still at Ward-Belmont? How in the world will you know all those numerous little things which only the *HYPHEN* and the Journal can give to you?

Maybe your reply will be that you receive such details through correspondence. Yes, to a certain extent! However, do you realize how soon it will be before you will begin to lose contact with old classmates and friends? Maybe one of these old friends, from whom you have not heard in years, will write to the Alumnae Office to ask for your address. Maybe the Alumnae Office will have to write back that you have not written since you left school. You will perhaps never hear from that friend.

So, members of the class of 1935, sit down immediately and write your letter to the Alumnae Office. Inclose a dollar if you wish to become a paid member of the Association. Don't fail throughout the years to keep the office informed as to any changes you make. By your loyalty you can still be a part of Ward-Belmont.

To those of you who did not graduate and who are not coming back to Ward-Belmont, let us urge you, likewise, to pay your dues, to send in your dollar, to keep up your contact with the school.

Each of you will realize, as the years go by, that your feeling for Ward-Belmont will not lessen. As memories of individuals and incidents die, the memory of the whole school, of its standards, of its place in your life will grow. Ward-Belmont will never forget you. May you never forget it, and may you show that you have never forgotten by writing now and then.

## WARD-BELMONT NEVER SLEEPS

Have you ever wondered about the campus in the summertime? Did you think that everything went to sleep to awaken only just in time to welcome the students back again? Did you think that all doors were closed, all window shades drawn, all furniture covered? Did you think that when the roses faded, all flowers were gone? Did you think that the gates were closed?

If you did, you were mistaken. Scarcely has one school year ended than preparation begins on a new one. There are new students to meet, old ones to welcome back. The campus must be kept in order, must maintain its dignity and beauty. If you were to drop in now, you would see the mower in blue overalls and straw hat deftly guiding his machine around trees. You would see groups of painters dressed in white work clothes and white caps swinging down the walks so recently filled with laughing girls. Immediately following the close of school, groups of workmen began their jobs of painting, of papering, of plastering, of refinishing floors.

You would not find Middlemarch closed, for there is linen to be repaired, curtains to be made. Although the

(Continued on last column this page.)

## CAMPUS COLUMN

It's a lazy kind of day—and in the cool dimness of the *HYPHEN* Office groups of contented "Campus columnists" lounge on the tables, perch in the drawers and swing from the light cord trying to help out the summer editor as she types feverishly on this edition. Gradually thoughts come sailing through the air toward her—tossed directly at her head by the aforementioned ghosts—

We hear that "Barb" Reed is doing around in Topeka at a fast pace. Seems to be too fast a pace to include letters, however. (Hint!)

Anne Turney writes that she also is having a time for herself—attending finals at Princeton, etc., oh me, oh my, the hard life of a summer vacationist! It's all right, Anne, just so you don't run off any of those hard earned pounds.

It certainly is quiet around here without Mosele and Libby bounding in and out. No doubt they're doing a good deal of bounding, however, in Columbus and St. Louis, respectively—when Libby went home even the Mississippi rose up to greet her.

And speaking of Columbus I don't imagine much grunting is going on under either Eula's or Louise Morton's feet.

Did you know and have you heard that our own little Jane Flannigan was chosen from Queen at Vanderbilt's finals? Don't you know those Vanderbilt co-eds were wishing they had come to Ward-Belmont? Yes, ma'am, Jane had her picture in the paper with a crown on and an armful of flowers—altogether she looked most radiant.

Nor have we had a word from Beverly Clark or Jeanne Cookson. Not a snatch have we heard of the Culver dances. Tsk, tsk, tsk!

We have wondered how Betty Carlisle likes her new home.

In a recent clipping we saw a picture of Evelyn McCall—hadn't changed a particle—but did we see just a bit of weariness around the eye-region for the good old campus?

As for Ashley—well, can't you just see her tearing around, vainly trying to write letters and thinking a bit glumly of that summer school work?

A patter-y little rain is gently patter-y patter-y (summer always affects the would-be poets this way) and it seems strange not to see Jean Stewart's black rain coat, Irene Sartor's transparent one, Mardie's white cape, Judy Berry's old polo coat and the million capes in all colors—plus the screaming and laughing of those souls who don't have their rain protection with them. But the campus drowns on, the petunias are a riot of color in the beds up by South Front, and the crepe myrtle is starting to bloom.

Dr. Barton is vacationing and Mr. Benedict is "holding down the fort." Mrs. Bryan and Dean Burk are keeping busy in their respective offices preparing rooms and courses for you all for next fall.

Every day attractive girls arrive to look over the school and sign up and the campus opens its arms to give a mental reservation to be sure and put the Ward-Belmont spirit in that one next year.

Every one has been pretty busy at home so we have had little news. Patsy Schorndorfer is probably still visiting around in the States. Kate Bowers is at Camp Cochebec in Maine with Patty Chadwell and Cayce. No word from Crossan since she telegraphed her Seniors on graduation day. She almost got to Culver without any hats but I guess that was fixed up all right, wasn't it? Helen Ellsbets is planning to attend University of Colorado for summer school. She was the chairman of the San Antonio luncheon earlier given by the Alumnae Association and drove the secretary all over her lovely city one rather warm afternoon. Kate Biederharn and Mabel Claire

(Continued on page 5.)

## EAGLE FEATHER

The campus drowns 'neath the heavy foliaged trees Slumbering in the contentment that the year Has been well spent. The girls are gone, happy In their homes; and in the dream that floats over The campus there are the voices of them playing in the Surf at some far away beach, climbing mountain trails In far off highlands, spending cool hours inside a Cool home on heated plains. Softly, softly the Ivy on the tower rustles and the breezes Tap the bells soundlessly. Over the campus is a Coverlet of quiet. A slow laziness pervades the Air, the trees gently move their leaves, the Cooling day draws to a close.

The atmosphere retains the hushed drowsiness of Midsummer. The white columned buildings Lie sleeping in their beds of ivy and grass—all Eyes closed as the drawn blinds whisper Their emptiness. Slowly the magnolias move their Heavy limbs in answer to the summer breeze and Gradually the air is permeated with the last of the Scented ivory blooms showing among the glossy Green leaves. The petals, wide to catch the radiance Of the summer day, tinge their edges with the brown That denotes their death. The last magnolia in its Glory drops its petal brown and wrinkled, as the Nearby bush bursts forth its buds and covers all Its branches with the rosy crinkled bloom that Is the crepe myrtle. Slowly back and forth across The grass goes the mechanic buzz and clatter of the Mower and in its wake rises the sweet odor of freshly Cut grass and clover. Thus the campus comes the Denim workers, cutting grass, repairing buildings, Painting, hammering, cleaning, and through it all The hush of the siesta clings.

Stilled are the voices of the school year, quiet Are the walks and arbors. No sound of laughter Or of music slips through tightly closed windows. No shrieks of fun float from dormered club house Windows, no tennis balls catch in the sweet honeysuckle Vine. The thud of hoofs around the ring Are gone, the stable empty; nor are there flying Figures on the fields beyond, nor sound of whistle, Nor the splash of bodies in the water, nor the Tap of feet as dance routines evolve.

Behind the tall white pillars gleaming in the Southern sun come slight rustles of activity— The pulse that flutters through the drowsy Summer siesta time—the sound of tapping Typewriters connecting with the homes of girls From mountains, seacoast and from plains, of orders Given to mower, painter, builder, cleaner. The summer sun slowly takes its path across the Summer sky trailing the drawn white clouds in Its wake, and soon it wakes later and falls to Rest a little earlier, and as the early shadows Fall across the campus the drowsiness begins to Disappear, the siesta is over—the coolness of The early autumn steals across the grass and winds Its soft refreshing self among the leaves.

A stirring in the very stones and pillars greets the Awakening and the arrival of another year. Lifted Blinds are invitations to enter and to start The laughter and the music. The leaves, gay colored, Dance across the grass, the breeze, now warm, now cool, Plays briskly with the re-awakened fountain, the mower Raises now the odor of the grass, sun baked and The fear off smelt of burning leaves. The walks Echo to hurried footsteps, the sound of rustling leaves Of books, of scratching pencils, the click of hockey ball and Stick, the squeak of saddles replace the hush of summer Days. The siesta ends—the ivy rustles On the tower as the strong clappers touch the "Bells of Ward-Belmont."

(Continued from first column this page.)

mail boxes, with the exception of a few belonging to faculty members, are empty, from behind them comes the buzz of the switchboard.

But there is a busier place on the campus—the Academic Building. Daily the registrar meets prospective students and their parents. Daily she shows them about the campus, into the one club house which is open for inspection, into the dormitories so that they may choose their rooms. Mr. Benedict, Dr. Barton, Dr. Burk—all are in their offices daily.

If you were to stand by the summer house, you would hear the click of typewriters coming from "Ac." from the basement of Senior Hall, from the Alumnae Office. All day they are writing letters to prospective students, to old students, to alumnae. Perhaps if you were to listen closely, you would hear, coming from the practice rooms, the sound of a voice running up and down the scales.

Have the flowers faded? The campus blooms now with pink and blue petunias, crepe myrtle, cannas. A few fragrant magnolia blossoms remain on the trees.

The Ward-Belmont campus never slumbers. All year long it is preparing for and receiving students. The Ward-Belmont memory of each girl who has attended the school will stay with you. You will not forget the ideals you found on its campus. Always it will wish you luck.



## COLLEGE HONOR ROLL RELEASED

Fifteen Senior-Middles and nineteen Seniors earned the distinction of being on the college honor roll for the second semester, 1934-'35. Only students who made no grade lower than B in any academic study, and who passed the required work in Physical Education were included on the list.

Sally Bateman, a Senior-Middle, was the only student making a straight A record for the semester.

The following is the college honor roll for the second semester:

### FRESHMEN

Mary Louise Anderson  
Sally Bateman (straight A record)  
Evelyn Braden  
Phyllis Carr  
Mary Beth Caton  
Margaret Greene  
Hope Hoofman  
Patricia Howell  
Ruth Jones  
Jana Longnecker  
Evelyn McCall  
Mildred Sartor  
Helen Tibbets  
Annie Lou Wall  
Charlotte Watkin

### SOPHOMORES

Judith Berry  
Carolyn Bryant  
Mary Lalla Byrn  
Patty Chadwell  
Nelia Chambers  
Martha Jane Chatten  
Mildred Clements  
Mary Ann Evans  
Mildred Miller Graves  
Edwina Holland  
Rosemary Horstmann  
Anna Katherine Howard  
Kathryn Hyde  
Marion Nicholson  
Helen Pillow  
Barbara Shields  
Ann Stewart  
Mary Ellen Stokes  
Frances Warmath

## CLASS OF '35 HONORED AT ALUMNAE DANCE

The third annual Alumnae Dance given in honor of the graduating class was held on June 1, in the gymnasium. This affair, which was inaugurated in 1933, is held on the last Saturday of each year in order to welcome the outgoing class into the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association. Given in honor of the Senior Class, the entire school and their guests are invited to attend.

The short welcome ceremony was held at 8:30 when the Senior Class was asked to stand opposite the group of Alumnae who had gathered beneath an arch reading, "Welcome Alumnae." The executive secretary of the Alumnae Association, Miss Jane Pulver, stood between the president, Mrs. Paul Stumb, and the first vice-president, Miss Betty O'Donnell, and after introducing them as the officers of the Association she spoke briefly to the class. "Do not feel that you are leaving Ward-Belmont," she said, "for you are leaving only one phase of it. You are passing into a larger and more permanent phase. You are joining with the hundreds of girls who, white-clad, have sung their farewells to this campus just as you have tonight. You are joining a group which reaches literally around the world. And so tonight I am extending to you the welcoming hand inviting you to join us who have gone on before." Jean Stewart replied in behalf of the class accepting the invitation and pledging the support of the class to the Association. The ceremony ended with the singing of the alumnae song after which the dance continued until ten o'clock.

Among the alumnae who were representing the Association were graduates of Ward Seminary, Belmont College, and Ward-Belmont. Neil Fall

Handley (Mrs. Avery), and Henriette Richardson Bryan (Mrs. Claiborne N.) were the representatives of Ward's, and Pauline Pitman Byrn (Mrs. C. A.) was from Belmont. Among the Ward-Belmont alumnae besides the officers were Mary Elizabeth Cayce, Linda Rhea, Sarah Richardson Bryan, Margaret Cavert, Dorothy Hill and several others. Mrs. Byrn, that evening, in welcoming the new alumnae, welcomed her daughter, Mary Lalla, who is a member of the Class of '35.

Music for the dance was furnished by Johnny Miller's orchestra, and punch was served throughout the evening.

## 112 SENIORS HEAR BISHOP MIKELL

### Culture Necessary for Freedom

The 1935 graduating class of the junior college was addressed this year by the Right Reverend Henry J. Mikell, Bishop of Atlanta on Tuesday morning, June 4. Bishop Mikell, who is a most dynamic speaker, talked to a class of one-hundred and twelve.

The Seniors, attired in black caps and gowns, entered the chapel at nine o'clock to the processional, "Pomp and Circumstance," played by F. Arthur Henkel. Invocation was given by Dr. Costen J. Harrell, pastor of the West End Methodist Church of Nashville. This was followed by a violin solo, "Slavonic Fantasia" by Dvořák-Kreisl, played by Miss Roberta Lincoln. The address to the graduates was then given, after which Dr. Joseph E. Burk, dean of faculty, presented each group to Dr. John Wynne Barton who conferred the certificates and then the diplomas.

The closing prayer and benediction was given by Dr. William F. Powell, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Nashville. The Seniors filed out of the chapel to the recessional, "The Bells of Ward-Belmont," played by Mr. Henkel.

Bishop Mikell spoke to the graduates upon the subject of Democracy as an experiment. He cited examples of other peoples and their experiments in attempts to find stability and happiness. A summary of Bishop Mikell's address follows:

"We Americans have for some years now been engaged in a great experiment—the experiment of Democracy. Whether we have made complete success of it, is a matter concerning which there is a great difference of opinion, but it is quite certain, I think, that it can only be a success if we constantly hold up before us the ideal of freedom enunciated by Washington in one of his last utterances. He says: 'Virtue and morality is a necessary spring of popular government, and both reason and experience forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail without the religious principle.'"

"Freedom founded upon morality, morality founded upon religion."

"Now the moral and religious development of a nation depends upon the education and culture of its people. No uncultured people are fit to govern themselves. The way to make the world fit for democracy is not to fight for it but to educate for it. Civilization is just a race between civility and catastrophe. The nation and the individual must learn or they will perish."

"Learn what?"

"The three peoples who have left the greatest impression on the world pondered that question and answered it: the Egyptians, the Greeks and the Hebrews."

"The Hebrews said the culture of the Conscience. And their civilization gave to the world its greatest set of Moral laws—the Ten Commandments."

"Then the Greeks came and they said educate the mind and the body. They gave themselves to a physical and mental culture. And they produced that marvelous civilization

which erected noble buildings, and carved beautiful statues and wrote fair philosophies and perfect poems."

"Then the Romans came and they said educate the will. By which they meant the will to rule. So they gave themselves to a military and civil expansion, and they built up the greatest material empire the world has ever known."

"And one day there came a Teacher into the world and He said 'Learn of Me.'"

"Shall you seek self-righteousness? Whosoever shall seek to save his soul shall lose it and whosoever shall be willing to lose his life in service for his fellow man shall find it."

"Shall you strive for beauty and culture? Yes. But culture, not for self, but for service."

"Shall you strive to be rich and powerful? No. Rather stand shoulder to shoulder with your fellow-man and help on humanity to ways of peace."

"So he laid down the law of spiritual culture for the nation and the individual, and human experience has proven the law true. The lesson of history is plain. The nation which says, 'We first, our wealth, our power,' declines and falls. Where is the might of Greece and Rome today?"

"The nation which persists in a policy of selfish isolation, which will not assist in solving the world's problems, which builds about itself a wall of ignorance and prejudice of other nations, itself sinks into a slough of spiritual despond."

"God's law is the law of salvation by sacrifice and damnation by selfishness. 'But all other graces there must lie a culture which develops the spiritual power of a people. Freedom founded on morality, morality founded on religion.'"

"Irradiate that ideal of Washington with the spirit of Christ and it becomes spiritual culture."

"That only will ensure the stability and happiness of a people. That only will assure the bringing in of the time when no man shall be oppressed, no war waged. When man shall be master of himself and subject only to Him whose service is perfect freedom."

## 38 GRADUATE FROM HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

### Nine on Honor Roll

Nine students of the thirty-eight graduating in the high school department won distinction as Honor Roll graduates. Two of them, Frances Rose and Elizabeth Love, were on the Honor Roll each year of the four they were in high school.

The following is a list of the nine designated as such, and of those receiving high school certificates:

Frances Rose, 4 years; Elizabeth Love, 4 years; Sylvia Cohen, 3 years; Josephine Neil, 2 years; Mamie Howell, 1 year; Mary Alice Herbert, 1 year; Jean Reinhardt, 1 year; Cynthia Tompkins, 1 year; Lyrabeth Fitzpatrick, 1 year.

### HIGH SCHOOL CERTIFICATES

Jane Bagley, Tennessee; Eleanor Anne Bailey, Tennessee; Boneva Beatrice Bancroft, Oklahoma; Sara Joyce Beasley, Tennessee; Ann Elizabeth Bell, Colorado; Polly Ann Billington, Tennessee; Bernice Van Dusen Blowers, Tennessee; Nancy Brown, Tennessee; Bette Baker Butterfield, Tennessee; Martha Claire Clay, Alabama; Rebecca Cornelia Clayton, Tennessee; Sylvia Hortense Cohen, Tennessee; Dorothy Love Elliott, Kentucky; Mary Ann Farris, Tennessee; Lyrabeth Rives Fitzpatrick, Tennessee; Rebecca Faw Hall, Tennessee; Mary Alice Herbert, Tennessee; Mamie Craig Howell, Tennessee; Anne Huddleston, Tennessee; Agnes Kathryn Kerr, Tennessee; Beverly Marie Lecky, Kentucky; Elizabeth Howell Love, Tennessee; Mary Elizabeth Moroney, Texas; Josephine Neil, Tennessee; Alice Amos Osborn, Ten-

nessee; Betty Claire Penick, Tennessee; Betty Jean Pickering, Ohio; Jean Adair Reinhardt, Tennessee; Isobel Jeanne Roland, Ohio; Francis Elinor Rose, Tennessee; Margaret Ann Rust, Tennessee; Virginia Lee Smith, Tennessee; Betsy Strain, Michigan; Cynthia Dexter Tompkins, Tennessee; Virginia Carpenter Tompkins, Tennessee; June Weeks, Michigan; Laura Pearson Whitson, Tennessee; Margaret Webb Wrenne, Tennessee.

## GRADS TRANSFER CREDITS

Several members of the class of 1935 have already sent in to the Dean's office asking to have their transcripts sent to universities and colleges where they are considering continuing their education. This does not necessarily mean that these girls will enter these schools but it is interesting to see where many of them are thinking of going.

To Duke University have gone the transcripts of Jane Ruth Huey, Virginia Richey, Mary Lalla Byrn, Gilbertine Moore, and Sara Womack. Edwina Holland, Mary Lee Wilson, and Pauline Tucker have sent their's to the University of Texas. Stanley Elizabeth and Mary Eleanor Clay are considering the University of Kentucky and Matilda Daugherty has her transcript in at the University of Louisville. Marion Farr's has been sent to Michigan State College and Mary Ann Wirtz to Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. Sarah Pardue, Barbara Shields, Alice Williamson, and Marion Trutt plan to enter Vanderbilt, and Patty Chadwell will no doubt be at Peabody. Martha Jane Chatten and Theresa Howley have both had their transcripts sent to Wellesley and Frances Street plans to enter S. M. U. Salanie Sherman has her transcript up at the University of Arkansas. Fran Graham is really going a long way and has had her credits transferred to the University of Southern California. Eugenia Vick had her transcript sent to Ohio State and Judy Acheson will enter Swarthmore in the fall. Jean Dayton is considering George Washington University in Washington, D. C., and Mary Paine is thinking of taking herself to New York to the School of Education of New York University. Mildred Scott has sent her transcript to De Pauw University and Northwestern and Irene Sartor has had hers sent home not saying where her plan is. Eunice Mary Bicknell has just had her transcript sent to the University of Michigan, and Mary Jean Kirwan sent hers to Northwestern.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

(Continued from page 4.)

Breedon were also in evidence at that luncheon.

Frances Prince and Virginia Barrett will both be with us in the fall—couldn't get along without them after all these years.

Leora Hill is no doubt wrapping Chattanooga and that hair play, after finger—her silence must mean business—!

And as for Edwine Schmid—oh my dear—to think, the shame of it—not a word from the brat.

Patsy Burger had a very stunning picture in the Dallas papers a while ago—can't remember what for just now—but it certainly was elegant looking. And Boots—poor child—what with the floods in Texas—well they told us you couldn't get in or out of Tyler? Did you get yourself a Boat?

As for the Reds—we've reported on one—Barb—but the others, Elizabeth Ann and Bettie Jayne—we trust are spending the pleasant summer. We got down into Elizabeth Ann's Arkansas this year but we didn't see anyone sweeping off their front yard like you told us you did, Elizabeth Ann!

Well, my friends, we'll be seen' you all—and in the meantime drop a line to the HYPHEN OFFICE.

## DOAK CAMPBELL CHALLENGES CLASS

Commencement exercises for the high school seniors were held this year on Monday evening, June 3, at 8 o'clock. The class of thirty-eight graduates was addressed by Dr. Doak S. Campbell, a professor at George Peabody College, and secretary of the American Association of Junior Colleges.

The Junior-Middles, dressed in white, entered to the organ music of F. Arthur Henkel, who played "Coronation March," by Bartschmidt. According to tradition, the presidents of the incoming Junior and Junior-Middle classes, Peggy Dickinson and Grace Benedict, respectively, entered across the stage and going to the rear of the chapel, led the members of the class to their places. The invocation was given by Dr. Prentice Pugh, rector of the Church of the Advent in Nashville. The address followed a piano solo, "Concert Etude," by MacDowell, which was played by Miss Helen Tibbets, a pupil of Roy Underwood.

Miss Annie Allison, principal of the high school, presented the class to Dr. Barton, who conferred the certificates. After the benediction, the graduates left the chapel, while Mr. Henkel played as the recessional, "March," by Diggie.

Dr. Campbell's talk was in the nature of a challenge to the class to be good citizens. His address in full follows:

"The lapse of time is meaningless unless we have some means of punctuating its passage. Could we not observe the daily passage of the sun, the monthly cycle of the moon, or by mechanical means graduate the time into seconds, minutes, hours, months, years, decades—life would be as if one were in a dungeon in which no light could enter and no recurring sounds could be heard. Our lives have meaning and value only as we can relate them to achievements or events which can be identified with other events by means of our measure of time.

"Our coming together at this appointed time, therefore, is the result of no mere whim or fancy, and is no accident. It is a point of reference for all our lives. Through our concept of time it has been possible for you to look forward for four years with hopes, fears, anticipations, and determinations to this moment, and to gauge your actions accordingly. To this date you will be able to look backward with joy and pleasant recollection throughout what we hope will be a long, eventful life.

"But this is not a lecture on the mystery of time or of its importance, but a recognition that today marks a time that cannot be erased from the record of your lives. It is the end of one epoch and the beginning of another. Those of you who mark this day by your graduation from the formal course of education provided by this institution have been longing, no doubt, for the program of life that is to follow. Some of you may have been impatient for a change in the drama of life when you could shift from the simple prologue to complicated scenes of action. Perhaps you have been

anxious to lay aside the formal problems set up for you by professors who, presumably, are sympathetic. No doubt you have looked upon the little tasks that have been assigned you as artificial, ready-made, and of no real consequence in life. Too often, in our scheme of formal education, unfortunately, this is true. Often the worst that can befall you if you fail to find the correct answer is a low mark and the social disapproval that sometimes accompanies it.

"Let me comfort you with the assurance that time will usher you soon enough into the midst of problems that are not in the books. You will not have a scheduled hour for unmoisted study and preparation and another period set apart in which to check your work for errors, and perhaps try again. Soon enough problems will be thrust upon you that must solve without the aid of a tutor. The problems are not even stated or analyzed for you. The answers are not in books—in fact, no one knows the answers. The consequences of success or failure will be no mere letter or grade registered in a teacher's class book.

"Having experienced many of the problems that must have a new significance for you after this epochal day, your elders have endeavored to prepare you for their solution by presenting some of them under such conditions that you may benefit by their experiences and thus avoid many of the disappointments they suffered and enjoy the satisfactions they had in passing through them. In all the restlessness and impatience of your youth, I call upon you to recognize your debt to those who have gone before you. We owe a debt of gratitude to the pioneers who have endured hardships and death in exploring the regions we must traverse and have left a marked trail which we may follow in comfort and safety.

"Not long ago it was my privilege to follow the Santa Fe Trail. I traveled comfortably in one short day across what was once a trackless plain, beset with dangers, a distance which required more than a month for those intrepid pioneers who blazed the trail to negotiate. Recently, in two hours, I traversed the same area which Captain John Smith and a few hardy souls managed to negotiate in about two weeks. What was to him a terrible, trackless wilderness was to me a beautiful panorama of Virginia countryside. Such experiences could be multiplied to show our indebtedness to those heroic souls who pioneered every square mile of our country and who have made it possible for you and me to follow, to develop, to enjoy.

"But pioneering is by no means confined to the realm of geography. Every page in your textbooks, every theorem in your geometry, every formula in your chemistry—all are but carefully engineered highways each of which was once the lonely trail of a daring pioneer. A generation ago the world was in the throes of a terrible plague of yellow fever. No one had ever ventured into the mysterious fastnesses of the wilderness that harbored the dread scourge. But one day a quiet, heroic physician, believing that he could discover and conquer the cause, set out alone on his quest. The story of his experiments with various insects is well known to all of you. With his own blood he discovered that the poison is transmitted by the Stegomyia mosquito. In a few brief moments you and I, in the comfort of our study, can follow this trail and profit by the experience of this heroic pioneer.

"Thus, we may say that, during your period of formal education, society has provided for you a grand series of tours, carefully planned so that you may, if you choose, enjoy every scene as you move along. Whether you have seen much or little—that is now history.

"But it is not enough that we merely show you the way others have pioneered, however valuable that may be. Tourists, it seems, are a very neces-

sary part of our economy. We might go so far as to say that everyone should be a tourist part of the time. But the mere tourist contributes little that is of constructive value. Following the beaten path, he may enjoy the scenery and the changes of physical and social climate. He may become a better citizen as a result of a broader understanding and sympathy. He may strive to improve his own community because he has seen something superior and challenging in another community. The same may be true of the intellectual tourist. Much good may be derived from traveling over the beaten paths of our accumulated culture, provided one does not travel too rapidly. It is delightful to view the panorama of history with its occasional epochal peaks, and its vast plains and deserts with occasional oases. The American is the best of globe-trotters who have been everywhere and have seen everything but who do nothing about it. No doubt, our propensity to intellectual globe-trotting inspired the criticism of the eminent English scholar of America, Lord Bryce, when he said a few years ago, 'The Americans are the best half-educated people in the world.'

"We owe it to the pioneers—we owe it to ourselves—to pause before each shrine and meditate; to contemplate each pleasant highway in appreciation of the pioneers who have given their lives that we may follow.

"But I call you to a higher duty and a more daring and difficult adventure. Will you share with me your share of pioneering? Even though all the land may have been discovered and charted, there are other limitless expanses that require only imagination and fortitude. Which of you is willing to believe that the political structure under which we live is the best our minds can devise? Apparently, there has been little pioneering in this realm of American society for a century. Who would admit that our financial organization represents the brain power of the American people? Still we follow the precipitous path laid out by those whose purposes we know are selfish and anti-social. We believe that we should seriously pioneer the vast area compassed by the expressed ideals of our social order? I offer as evidence of our need of pioneering the following adequate description of American social life:

"We were required to characterize this age of ours by any single epithet, we should be tempted to call it, not an Heroical, Devotional, Philosophical, or Moral Age, but, above all others, the Mechanical Age. It is the Age of Machinery, in every outward and inward sense of that word; the age which, with its whole undivided might, forwards, teaches and practices the great art of adapting means to ends. Nothing is now done by machinery or by hand, all is by rule and calculated contrivance. For the simplest operation, some helps and accompaniments, some cunning abbreviating process is in readiness. Our old modes of exertion are all discredited, and thrown aside. On every hand, the living basis is given from his workshop, to make room for speedier, inanimate one. The shuttle drops from the fingers of the weaver, and falls into iron fingers that ply it faster. . . . We war with rude Nature; and by our resistless engines, come off always victorious, and loaded with spoils.

"But in saving these matters for the present, let us observe how the mechanical genius of our time has diffused itself into quite other provinces. Not the external and physical alone is now managed by machinery, but the internal and spiritual also. Here, too, nothing follows its spontaneous course, nothing is left to be accom-

plished by old natural methods. Everything has its cunningly-devised implements, its pre-established apparatus; it is not done by hand but by machinery. Thus we have machines: for Education. . . . Instruction, that mysterious communing of wisdom with ignorance, is no longer an indefinite tentative process, requiring a study of individual aptitudes, and a perpetual variation of means and methods, to attain the same end; but a secure, universal, straightforward business, to be conducted in the gross, by proper mechanism, with such little ignominy comes in. Then, we have Religious machines, of all imaginable varieties, the Bible-Society, professing a far higher and heavenly structure, is found, on inquiry, to be altogether an earthly contrivance; supported by collection of monies; by forming of vanities, by puffing, intrigues, and issue prospectuses, at a public dinner; in a word, construct or borrow machinery, wherewith to speak it and do it. The fact that this was written by one Thomas Carlyle, in 1826, and still describes us so accurately indicates that in the areas of thought that really control our lives, little pioneering has been done for a century.

"Nor is the opportunity for pioneering confined to the field of the social sciences. Does it challenge you that no adequate control or cure has been found for pneumonia, one of our commonest and most deadly diseases? Who will solve the mystery of cancer? Will the pioneer find a way through the maze of mental diseases? The world is waiting for some one to produce music comparable to the opera of Wagner or Verdi. This generation is waiting for its Shakespeare. The realm of physics is certain to yield startling revelations within your lifetime.

"But I wish to close with what may seem to be an anti-climax. Perhaps these challenges overwhelm you as they overwhelm me. There is, however, a challenge to each of you that may be as thrilling as any I have mentioned. Perhaps the thing the world wants most today is a good citizen. That is the attempt to define the word—perhaps one of you may have the honor of discovering an adequate definition. The solution of every problem of importance in a world of unrest and uncertainty, lies in the extent to which you and millions of others may discover to yourselves and to the world that long-sought Eldorado—good citizenship. One wiser than any of us gave us assurance when peace was heralded in these words: 'Peace on earth among men of good will.'

"However valuable may be the information you have gained during your years in this institution, there is something of greater value. In the use of his beautiful introductions, Ruskin tells us that: 'Education does not mean teaching people what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery, and their literature, lust. It means, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls.'

"A year ago this month a world conference on disarmament was meeting in Geneva. That conference, instead of achieving its avowed purpose, marked rather the beginning of competition in building armaments more intense than any the world has seen. Without doubt, the Merchants of Death are in control of international relations. Good citizenship throughout the world is challenged by this condition. To you the opportunity

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for pioneering in the realm of world peace is an open challenge.

"Friendship is but another word for citizenship. As long as you go from the pleasant associations of this institution, I express for you the hope that the friendships that have developed here may be lasting and that you shall always have the assurance expressed by one who lived long enough to prove that friendship, after all, endures:

"There is a mystic borderland that lies Just beyond the workday world; It is peopled with friends we've met And loved, a year, a month, a day— And parted from with aching hearts. And yet so sure are we that these same friends are true, That, when there comes a call That sets the memory aglow, We know, by stretching forth our hand In written word, a flower, a look, A waiting hand will clasp our own Across the silence, in the same old way."

## DR. LEE GIVES COMMENCEMENT SERMON

The high school and college seniors gathered in the chapel, Sunday morning, June 2, at 11:00 o'clock to hear the commencement sermon which was delivered this year by Dr. Umphrey Lee, who is pastor of the Highland Park Methodist Church in Dallas, Texas. Dr. Lee was introduced by Dr. Barton, who was a former classmate of his at Trinity College. It was as a classmate rather than as a speaker that Dr. Barton made his introduction.

According to tradition, the high school seniors, dressed in white, entered first, and took their places on the north side of the chapel. They were followed by the seniors of the junior college who wore in caps and gowns. During their entrance Mr. Henkel played on the organ "Marche Religieuse," by Guilmant. The opening prayer was given by Dr. Alfred Franklin Smith, publishing agent of the Methodist Church and the benediction by Dr. Costen J. Harrell, pastor of the West End Methodist Church of Nashville.

Dr. Lee used as the subject of his talk, "Old Directions and New Paths," taking his text from Jeremiah 6: 16 which expounds the doctrine that the ways of the old world are the best, that the paths of the old world are the wisest to follow.

The following is Dr. Lee's talk in full:

"At present this is not a popular doctrine, for is not this a 'new world'? Is there anything in the past which can help one in such a brand-new, shiny place as that into which this generation has come? As a matter of fact, the world is not so new as it sometimes seems; and it would be well if everyone being graduated from college would understand that much talk about the 'new' society into which we are automatically emerging is hysterical.

"Many of you have doubtless heard that this world is a ruined world, all the old paths have been torn up. No way that men have walked is good now. In truth, this world is not ruined at all, that is, it is little more, 'ruined' than it has been for many eons. Of course, for many of us who are older the world has been sadly damaged. In the dark winter of 1932-33, a distinguished scholar of the University of Berlin was bemoaning the ruin to his country presaged by the lengthening shadow of Hitler. I tried to cheer him up by saying that the younger generation would perhaps outgrow the enthusiasm for Nazism with which they were infected, and that they would come around to sane thinking after while. The professor admitted this: 'But,' said he, 'we will have to wait for that.' He was right: his generation is the one which may be ruined. Your gen-

eration stands where every generation of youth has stood. The world is no more ruined for you than it has been ruined countless times for our forefathers.

"It would be well, too, if you understood that you have not been mistreated in that your fathers have ruined your world. But for them you would have entered into a beautiful society, unblemished and unmarred. The world which your fathers inherited was not fresh from the hands of the creator. They received a somewhat damaged society, and while they did not do much for it, they did not invent lies, theft, war, economic disturbance. Nothing could be worse than for this generation to go out of college musing that their fathers had torn up all the good paths, and that the young must suffer because a delightfully perfect world has been irrevocably damaged.

"In fact, in many ways the world is as it has been. It is the constant illusion of youth that all things are new. But few things are. Years ago I admitted a very clever repartee which one politician made to another. That is, I admired it until I found that Agamemnon (I think it was) used it against Achilles some thousand years before Christ. I have disputed many of Newton's explanations, but apples still fall downward. As James Harvey Robinson used to say, one can be sure that, getting out of bed in the morning, his feet will land on the floor and not the ceiling. Much of the tirade against the ignorance of the past is itself ignorance. There has, for instance, been a revolt against good manners on the ground that our fathers were tiresome and unaware that they were so. The truth is that good manners are in part a defence against tiresomeness. Nobody wanted to hear someone else's tiresome remarks have gone on since the beginning of time under the excuse of frankness, honesty and the like. Our fathers knew that everyone has opinions about everything, and that many people are sadly dull. They knew as much about the unpleasant facts of life as we do, and they simply did not want to hear them. Therefore, they were polite, and the politeness enabled them to get through uncomfortable social affairs with a minimum of discomfort. Anyone who has had to suffer the unmitigated dullness of much smart conversation and the continuous airing of unpleasant nothings which characterize so much of our 'free' people today must admit that our fathers handled these things much better. One of the first discoveries of an educated person ought to have been the reality of the intellectual achievements of the past. 'We are not the first to call beauty beauty,' said Sappho; and it is as true today as it was in the Isles of Greece.

"But I am not trying to say that there is no truth but old truth, no paths but old paths. The world is, in a sense, brand new. It is new for us because we have not been this way before. There is in human life the abiding paradox, that we all lead new lives in a very old world. There are, too, constantly new 'situations,' to use the word which our pedagogues love. The society into which you are going is not the society into which I went a score of years ago. It is not one which has ever been new. New ways of living have transformed many things. And your courage must be the courage that goes beyond the old paths. There is a fine line in Macleish's 'Conquistador,' where Cortez tries to persuade the gentlemen of Cuba and Spain, who were with him, to advance beyond the coast of Mexico up into the hills. No white man had been there before, and the gentlemen did not want to go. At last Cortez in scorn bade them go back to Cuba or Spain: 'Go back,' he said, 'where you may find the will of God by the fences.' It is the part of your generation to go beyond those comfortable lanes which other generations have marked by the fences. I shall not point the

obvious. The very roads that you ride on, the cars that you ride in, the airplanes above you, the radios that disturb our peace, the picture shows which delight or bore us, all are new. And much of this, to say nothing of the widespread effects of the Great War and of the Depression, has created conditions which force you to walk in paths which no one has marked out for you. The picture tells all the will of God by the fences.

"I suppose that I should congratulate you on all this. I should speak of the wonderful world into which you enter, of its marvelous opportunities, and what not. The truth is that I am a little sorry for you. It is so much more uncomfortable, and in many ways, so much more dangerous to live in the unmarked sector of your world. At least, if we did not go so far or hear so much, we could keep our directions much easier; and be saved much time and many disappointments thereby. Colorado, the best climb is possibly that up Long's Peak. About five hundred feet from the summit is what is called 'The Narrows.' It is a path about one hundred feet long and wide enough that is, two or three feet wide. On one side it rises the cliff, and on the other side is nothing, about twelve hundred or two thousand feet of it. Now no one, in the history of the Peak, has ever fallen off the Narrows. But every year someone passes the Narrows safely, goes on up the summit, where there is an acre of ground, a little of which that. There is more danger in this world in places where there is too much room than in narrow paths.

"Those who are lost are not lost because they are in such a narrow place they can't go on, but because there are so many directions to go that they can't find the right one. I was lost once in the Rockies, not where there was no path, but where there were some eight or ten, and I had to explore most of them before I found the one which led home. You have not one narrow philosophy to live by until time and experience and deep thought changes your mind. But you have Hollywood and Washington, New York and Paris on the radio; you have the world on your motion picture screen. Your difficulty is in making up your mind which way you ought to go; and by the time you have made up your mind, you may be too old to go anywhere. Donkey in the story who is supposed to have died of starvation because he was between two haystacks and couldn't make up his mind which to eat, really succumbed to nervous prostration. And nervous instability is the disease of our time. We can't decide which voice to hear, which path to choose.

"The sum of the whole matter is, that we must indeed go out where we cannot tell the will of God by the fences. There is for you especially the duty and the high adventure of finding your way. It will be too bad for you and for your world if you waste your time and your lives in aimless wandering, trying the myriad ways that you may take. What the college, and the church, for that matter, can do for you is to acquaint you with the old paths which men have found good for our lives here, that you will have direction, that you will be new in which you will go, but the direction is old.

"For generations men have learned that truth and beauty and goodness are to be desired. For generations that which is untrue and ugly and evil have proven bad ways for us men and our children. And if you must seek them by new paths, yet may you seek the same goals which your fathers sought. Human freedom, human welfare, a sense of self-respect and of honesty and of the presence of God are old, old directions which man must always take if he comes to a good end. And this is what your generation, by colleges or institutions or in books or pictures or in worship, may give to your generation. We can point out to you the fruitful directions, and you

must for yourself go on beyond our fences and break new paths for yourself.

"In our great airports, the mail planes roll out at night into a finger of light laid down by great searchlights. Down these pencils of light in a dark field, the ship goes until it takes off into the darkness. That is all the port can do for the pilot, give him light for his start; but the rest is in his arm and in his eye and in his heart. So, too, we can throw such light as we have down the old path that we know, but it is yours to take off for your own flight. Yes, we can do something else; and your college will do this. We can remember with you your journey, and pray that our God and your God will strengthen your arm and make keen your sight and give you good courage, and that sometime you make a good landing where your light will be the light of the morning."

In addition to the organ music by Mr. Henkel, a solo, "The Good Shepherd" by Ven de Water, was sung by Mrs. R. P. Gates.

## GRADES NOT ONLY GOAL OF HONOR GRADUATES

(Continued from page 1)

with an average of 2.65. A member of the Penta Tau Club, she was treasurer and HYPHEN reporter for that organization.

Edwina Holland was fourth with an average of 2.6. Edwina was secretary of the French Club and a HYPHEN reporter during her Senior year.

Fifth place was held by Elizabeth Gray, vice-president of the Senior Class, a feature writer on the HYPHEN, and a member of the Glee Club and Dramatic Club. Last year she was secretary of the Senior-Middle Class. Her average was 2.54.

Mary Jean Kirwan, who was next and who had an average of 2.48, was secretary of the T. C. Club and a member of the Spanish Club.

Mildred Frances Clements, seventh, with an average of 2.45, was a very active day student. In her Senior year she was president of the Ecovasin Club and was treasurer of the same club her Senior-Middle year. In addition she was a member of the orchestra.

The activities of Mary Alice Paine, in eighth place with a 2.43 average were many and varied. During her Senior year she was vice-president of the Penta Tau Club, was a feature writer on the HYPHEN, a member of the Dramatic Club, and chairman of the Public Affairs Committee of the Y.W.C.A. During her first year, she was active in the Y.W.C.A. and the French Club.

A. Arlene Hershey, in ninth place with a 2.38 average, held two presidencies and one vice-presidency. She was at the head of the Glee Club and the Dramatic Club and was vice-president of the Odd Fellows Club in her Senior Year. In addition, during her two years in school, she was active in the French and German Clubs, the Choir, and Athletic Association. That she had time for fun was evidenced by the fact that in the Milestones ABC Contest she was adjudged her first year the jolliest in school and her second year the most humorous.

The tenth place average was 2.37 maintained by Matilda Frazee Daugherty. She was particularly active in the Y.W.C.A. and was a chairman of a "Y" committee each of her two years in college. In addition, she was president of the Kentucky Club her Senior year and a member of Glee Club, Choir, French Club, and Dramatic Club.

The list was completed with Virginia Richey, who had an average of 2.34. Virginia was president of the A. K. Club, and a member of the Glee Club, French Club, and German Club. In her Senior-Middle year, in addition to being a member of the above-mentioned clubs, she was secretary of the Y.W.C.A.



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### TRI K CLUB WINS CITIZENSHIP CUP FOR 1934-35

(Continued from page 1)  
rules and regulations, attitude toward  
ampus responsibilities, and creative  
titude. The clubs that rated the  
three highest places in each of these  
five divisions are as follows:

#### CLUB DIVISION AVERAGES

- Athletic Participation:**
1. Tri K . . . . . 14.46
  2. X. L. . . . . 11.89
  3. Osiron . . . . . 10.71

#### Academic Attitude:

1. Anti-Pandora . . . . . 18.27
2. Osiron . . . . . 17.75
3. Agora . . . . . 17.63

#### Attitude Rules and Regulations:

1. A. K. . . . . 24
2. Agora . . . . . 23.31
3. Osiron . . . . . 22.96

#### Attitude Campus Responsibilities:

1. A. K. . . . . 11.18
2. Anti-Pandora . . . . . 8.85
3. Osiron . . . . . 8.78

#### Creative Attitude:

1. Tri K . . . . . 20.89
2. Osiron . . . . . 20.28
3. A. K. . . . . 19.44

In awarding individual honors, each  
boarding student in both the college  
and high school departments are  
graded in each of the five divisions.  
Only the highest ten per cent are  
listed.

Margaret Louise Boyd, who received  
148.6 points out of a possible 150, was  
very active in the Tri K Club and in  
the Y. W. C. A. during her senior  
year. Jean Stewart, who received  
126.6 points, was president of the  
Senior Class, and Thelma Martin,

president of the Osiron Club, was  
third.

The standings of the thirty-one  
girls who comprised the highest ten  
per cent of the entire boarding student  
body follows:

1. Margaret Louise Boyd . . . . . 148.5
2. Jean Stewart . . . . . 126.5
3. Thelma Martin . . . . . 125.5
4. Martha Jane Chatten . . . . . 125
5. Frances Graham . . . . . 125
6. Gail Lawrence . . . . . 124
7. Ruth Potts . . . . . 124
8. Martha Fisher . . . . . 123.5
9. Rosemary Horstmann . . . . . 123.5
10. Edwina Schmid . . . . . 123
11. Pat Schorndorfer . . . . . 121.5
12. Carolyn Bryant . . . . . 121
13. Marguerite Page . . . . . 120
14. Mary Lalla Byrn . . . . . 118
15. Mary Ellen Hudgins . . . . . 117.5
16. Louise Fosgate . . . . . 116.5
17. Mary Alice Paine . . . . . 116.5
18. Nellie Clements . . . . . 116
19. Matilda Daugherty . . . . . 115
20. Virginia Grotz . . . . . 114.5
21. Mary Eleanor Clay . . . . . 114
22. Virginia Shaw . . . . . 114
23. Helen Jones . . . . . 113
24. Winnie Coffee . . . . . 112
25. Margaret Young . . . . . 112
26. Eunicemary Bicknell . . . . . 111.5
27. Jeanne Cookson . . . . . 111.5
28. Edwina Holland . . . . . 111.5
29. Irene Sartor . . . . . 110
30. Tony Treadway . . . . . 108.5

The high score this year was the  
highest it has ever been. The school  
average was 72.44. The high score,  
low score, and school average for the  
last three years follows:

1935	
High Score . . . . .	148.5
Low Score . . . . .	46.5
School Average . . . . .	72.44

1934	
High Score . . . . .	143.5
Low Score . . . . .	8
School Average . . . . .	83

1933	
High Score . . . . .	138
Low Score . . . . .	23
School Average . . . . .	76

During the five years of the citi-  
zenship cup's existence, it has been  
won three times by the Del Ver Club  
and twice by the Tri-K Club. The  
averages of the winning clubs for the  
past four years are as follows:

1932—Del Vers . . . . .	83.16
1932—Tri K . . . . .	82.08
1933—Del Vers . . . . .	97.10
1935—Tri K . . . . .	83.23

### ALL-CLUB DINNER CLIMAXES YEAR

(Continued from page 1)  
decorated table is a symbol of happy  
hours, of joyful friendship—each  
girl her table is of especial signifi-  
cance.

Following the second course of the  
dinner, the first club listed on the  
menu rises to sing its club song.  
From then on until the tenth club has  
sung, the dining room resounds with  
voices earnestly singing their songs,  
and with the applause which follows  
each one.

The climax of the evening comes  
when Dr. Barton takes his place in  
the middle of the dining room. In one  
hand is the Citizenship Cup, in the  
other a list of the winners. The sus-  
pense is unbearable as he begins at  
the bottom of the list of girls receiving  
mention and reads their names  
and scores. Always he hesitates be-  
fore he reads the name of the Honora-  
ble Mention girl and then suddenly  
he gives it amidst thunderous ap-  
plause.

When this applause finally dies  
down, he begins reading the club list  
and hesitates when he has read the  
names and positions of all but two  
clubs. Never during all the school  
year has there been such suspense.  
When the winner is named, the din-  
ing room echoes again to wild ap-  
plause, and the president of the club  
goes forward to receive the cup,  
scarcely able to express her thanks to  
Dr. Barton.

The dinner is over amidst a multi-  
tude of congratulations to the club  
winner and to the Honorable Men-  
tion girls. Tears flow freely as the girls  
realize that at last they are really  
saying goodbye, not only to their clubs

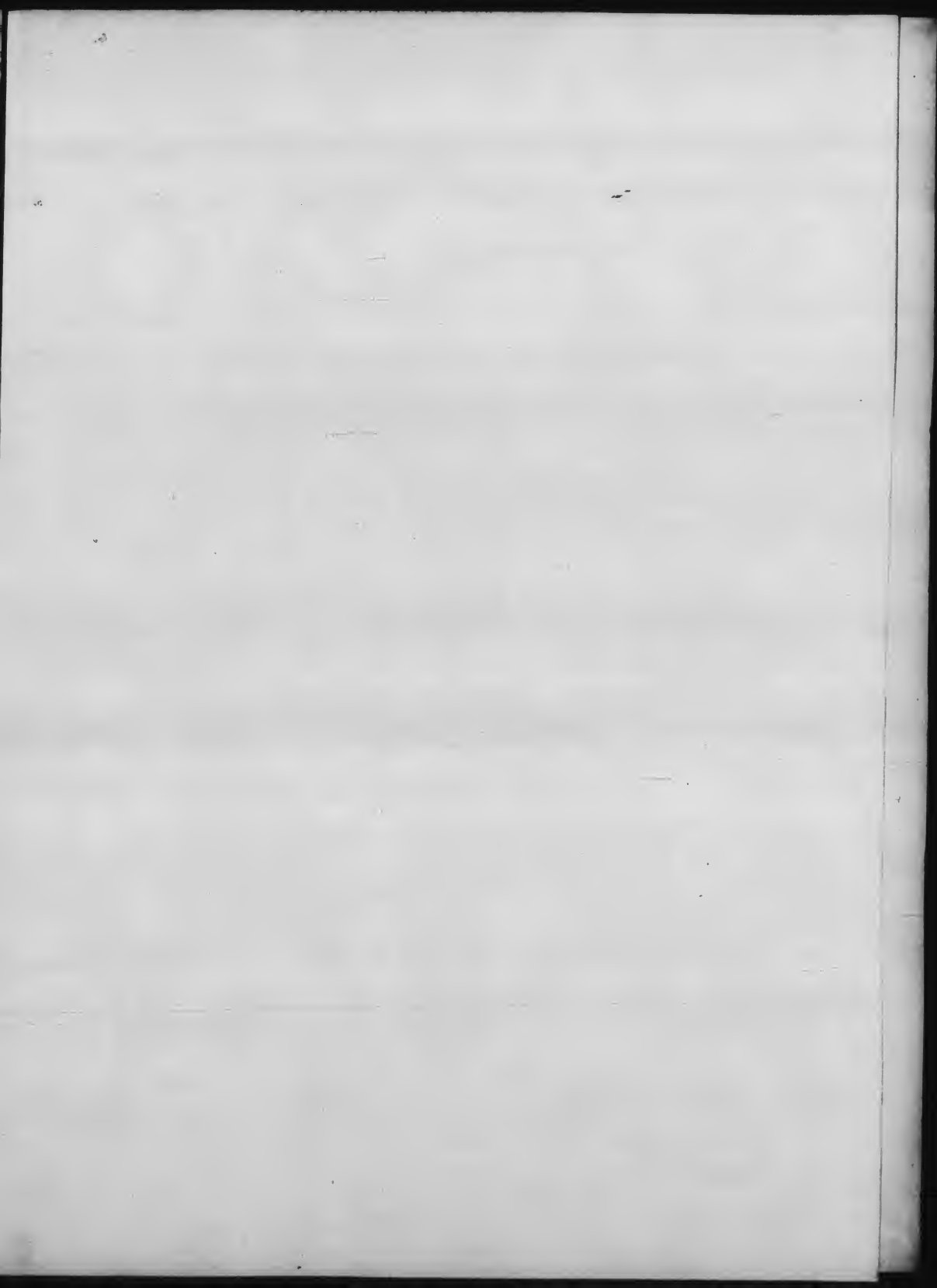
### "IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT"

(Continued from page 1)

in Kentucky! Nellie Clements is a 'pinin' away for the ole campus—ain't it awful, though? Charlotte Anne Doughty visited all over before going home, but managed to take in the Iowa luncheon and even paid her alumnus dues like a good girl. And incidentally, so did Lattie Miller, who writes that she is having a good time just being home. Betty Heck stayed over a few days after school was out—it helped seeing her around. Georganna Martin is going to summer school. Thelma visited at Mildred's, and when she left was so excited she left all her hats. Mildred is at home—she really didn't write much. Pauline Tucker was right on hand in Houston like the good alumna she is. Jean Stewart was another of the lucky ones in New York with Miss Townsend where she was taken around about a good deal and then invited to Princeton finals. The last bulletin was a wildly exciting time keeping house, learning to play golf, giving readings for clubs, etc., and Rosemary whispers of driving to Nebraska with her mother this summer, and if she does she and Arlyne are coming down. Poor Rosemary was lost with so much time and drawer space, but she is perfectly happy with her Rocky Mountains. Bicky is keeping house, amusing her sister, and getting lots of good reading done. I don't know a thing about Hershey. Hudgins was a little low this summer. A letter from Arlyne says she is keeping busy visiting. She thinks I live in the far distant west, too. I'll begin to believe it myself pretty soon! Which covers most of my information: I've been as homesick for school as I ever was for home. This morning in church they played the piece that we used for a professional Commencement. Sunday and I—"Yes, we all know just how Gail felt. A note from Virginia Shaw just after school was out said she was busy just doing around and was planning to do some visiting this summer. A letter from Arlyne says she is going to the States to treat to be at home with everything so disturbingly gay but in spite of all that missing school and everyone has the upper hand. She is considering the University of Texas for next year.

The old machine sighed as the breeze wearily dropped the last page of the last letter, the article was finished and the majority of the class of '35 accounted for. With a satisfied clatter the machine patted the little breeze and sent it out the window and relaxed for the rest of the night.







XTRA

EXTRA

## WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIV

Nashville, Tenn., September 18, 1935

Number 1

## WELCOME TO WARD-BELMONT

ORGANIZATIONS  
GREET STUDENTS

## Officers Introduced

At only Ward-Belmont as a whole, the main organizations on campus at the old girls again and welcome new. In this first issue of the HYPHEN are introduced to you the officers of the principal student organizations, their words of welcome. We introduce to you the two government councils, the Sen- Class, the Y.W.C.A., the Athletic Association, the HYPHEN, and the various, with their presiding officers. These officers greet you in behalf of their organizations.

## BOARDING STUDENT COUNCIL

The fact that our president, Bar- Lee Reed, through an unavoidable circumstance, will be unable to return year brings us deep regret. But the work of our Student Council will be carried on. We have to rally the demands made upon us as a student body.

Our girls who come to Ward-Belmont this year for the first time, we welcome you. Indeed, we hope that you will be so happy here that this will ever remain an outstanding experience in your lives.

Since we must live, we hope as one happy family, and since society of exist without law and order. Institution has created certain rules and regulations. Regulations are too rigid, but sufficient that each live in peace, unobstructed by uncertainties and those things that hinder the advancement and discredit upon our Alma Mater. But this standard may be maintained, the Student Council has been used as a sentry—a sentry who is anxious and ready to help the who is worried and perplexed; but try to call half to deviations from the law and order.

Here's our wish that our meeting throughout the coming year may congratulate and not to reprimand.

HELEN JONES,

First Vice-President, Student Council.

## DAY STUDENT COUNCIL

Last we have heard the "Bella Ward-Belmont" calling us back to year again. We old girls have heard each other after a long time of good times. To the new girls wish to extend a cordial welcome to us in the pleasures of the coming year. We hope that in a very near future we will meet again. (Continued on page 2)

We open another school year, and administration extends a hearty greeting to every girl in the school. We look forward in confidence to a mutually satisfactory year from our standpoint.

We are glad of opportunities to meet every girl personally. Your assistance in these undertakings will be appreciated.

JOHN WYNNIE BARTON,

President.

COMPLETE SERIES  
ANNOUNCED

Ward-Belmont has announced the completion of arrangements for this year's Artists' Series. The names of the artists to appear on the stage of the auditorium during the coming school year, are: Kathryn Meisle, contralto; Albert Spalding, violinist; Alexander Brailowsky, pianist; Frederick Jagel, tenor; Ruth Page and Harald Kreuzberg, dancers, and Branson de Cou, pictures.

Such a group as the above assures a most unusual, varied, and entertaining program. Kathryn Meisle, who has appeared at Ward-Belmont several times and who has always been greeted with enthusiasm and appreciation, will open this year's series on Monday evening, October 14th.

At no time since the presentation of the series has the standard of bringing artists of the highest type in music, art, and literature been lowered. With the announcement of the above names, it is apparent that this year will live up to the reputation of former ones.

LIBRARIES LOCATED  
AND EXPLAINED

To the new student, the library is often one of the most baffling spots on a college campus. And yet, during the school year it soon becomes one of the most frequented and familiar. Ward-Belmont maintains two libraries, the main one being used principally by college students, the other one open to high school students only.

The college library and reading room is located on the first floor of Academic Building directly opposite the main entrance. In it the student finds the books assigned for outside reading, reference books such as encyclopedias and dictionaries, and supplementary reading books. There is a rental section consisting of the best in contemporary literature, drama, poetry, biography, and fiction. Along with the classic and standard works are also the most important of the current periodicals and newspapers. In the main library, the student finds adequate means to meet not only her supplementary reading, but (Continued on page 9)

NEW MEMBERS  
JOIN FACULTY

## Four Changes Made

Ward-Belmont introduces to its student body this fall four new faculty members. These four are Miss Lois Balcom, teacher of dancing in the department of physical education; Miss Camilla Nance, instructor of riding; Mrs. Ruth Hogan Pratt, of the home economics department, and Miss Mary Louise Ogden, librarian.

Miss Balcom, who is from Springfield, Massachusetts, has appeared professionally with the Denishawn Lewishon stadium concerts. She is a graduate of the Boston School of Physical Education and of George Washington University. Miss Balcom has studied dancing with Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, May O'Donnell, Ellen Kearns, Billy Austin, Bernardi, the Chester Hale studios and the American Branch of the English Folk Dancing Society.

Miss Camilla Nance, instructor of riding, is a Ward-Belmont graduate of the class of 1932. From Ward-Belmont she went to the Sargent School of Boston University, where she received splendid training in physical education and specialized in riding. Here she was awarded her B.S. degree. Miss Nance, in addition to her specialized training has received excellent practical training as instructor in riding at Camp Cobchec, Fryeburg, Maine, during two summers.

Mrs. Ruth Hogan Pratt comes to Ward-Belmont from Kansas City, Missouri. She received her B.S. degree from Iowa State College and her Masters from New York University. During the summer she has been taking further graduate work in the school of retailing of the latter university and attended one session of Iowa State College. Mrs. Pratt has specialized particularly in styling and merchandising.

Miss Mary Louise Ogden, who will be a member of the library staff, is from Fountain City, Tennessee. She received her A.B. degree from the University of Tennessee and her B.S. in library science from the University of Illinois Library School. Miss Ogden has had several years' practical experience on the library staff of the University of Tennessee.



HELEN JONES

First Vice-President, Student Council

DOROTHY COLMERY

President, Day Student Council

## FORMATION OF WARD-BELMONT CLUBS

That Ward-Belmont must have a more democratic social life was the decision which led to the discontinuation of the sororities of Belmont College days, which had been inherited by the combined schools, and the installation of the ten social clubs which we now enjoy. The social organizations of Belmont College consisted of six national, or local, sororities. The first of these sororities was Phi Mu, a national sorority, later taken on account of a raise to a regular four-year college standard; next, Tau Phi Sigma, a local sorority, which later became national under the name of Phi Mu Gamma; Sigma Iota Chi, a national sorority; Beta Omicron Pi, a national sorority; Theta Kappa Delta, a local sorority; and another local sorority, which was put in during the last few months of Belmont and which was formed chiefly by Alice Wilson, niece of former president Woodrow Wilson. These sororities, sponsored by Miss Martha Cason, were organized and carried on according to regular sorority ruling.

Miss Mills and Dr. Martin, who was vice-president of the school at that time, were instrumental in withdrawing the sorority chapters because they felt that in a school of the type of Ward-Belmont, sororities were not the ideal social life. After the sororities were done away with, a year followed without organizations to take their places. Then, in response to the repeated requests of the girls, the clubs came into existence.

A group of ten of the leading girls in the school were called together. They were told of the intention to organize ten social clubs and were asked to select ten other girls. Every girl in school became a member of a club. And thus was organized the ten social clubs which are so dear to every girl in Ward-Belmont: X. L., Tri-K, Osiron, Penta Tau, T. C., F. M., A. K., Del Vers, Agoras, and Anti-Pan.

Editor's Note: The above is a reprint from the HYPHEN of October 13, 1925.

(Continued on page 8)

## To the "New" Girls and the "Old" Girls:

Greetings from every member of the teaching staff. They have been awaiting with interest—all this summer—the appearance of you new girls and the reappearance of former students. And now you are here!

Every teacher in high school and college is at your disposal. Make use of your opportunity to meet and know these highly educated persons. Don't confine your acquaintance to only those who happen to be your classroom instructors.

Yours for the best school year of our history.

J. E. BURK,  
Dean of Faculty.



EDWINE SCHMID  
President, Senior Class

### ORGANIZATIONS GREET STUDENTS

(Continued from page 1)

short time that each new girl will feel herself to be one of us.

Then there are a few things that we should like you to know about Ward-Belmont. Of course, we have rules here which we must observe. They were not made to make us unhappy but to help us. If the new girl will keep this in mind, I'm sure her days here will be some of the happiest of her life. Let each of us try to make loyalty, friendship, and co-operation our contribution to our school this year.

DOROTHY COLMEY,  
President, Day Student Council.

### SENIOR CLASS

As summer has drawn to a close, the idea of school looms up in the very near future. Now, that the best of us have chosen Ward-Belmont for our home for the next, short eight months, the Senior Class welcomes you with much gusto.

That unfortunate homesick feeling may creep up behind you the first two or three weeks; but, mark my word, it won't last long! We've been here and we know. Come on, new girls, the Senior Class is behind you "en masse"! We are sure you will love dear old Ward-Belmont as we do. Enter into this real life and support all the high standards that W-B sets before you.

As president of Senior Class, I give you my heartiest welcome.

EDWINE SCHMID,  
President, Senior Class.

### Y. W. C. A.

We're so glad to see you all, new girls and old! This is a "welcome back" to the old girls and a "glad you're here" to the new. We old girls are going to try very hard to make you new ones like us, our school, our clubs, and our campus life. We want you to like us, as much as you want us to like you, so do make yourself "at home" and enter into our life here with ambition, vision, energy, adaptability and the determination to make this year a success.

The "Y" welcomes you to its organization, and with your co-operation we can help to make this a full, happy year at Ward-Belmont.

JANE FLANNIGAN,  
President, Y.W.C.A.

### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Fine health, good sportsmanship, and athletics go hand in hand here at W-B. Everyday is not only one of work, but also of play and exercise out on the field. Athletics develop in us keenness and perfect co-ordination of mind and body. The Athletic Association this year wishes to offer

to you every possible opportunity for finding new zest and enjoyment in the field of sports.

The fall program includes the tennis tournament, the riding show, the archery and swimming meets, and there are also the many exciting hockey games between clubs and classes in which we want you all to participate. There is no greater thrill to be found than that of playing on a winning team, and everyone of you can help make your club team the very best if you get into the fighting spirit of the game. In this organization you will find recreation out of doors every day.

The Athletic Association bids you all a hearty welcome and we wish you the best of success this year—let's all help make 1935 and 1936 the grandest ever!

WINNIE COFFEE,  
President, Athletic Association.



WINNIE COFFEE  
President, Athletic Association

### HYPHEN

On behalf of the HYPHEN staff, I wish to extend a hearty welcome to all Ward-Belmont girls, old and new. All summer while you were away the HYPHEN office has been open and has served as a means of keeping you in touch with the school. Now that you are back on the campus we are just as eager to see you as we were to hear from you. For you new girls, let the HYPHEN office serve as a Bureau of Information.

Of all student organizations the school paper should be the most all-embracing. This year the staff has, among other plans, hopes for a paper that every person at Ward-Belmont will be a subscriber for, a contributor to, or a subscriber-contributor.

MARGARET GREENE,  
Editor, HYPHEN.

### MILESTONES

The editor of the HYPHEN has conferred upon me the honor of sending a greeting to all you new girls. What shall I say? Just this: You're new girls and we are old ones. Things often appear to be quite confused at first in a strange place, but remember that we are more than willing to help, give directions, guide, offer a sympathetic shoulder, and advise. Soon we will become friends. In behalf of the Milestones staff, I welcome you.

MARTHA E. KIGER,  
Editor, Milestones.

### NEW DEPARTMENT MEMBERS

The Ward-Belmont household announces the addition of two new members to its group. These two, Mrs. Edwin Jackson of Nashville and Miss Virginia Harris of Providence, Rhode Island, will be in the home department.

## ENGLISH PLACEMENT TEST RESULTS

### Coefficients Small

Coefficients of correlation! They look like something dead!—something to be avoided. They really are not either dead or avoidable. A coefficient of correlation, no matter how small it may be, is significant. Its very dimminutiveness may be significant, just as your height—or lack of it—may play a part in the extent to which you enjoy standing in a crowd at a football game during a tense moment.

You sophomores who read this will recall that last fall you took—as freshmen, of course—an English placement test. Oh yes, you do recall it. Did you ever wonder afterward what your teachers may have learned about you that enabled them to be of more service to you during the school year? Why not ask them, now that you have safely achieved sophomore status?

You new girls must be wondering "what it's all about." Simply this: The English placement test revealed something of the testee's achievement prior to her becoming a freshman in Ward-Belmont—in understanding, paragraphs, in breadth of vocabulary, in re-arranging outlines, in speed of reading, and in comprehension of what was read. Regardless of the use which not only English teachers but others may have made last year of the freshmen scores, your dean became curious during the long summer about the relationship between scores on this test and final grade averages for the year. Now, a coefficient of correlation is simply a numeral which indicates the extent to which two traits or abilities or scores correspond. It may vary all the way from minus one to plus one. Most coefficients, of course, are decimal fractions, like .61, or .38.

Clad in overalls of curiosity, armed with a sharp pencil for a gig and the Pearson product-moment formula for



JANE FLANNIGAN  
President, Y. W. C. A.

catching coefficients, your dean began fishing in the turbid waters of educational statistics. Now, before you guess it, yes, you are being told that with one exception all the coefficients were so small they had to be "thrown back" to grow some more! For instance, the relationship between scores on paragraph meaning and grade average was only .44; in other words, 44-100 of the girls who took the test had grade averages at the end of the year such as one would expect in the light of scores on the paragraph meaning section of the test. The relationship between vocabulary score and grade average was a little larger, .57; between outlining scores and grade average, .55; but between total score and grade average, best of all, .61.

You'd think that the relationship between reading speed (think of those long assignments of outside reading!) and grade average would be high. It turned out to be a very little "fish", .38. The coefficient of correlation between scores on comprehension and

grade average was one of the smallest, yet, .35. Can you imagine that? At the beginning of this statement was made that the insignificance of a coefficient might be significant. The "moral" to tale of very small coefficients is no girl need regard the results of English placement tests—in her—as a basis for assuming that "chances of making good" are in her favor or against her. So the scores on this test have not furnished large enough coefficients to serve as bases for prognosis of legitimate success (if you were wrapped up in educational psychology).

### BELL SCHEDULE ANNOUNCED

To every day and especially to on a college campus, there must be certain order. On the Ward-Belmont campus this order is carried forth by the ringing of bells. The building in the South Front towers above students in the morning, ushers to their meals, to their first classes and to chapel, starts dressing for dinner, prepares for evening study, and warns when it is nearing time to go. Bells for the change of classes in the classrooms.

The order of the day is changed on Saturday when there are no classes in the afternoon and Sunday with no classes all day. The following schedule is printed to aid to the new students:

7:00 A. M.	Rising
7:30 A. M.	Breakfast
8:30 A. M.	First Period
9:30 A. M.	Second Period
10:30 A. M.	Third Period
11:30 A. M.	Fourth Period
12:00 M.	Lunch
12:45 P. M.	Fifth Period
1:45 P. M.	Sixth Period
2:45 P. M.	Recess
3:45 P. M.	Dressing
5:45 P. M.	Dinner
6:15 P. M.	Study
7:30 P. M.	Visiting
9:30 P. M.	High School Lights
10:00 P. M.	College Lights
11:00 P. M.	SUNDAY
7:30 A. M.	Rising
8:00 A. M.	Breakfast
8:30 A. M.	Sunday School
10:20 A. M.	Bell for Chapel
1:15 P. M.	Dinner
5:00 P. M.	Dressing
5:30 P. M.	Supper
6:00 P. M.	Visiting
8:00 P. M.	Quiet
9:30 P. M.	Visiting
10:00 P. M.	High School Lights
11:00 P. M.	College Lights



MARTHA KIGER  
Editor of Milestones



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## CALENDAR

Thursday, September 19  
Order of day begins. First at 8:30.  
houses open all afternoon for ents.  
Party sponsored by C.A. and Athletic Association for new girls.  
Friday, September 20  
r classes  
aturday, September 21  
m.—All Club Reception. All girls are invited to visit each house and meet the club bers at a formal reception.  
Sunday, September 22  
m.—Sunday school in the "Y" room. All are cordially ed.  
in Recreation Hall with bers of the Senior Class as sses.  
m.—Informal drive around ville.  
m.—Outdoor vesper service ub Village.  
in club houses.  
Monday, September 23  
m.—All Club Reception for tudents in main building.

derbilt campus. Mrs. Parker, a former student of Ward-Belmont, returned several years ago to teach German and harp. She will again be a member of the faculty this year.

Miss Frances A. McElfresh was married Saturday, September the fourteenth to Dr. Melvin Francis Ames at the First Congregational Church in Williamstown, Massachusetts. A reception at the Williams Inn followed the ceremony.

Early in August the announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Frances G. Swenson to W. C. McDonough of McMinnville, Tennessee. Mr. McDonough is postmaster at McMinnville and a prominent lawyer in the community. The wedding will take place sometime in November. Miss Swenson has been head of the department of home economics at Ward-Belmont for a number of years and during the past summer traveled as a representative for the school in North Carolina and Colorado.

## DANCING OPEN TO ALL STUDENTS

This year the Department of Physical Education will inaugurate a new policy in the division of dancing. Dancing will be offered to all students as a part of the work in physical education and will be required of all except Seniors. The course for beginners, which will be one hour of dancing for one physical education term, will consist of the fundamentals of the dance and will serve as an introduction to the various branches. It will also be open to any Seniors who care to take it.

Miss Lois Balcom, who will be teacher of dancing this year, favors both ballet and modern dancing and is equally well experienced in either. However, modern dancing will probably be featured. The courses to be offered include all forms of the dance —ballet, toe, tap, interpretive, and modern.

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MARGARET GREENE

Editor

## EDITORIAL

## TAKE YOUR CHOICE

Well, you're here. This is your first day, your first HYPHEN, and what's nearer at hand your first Editorial. What would you like it to be? Printed advice that you've been getting all summer from the family and well-meaning friends? All about not being cliquish, about obeying rules, about studying hard, about choosing your friends wisely and (from Mother) about keeping your clothes in some semblance of order? If you find expansions of the above have been sufficiently, if forcefully, impressed on you, we'll go on to give you a cheerier side.

To begin with you'll love it here. It has all the charms of boarding school that books and movies have exploited (including, we hear, midnight feasts), but it has, too, more individual attractions. If you're athletically minded, there are hockey games when the air is clean and cold and bursting lungs devour it in excruciating gulps. For the literary group there are Wordsmith meetings when you rise to the peak of pride at praise from a most exacting audience only to be dashed the next moment with the chilly waters of adverse criticism. For artists, there's the Art Club; for the theatre-struck, the Dramatic Club and class stunts; for French, German, and Spanish students, there are clubs for each of these; and for the just plain students, there's the Honor Roll!

If you're interested in politics with its campaigning and voting, or if you like to lead and shoulder responsibility, your place is in class, club, and council elections. If your hobby is photography or writing articles more journalistic than the Wordsmith caters to, the Milestones and the HYPHEN await you with open arms.

So, you see, there's a place lying vacant for each of you—some certain one thing in which you may excel; but welding the individual pursuits into an orderly and busy whole is the school, the student body, the faculty, and the administration. Long after you've forgotten the formula H-20 or just exactly how the Senior Class elections turned out, you'll remember your first meeting with your roommate, you'll still know the names of the others who formed your own "crowd," you'll still write like or think like some teacher here and you'll be guided by some principle first driven home here at school.

There's nine months ahead of you in which you'll probably "grow" more than at any other period of your life. No matter how little you enter into the activities here you'll never be the same person who boarded the train just two or three days ago or who left home just a block or so away. The magnolias will cling to your heart and Ward-Belmont is part of your background.

## EAGLE FEATHER

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the HYPHEN of October 1, 1927, appears the first column devoted to original literature of the students. It was composed almost entirely of poetry and made its appearance spasmodically during that year. Then for a few months in the spring of 1929 "The Scrapbook" printed some original work in its short-lived column. The Eagle Feather in its present form was born in the HYPHEN of October 5, 1929, and has appeared regularly since. The following heading introduced the column on that day: "The Eagle Feather" is a new project of the HYPHEN. The column is conducted by the editor, and is the only section of the paper in which articles are signed. It is our object to not only publish the best original works of the Ward-Belmont students, but also rare bits from all literature."

One girl from the staff edits the column each year. In this Eagle Feather are printed selections written by each of the editors since the Eagle Feather first appeared.

## GILT EDGES

Splashes of gold on a sidewalk grey:  
Patterns of yellow on drab pathway,  
Flirting through trees on a city street.  
What a quaint carpet for tired feet!  
What a delight for my eyes to see—  
Glamour of gold on a leafy tree.  
Gold on the grey of the commonplace,  
Scintillant sunbeams like gossamer lace!  
Gift from the sky to a world of grey—  
Gold for my feet that my heart feel gay.

VIRGINIA GERDL, 1930.

I believe anything too beautiful shall be broken.  
Only have patience—in time.  
I have known a vase so perfect as to carry  
curved eagerness within fluent lips  
Shattered at my feet, its prismatic chips spoke  
beauty.

Young plum blossom spray, too, tossed by the  
wind, fell and sifted—  
The tears of a tree for an over-lived spring  
burned beauty on blatant green grass.  
Could I say I have known a dream so perfect as  
to hold pure ecstasy?  
When I see it scattered at my feet, I strangely  
know  
Even a broken thing is beautiful.

MAIRAN COX, 1931.

A heart  
Is like a petaled flower that  
Blooms with the warmth of understanding  
And shuts up tight from  
Cold contempt.

LOUISE LATHROP, 1933.

## TO THE HIGH GODS

They can tear your hand from my fingers  
They can force me to walk alone,  
They can blot the stars from the heavens  
Or give me for bread a stone.  
But not, in the dim hereafter,  
Though suns be forever set,  
Though the gods on high ordain it—  
Can they force my soul to forget.

NANCYANN SCHMID, 1934.

## HILL-TOP DREAMS

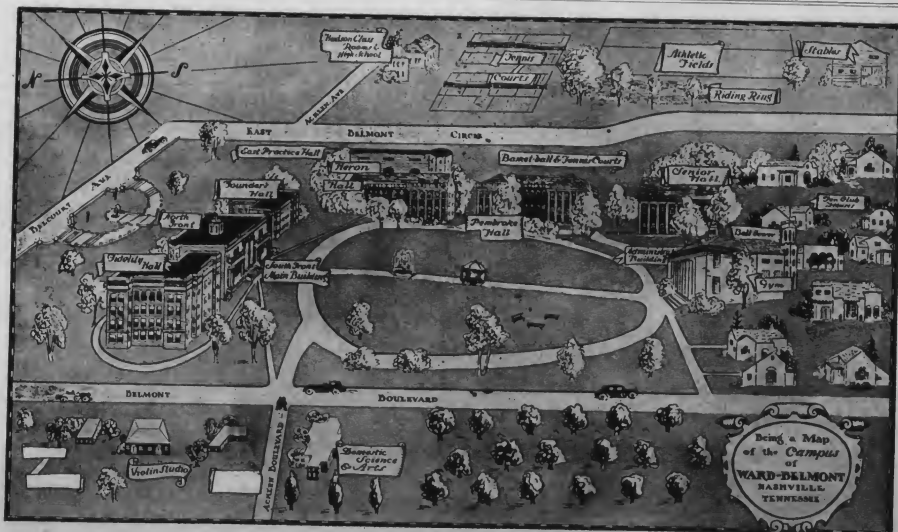
What dreams I have on a hill-top!  
earth lies below me, a dim, misty, fairy  
thing, so small that I feel as if I might  
it in my hands. "Some day," I say to me  
"Some day that world is going to know  
and I laugh at the thought. It seems so  
A stiff, cool breeze blows from the valley  
me, and I rise to my feet, and throw my  
out wide, exulting. Poised on my toes, my  
thrown back to meet the challenge of  
breeze, I feel myself filled with an indomitable  
courage and purpose, and I whisper, "I can  
anything." Then the breeze dies down as  
soft, silvery quiet descends upon my  
throne. My eyes seek the grey-veiled hills  
beyond, and I continue my dreams. I lose  
the silver ribbon of roads far below me  
wonder where they lead. Where do all  
vanishing roads lead? To the Land of  
Desire; perhaps, to the Land of Dreams.  
True, and I strain my eyes to follow their  
faint glimmer. I realize that I am following  
a vanishing road, hoping that I am following  
turn in its shining course there is that  
unnamed thing, the thing for which I am  
ing. Still the road lies before me, beckoning  
me on after each disappointment, with promise  
of untold happiness. Perhaps those vanished  
roads lead only to Eternity, and vanish into  
scheme of things, taking with them their way-  
worn travellers. And I resolve, if I have  
so, to follow each twist and turn of my  
road, for after each dark valley I have  
promise of another hilltop and more dreams.

KATHLEEN O'DONNELL, 1932.

## ELEVEN O'CLOCK

Rain patters rhythmically on grey slate roofs.  
White pillars gleam softly through the mist.  
Lights shine brightly through many-paned  
dows.  
Girls brush their hair, prepare lessons,  
home.  
Suddenly, an electric gong sounds and instant  
the wind darkens.  
A nightwatchman whistles as he goes his round  
Ward-Belmont sleeps.

EUNICEMARY BICKNELL, 1930.



## LOYALTY SHOWN TO SCHOOL

### New Students Related To Former Ones

Ward-Belmont is always glad to welcome upon the campus relatives of former Ward Seminary, Belmont College, and Ward-Belmont students. The list of daughters, granddaughters, nieces, and sisters of students of other years is large, and points more than any other one thing to the loyalty of those attending the school.

This year is no exception. Ward-Belmont is proud to greet a large group of "relatives." Two students of last year are bringing their sisters back to school with them. From Hillsboro, Indiana, comes Mary Virginia Frazier with her sister Evelyn and with Eliza Monk will come her sister Florence.

The following new girls can boast of sisters who attended before them: Mary Ruth Hamilton, sister of Ethel H., high school, '30; Lucille Smith, sister of Frances Dean, '32 and Josephine, '30 and daughter of Mrs. Tommie Lauderdale Smith of Ward Seminary; Florence Monk, sister of Eliza, '34; Margaret Cooper, sister of Mary Bradley, ex '33; Marjorie Ashcroft, sister of Florine, '22 and Ina May, '24; Margaret Ozee, sister of Martha, '30.

Irene McKnight, coming from Courtland, Alabama, has four Ward-Belmont relatives. They are Annie L. Reiman McGarry, '21 and Mamie Reiman, '17, aunts; and Ina R. Reiman Hamilton, '25 and Annie Kate Reiman, '32, cousins.

Several daughters of Ward Seminary and Belmont College students will appear on campus this fall. Jane Thompson from Shelbyville, Tennessee, is the daughter of Beniva Meadows Thompson of Belmont College. Louise Baxter's mother is Louise Rhea Baxter of Ward Seminary. She is also the niece of Linda Rhea, a member of the Ward-Belmont faculty and a former graduate. Eleanor Whitson has two relatives who attended Ward Seminary. Her mother is Mary Austin Walker Whitson, her aunt Mattie Lou Walker. Both are graduates of Ward Seminary.

Katherine Hays is the daughter of Nannie Craig Hays who attended Ward Seminary and the sister of Maude Hays, who graduated from Ward-Belmont in 1927. The mother of Minnie Maude May, a new student of this year, is also a former Ward Seminary student. At that time she was known as Maude McMullin.

Two daughters of former Belmont College students have enrolled. They are: Genevieve Mullins, daughter of Susie B. Fristoe Mullins and Courtney White, daughter of Mary Wilson White.

## BRITISH IDEAS

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MARGARET GREENE  
Editor of Hyphen

### STUDENT INFORMATION

Though a great part of the school at Ward-Belmont is the same for students as for boarders, there are some natural differentiations. And foremost is the requirement that all day students report every morning to Mrs. Armstrong. Her is on the ground floor of Senior. Often it is only through Mrs. Armstrong and the bulletin boards that a student can be reached for instant announcements.

When after school opens, a massing of day students will be held to distribute the "blue books" containing all rules and regulations and to sign in detail about the clubs and sing. The date and place of meeting will be posted on the bulletin board in Senior Hall basement, so don't miss it!

On Friday, September 23rd, a reception for the new students will be held in Recreation Hall. At this time the girls will have an opportunity to meet the officers and members of the social clubs. Later, each girl will be allowed to make her choice. The club meanwhile makes out a list of girls it would like to have and early as possible, the wishes of girls and clubs are granted.

Though things may seem strange at first, new girls need no fear of being "left out of." Past years have seen new assume positions of honor and stance; at this very time the student of Day Student Council and members of two of the social clubs "new girls" last year.

There is a hearty welcome to all students and we'll see you at the opening and the reception.

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personnel is yours. Meet your friends at

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Armstrong's Corner

**TRANSCRIPTS SENT  
TO COLLEGES****Graduates Continue Study**

Since the last edition of the *HYPHEN* a good many more graduates of last year have written to have transcripts of their credits sent to the colleges and universities chosen by them for continued study. That they have had their transcripts sent does not necessarily mean that they will enter these institutions, but probably the majority of them will.

It is interesting to see what colleges lead in the students' choices. At the present time twelve of last year's Senior Class have had their transcripts sent to Vanderbilt, six to Duke University and the University of Texas, and four to the University of Kentucky and to Northwestern University.

The most recent credits sent to Vanderbilt are those of Kathryn Mills, Lattie Miller Graves, Eleanor Cleg-horn, Mary Ann Evans, Virginia Lynn Shaw, Emmarvne Hartnett, Janet McPaddin, Mary John Atwell, and Gilbertine More. The latter has changed from Duke.

Elizabeth Dabney and Mary Crockett Evans have had their transcripts sent to Duke University and Sarah Clark, Carolyn Whited, Buford Hayter, and Annette McMullin have had theirs sent to the University of Texas.

In all probability Northwestern University will see in addition to Mary Jean Kirwan and Mildred Scott Jean Stewart and Marion Collette and the University of Kentucky will have Jean Weis and Margaret Young.

Transcripts have been sent to the University of Oklahoma for Roscoe Lee Lewis, Mary Jane Bass, and Judith Berry; to the University of Tennessee for Dorothy Guy Willis and Mary Ellen Stokes, and to Louisiana State A. and M. College for Margaret Louise Boyd and Charlotte Ad-Doughty.

On a number of campuses Ward-Belmont will be represented by one of last year's class, if these members attend the colleges to which they have had their transcripts sent. These are as follows: University of Kansas, Lida Allene Brown; Transylvania College, Mary Ellen Hudgens; University of Colorado, Rosemar Horstmann; Stanford University, Gail Lawrence; Louisiana State University, Louise Robinson; Antioch College, Mary Patterson; Ohio Wesleyan University, Gwendolyn Kinsley; University of Nebraska, Edith Easton; University of Indiana, Evelyn Cooper; Alabama State Teachers' College, Florence, Virginia Ann Reed.

Winnifred Marsh has had her credits sent to Wellesley, Evelyn Bell to Peabody, and Julia Acheson to Columbia University in New York. This is the first part of this year.

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Please have Mr. Wreden autograph a copy of his first  
for me, and send out C.O.D.

Signed.....



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thing every week

## RUSHING RULES

### ANNOUNCED

#### Location of Club Houses

At this particular time of the school year, one of the most important, yet one of the most baffling activities, is that of club rushing. The names of the clubs, the words—Club Village, tea, party, reception—are on everyone's tongue. It is a busy time and a happy time, but a bit confusing at first to the new girls.

There are fourteen social clubs on the Ward-Belmont campus, ten of which are for boarding students and four for day students. The ten boarding student club houses are located in Club Village back of the Academic Building and around the Singing Tower.

The object of rushing is to acquaint the old and new girls with each other. This is accomplished through informal parties in the club houses and by means of the All Club Reception held on Saturday evening, September 21st, for the boarding students and on Monday afternoon, September 23rd, for day students. The rules of rushing are as follows:

(1) New students may be visited, but not pledged for membership in any club until the rushing period is over.

(2) No entertainment of any kind requiring the expenditure of money, with the exception of the All Club Reception, shall be permitted during the rushing season.

(3) Each girl will have an opportunity of stating her choice of clubs. Each club presents a list of girls in order of preference.

(4) Each student of Ward-Belmont is expected to be a member of some club.

Rushing for the boarding students begins on Wednesday, September 18th and continues for one week, ending on Wednesday, September 25th, at which time the new students and the clubs hand in their preference lists. Initiation is held in the club houses the following Saturday. Day student rushing starts on Tuesday, September 17th, and continues until Tuesday, September 24th. All club reception for the four-day student clubs is held on Monday afternoon, September 23rd, at 4 o'clock in the main building. Initiation takes place on Tuesday, October 1st.

#### Location of Club Houses

All of the boarding student club houses are located close to each other in a semi-circle. The F. F. Club is the first club house on the right as one enters Club Village from the entrance by Senior Hall. The A. K. Club House is the house located by the Singing Tower. Supposing that the student is entering Club Village by the walk which leads past Senior Hall, on her left will be found the other eight clubs in the following order:

- (1) Anti-Pan
- (2) T. C.
- (3) Del Vers
- (4) Tri-K
- (5) Penta Tau
- (6) X. L. L.
- (7) Osiron
- (8) Agora

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*Lovemans*

## POPULAR SPOTS ON CAMPUS

In the hurry and rustle of the first few days of school, the new girls will experience many strange and unfamiliar things—new faces, strange surroundings, unusual names. Many of these queer names will soon become the most familiar and the best loved of all at Ward-Belmont. In an effort to shorten this period of unfamiliarity and to introduce the new girls to some of the most frequented spots on campus, a list of places about which they will most hear is given.

**"Ac"**—Academic Building, located at the south end of the campus. In it are located the class rooms, gymnasium, library, swimming pool, bowling allies, the offices of Dr. Barton, Mr. Benedict, Mrs. Bryan, and Dean Burk.

**Middlemarch**—located on the first floor between the dormitories, *Fidelity* and *Founders*. In it one will find the mail boxes, the bulletin boards, and the *Package Room*.

**Package Room**—From it the packages are distributed and such articles as magazines, stamps, and kodak films are sold. It is open between 8:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. and is in charge of Miss Lester.

**"Rec" Hall**—Recreation Hall is located between *Fidelity* and *Founders* and in addition to being a reception room for the entertainment of guests, contains the offices of Miss Sisson and Mrs. Charleton.

**Y.W.C.A.**—Located between *Ree Hall* and the balcony of the chapel. It is open always for meetings of organizations and for reading, rest, or play.

**Chatterbox**—Better known as the *Tea Room*. It is located in the basement of *Heron Hall*, with its entrance on the north side of the main entrance to *Heron*. It is open for refreshment every afternoon, except Sunday, between the hours of 2:45 and 4:30 o'clock. Mrs. McBryde plans the good things to be found there.

**Club House Village**—Located immediately back of *Academic Building* and composed of the ten social boarding clubs. In its center is the *Singing Tower*, which houses the chimes.

**The Book Room and The Bank**—This center of activity is located on the ground floor of *Pembroke Hall* on the south side of the building. Here the student deposits, draws out, and spends money. The *Book Room* is stocked with text books, school supplies, articles to make rooms more attractive, stationery, and jewelry. It is open from 10-11:30 A. M., from 12:45-4:00 P. M., and on Saturday from 8:00-12:00 A. M. Mrs. Handley presides over the *Book Room* with Miss Brown in charge of the *Bank*.

**The Recreational Reading Room**—Located at the end of the east corridor on the first floor of *Academic Building*; it is open all day. Here, in the pleasantest of surroundings, one can enjoy the best fiction and poetry.

## INFORMATION OF WARD-BELMONT CLUBS

(Continued from page 5)

As for the day students they too had sororities at first. Two, the *Di Gammas* and the *Betas*, were the most flourishing. As day student enrollment increased, it became evident that two societies were not enough. The boarders had by this time been divided into their ten clubs so no one of their groups could be fair competition for one of the large day student organizations. In the fall of 1927 four Seniors, two *Betas* and two *Di Gammas* were selected by the administration, and were each told to choose seven girls. The first girls and their "sevens" then rushed the other day students and at the end of a certain period signed them up much as it is done today. The girls of that school year were the charter members of the clubs and had the privilege of naming and drawing up their constitutions. The names chosen were *Angkor*, *Ecovasin*, *Ariston*, and *Triad*, and thus they stand today.

## BURK & COMPANY

Cordially invites Ward-Belmont students to see its shops for **SPORTING GOODS** and **SMART SPORTS APPAREL**. Proper equipment and outfits for Riding and Golf, Tennis and Bicycling, Hunting and Fishing—Suede and Leather Coats, Sweaters and Sport Skirts.



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**INFIRMARY HAS NEW NURSES**

The Infirmary this year will be under the trained and experienced care of Miss Lillian Lower of Chicago and Miss Mary L. Dryden of Evansville, Illinois. These two nurses, although new to Ward-Belmont, are not new to their profession and will continue to maintain the standards of skill and good care which distinguish the Infirmary.

What is the Infirmary? Where is it located? The Infirmary is the place where Ward-Belmont girls are cared

for in cases of minor injuries and ailments. It is located on the third floor of Founders in the south front part of the building and is reached by the same stairway which leads through Founders Hall.

The Infirmary is open at all times to receive patients, or to care for emergencies which may arise. On ordinary occasions, however, students are requested to observe regularly-scheduled hours which are listed in the Blue Book. It is adequately equipped to provide for the needs of the students, whether it be for an enforced rest period or for a minor ailment. Its objective is to maintain

the health and happiness of Ward-Belmont students.

**LIBRARIES LOCATED AND EXPLAINED**  
(Continued from page 1)

also her desire for general and current reading.

The high school library is located on the ground floor of Senior Hall and provides reference books and periodicals for high school use. High school seniors may also use the main library for study at any time and all high school students may use it to take out rental books. The latter may also study in the main library with special permission.

In addition to the above mentioned libraries is the recreational reading room, located at the end of the east corridor on the first floor of Academic Building. It is open when the main library is open. Comfortably furnished by the Alumnae Association and equipped with its first books by the class of 1933, it is a charming spot in which to spend several hours of relaxation and to enjoy good fiction and poetry. It is open to all Ward-Belmont students.

The library hours are from 8:00 to 5:00 during the day, from 7:30 to 9:30 at night.

TO THE STUDENT BODY AND  
FACULTY OF

**Ward-Belmont**

are coming to Nashville, it has been our pleasure to have enjoyed a goodly share of patronage from you, and that it has continued and grown is our best evidence that you are pleased with our merchandise and the courtesies we have been pleased to extend to you.

Take this opportunity to express our gratitude and to inform you that we are now better prepared to serve your wants in the very latest styles in high-class fine footwear than we have ever been.

With increasing our lines, we have just completed a beautiful store, which makes our store more attractive, both in appearance and display, and we invite you to make us a visit, if for nothing more than to see us in our greatly beautified quarters.

We are now showing our attractive Fall line of shoes, which includes the very latest styles that have been created by leading shoe builders, for the coming season in keeping with the Chandler's ideals.

The management and sales and service force are at your service, and join in an invitation to you to make our store your meeting place when up town, whether to purchase or inspect our footwear, or to meet and chatter with your friends.

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# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIV

Nashville, Tenn., September 28, 1935

Number 2

## CHAPEL ADOPTS SCHEDULE

### Russian Speaks

This week saw the installation of the chapel schedule which, except in rare occasions, will be followed the entire year. Mondays are free days. A formal program is conducted every Monday but the speaker may be either an outside one or one drawn from the campus. Often girls, in various pursuits, have charge of this time, and sometimes plays are given by the dramatic pupils.

Tuesdays the boarders gather for announcements while the day students attend their club meetings in their Club House. Wednesdays are "devotional" days. A regular form of service is observed and this form may be typed in the front of every hymnal. A pastor from a Nashville church, or some person connected with religious work always speaks. Thursdays are in charge of Miss Lydell and are usually taken up with announcements while Fridays are again devoted to speakers in and out of school or in special programs.

On Monday, September 23, Ward-Belmont had as its guest at noon a meeting Mr. Nicholas Wreden, pastor of "The Unmaking of a Rus-

sian. Burk introduced the speaker who spoke on conditions in Russia. He gave a very vivid portrayal of the first invasion in Russia which occurred in 1917. The fact that he was a soldier in the White Army during this invasion and actually saw much of the work place made it all the more interesting.

Wreden was a naval student and a shipman in the Imperial Navy during the Revolution. His father is Dr. Wreden, former Court physician to the czar Nicholas.

Chapel services, Wednesday, September 25, Reverend John L. Ferguson, pastor of Arlington Methodist Church, analysed the question "What is the meaning of life?", according to the masters.

Reverend Ferguson showed clearly that the author of Ecclesiastes had a definite design and purpose in attempting to answer this question. The book may be divided into four acts: the accumulation of wisdom; the indulgence of the flesh; the accumulation of wealth; and the final answer, God, the creator, ruler, and judge of the world.

Wisdom was defined as "the by-product of doing one's duty as best he can." And culture may be analysed as the capacity for the development and enjoyment of beautiful things. Ferguson, as a parallel to answer the question, repeated the passage, "I have made everything beautiful in its season." The choir in black vestments chanted prayer as the students marked the recessional.

### Chapel Programs

- September 30-October 3
- 30-Introduction of Boarding and Day Presidents' Council.
- 1-Announcements.
- 2-Devotional. Speaker, Dr. P. Dandridge, rector Christ Church, Episcopal.
- 3-Introduction of Hyphenales Campaign.

## "CHATTERBOX" OPEN FOR BUSINESS

After three months of silence, of empty chairs, and of clean tables, the "Chatterbox" or tearoom, as it is called by all its inhabitants, is seething with activity and bustling with the talk and plans of new and old girls. The chairs and tables are resplendent with orange and black; the walls are painted a new bright ivory; the counter is again filled with enticing cakes, fudge bars, apples and oranges, and cookies and candy that disappear as rapidly as they can be pushed on the counter. George and Nettie still hold the center of the stage down there, and their names resound throughout the room every day from 2:45 to 4:30. Mrs. McBryde is making even better and more luscious cakes, and, we hope, in several weeks will be again making her incomparable chilli and hamburgers.

This week the tearoom has been the scene of frantic last-minute rushing. Girls in the same clubs come together, bringing new rushees to their table and confidentially telling them the merits of their own club. Webby and Beverly Lack are seen giving the dope to two new blossoming athletes. Cokes and Nabs disappear rapidly under such interesting stimulus. Brigham and Edwine conscientiously nip a new "catch," and in their own sweet way give her a high-pressure sales talk. In one corner of the room Marjie Crume is giggling, a giggle that carries across the tearoom, and has her little Senior-Mid enraptured by her sparkling eyes and teeth. And a day student—there's Ellen Bowers with the Tri K group, but she's letting the others do the talking today.

But in a week the scene will change. Oh, the tearoom will still be packed every afternoon, but a different element will take place. There will be no more club talk; girls will dash in, old girls in their own crowd—a Del Ver, an Osiron, and a Penta Tau—it now makes no difference. And now new girls come together, not entangled by Seniors, but in their own groups, talking about classes, telephone calls, and food. Right now at the beginning of school, girls are going easy on the food. No more spending of allowances at the tearoom, no more putting on the pounds that one so laboriously took off this summer. But, sooner or later, cakes will develop into ice cream, Nabs will be chicken sandwiches, and apples will turn into nice fattening candy bars. Yes, it's just a good old Ward-Belmont custom. The tearoom! Long may it reign!

## VESPER SERVICES AT CLUB VILLAGE

### First Activity of Y.W.C.A.

Continuing a custom three quarters of a century old, representative students conducted vespers in a symbolic service in club village, Sunday, September 22. This was the first service of the year, and was under the direction of the Y.W.C.A.

The group of students formed a circle around the fire as the chimes in Singing Tower rang out the call to worship. Vespers opened with the hymn, "Day is Dying in the West." Then followed a prayer in unison, and the evening lesson by Evelyn McCall, second vice-president of the Y.W.C.A. Miss Isabel Nash, voice student of Miss Florence Boyer, sang "How Beautiful Upon the Mountain." Miss Boyer accompanied at the piano, and Anna Lou Wall and Marjorie Gunn played the violins.

Jane Flannigan, president of the Y.W.C.A., extended a welcome, and placed a fagot upon the fire to symbolize the ideals of the organization. Six other girls also added fagots to the fire: the fagot placed by Helen Jones, president of Student Council, represented a spirit of harmony and unity; then followed the symbol of democracy and honor contributed by Edwine Schmid, president of Senior Class; Winnie Coffee, president of Athletic Association, represented the meaning of true sportsmanship; the representative of Social Clubs, Patsy Schorndorfer, added a fagot, signifying friendship; Margaret Greene, representative of HYPHEN and Milestones, pointed to a year of adventure for the two publications; and Louise Matthews represented the new girls in their aim of upholding the school's ideals.

Dr. Barton added the final fagot while stressing the symbolic properties of fire and its force, both controlled and uncontrolled. This final fagot completed the meaning of the fire which is every girl's responsibility.

Following vespers the students had supper in the various club houses.

## NEW STUDENTS ENTERTAINED

### Parties Began Tuesday

As usual, the first few days of this school year were crammed full of activities whose main purpose was the orientation of new students. Beginning with the information desk on the steps of the Academic Building from which the members of the Presidents' Council escorted the new girls to their rooms and to registration and continuing through the past week, the efforts of the old students to acquaint themselves with the new have been many.

Edwine Schmid, Senior President, was in charge of the entertainment on Tuesday evening, September 17, for the girls who had arrived on that day. Club Village was the setting for the games which were enjoyed. Punch was served to all from the porch of the Anti-Pan Club House.

On Wednesday evening the Student Council gave their annual dance in the gymnasium. New students were escorted to the dance by members of the Senior Class and at the gym danced to the strains of Tommie Witherspoon's orchestra. Officers of the main student organizations were introduced.

The Y.W.C.A. had charge of the merry jamboree which took place on the steps and porch of the Academic Building, Thursday evening. Under bright colored lights the guests assembled and danced beside the white pillars. The entertainment of the evening was in charge of Jane Flannigan, "Y" president, who announced the numbers. Tap dances were given by Jeanne Cookson and Beverly Lack, Grace Benedict and Allie Sedwitz. A chorus of Seniors composed of Moselle Worsley, Elizabeth Siegmund, Sarah Ashley, Edwine Schmid, Jeanne Brigham, and Martha Kiger, was directed by Winnie Coffee. Between dances the guests were led in singing by Katharine Hays. Jeanne Cookson brought the formal entertainment to a close with two songs and the rest of the evening was spent in dancing.

(Continued on page 6)

## VARIED SPORTS OFFERED

### Golf Is Added

The opening of the popular sports season at Ward-Belmont is next week and there should be many enthusiastic girls running up and down the hockey field trying to get in training so that they will be members of winning teams.

This year, a new and very efficient dancing teacher is added to the staff and that should mean that many students that do not have a particular urge for competitive sports will take either dancing fundamentals or advanced dancing.

As usual, the riding ring will be of great interest with all of the girls taking their trial rides and getting acquainted with the horses and with Miss Nance, the new riding teacher.

Tennis, that was so popular with all of the girls last year, is open only to the Seniors and so all Seniors that are at all interested should certainly sign up. Miss Cayce and Miss O'Donnell will train the students so well that they will be able to go home and trim all of their friends.

Along with the other sports, golf has been added and it is hoped that it will be very popular. Although some girls consider it more of a game for tired business men, it really can make for much enthusiasm and competition.

Despite all of the other attractive sports, hockey is still the main sport for fall. Each club on the campus has a hockey team consisting of its own girls, and games are scheduled between them. The championship team has a cup to grace its clubhouse.

Archery is always a popular sport with the girls who feel that they are unable to take part in more strenuous exercise. It is without doubt a good game to know and one that can be applied in any field or back yard of average size. All that you need is a bow, some arrows, and a target that will not be too harsh on arrows.

It is hoped that all students will take all of the sports that they possibly can without crowding themselves, and that they will try very hard to become proficient in some physical education activity. Without a required sports program, one would become listless and out of condition; so go out onto the field and try hard and your reward will show in your stimulated mental and physical condition.

In recent years, much has been done in revealing the importance of physical education in the college life of a well-rounded girl. Her hour of sports a day takes her mind off her studies and she learns the value of play under friendly supervision.

### Alumnae Pledge Sororities

A list of a few of last year's students who have pledged sororities at the various universities given to the HYPHEN by the Alumnae Office is: Kappa Kappa Gamma, Mary Jane Foulston, Kansas State Agriculture College; Pi Beta Phi, Jeanne Morgan, Kansas State Agriculture College; Judith Berry, Oklahoma University; Virginia Lee Wilson, Oklahoma State Agriculture College; Kappa Alpha Theta, Elisabeth Carruth, Kansas University; Catharine Kilty, Kansas University; Barbara Lee Reed, Washburn College; Zeta Tau Alpha, Virginia Loe, Washburn College; Tri Delta, Betty Armstrong, Oklahoma University.

# Announcement!

This year we have arranged with our New York Stylists to select such styles that are High-fashion for school wear . . . . . these fine frocks will arrive continuously during the different seasons . . . . .

*Lovemans*

## All-Club Reception Last Saturday

The Ward-Belmont tradition of All Club Reception on the first Saturday night of each new school year took place last Saturday evening, September 21.

After dinner the old girls hurried to their club houses to be ready to receive the new ones when they appeared at eight o'clock. One drifting across the campus at that time would have wished to linger with such a display of colors and designs. The night was warm so that many girls donned their fluffy summer evening dresses. A gay stream of chattering girls tripped gaily to the clubs. Lights from the club houses cast soft shadows across club village, and music from the open doors of the clubs drifted across the campus.

Everybody was "so glad" to meet everybody else. The members of the faculty were gaily attired and were seen entering the various houses with the explanation that it was nice to see a few familiar faces. Dr. Barton and Mrs. Barton visited each club, as did Mrs. Blanton, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict and Dr. and Mrs. Burk.

After the reception, the new girls returned to their favorite club to dance, chat or do anything they pleased.

## Club Presidents Elected

Five clubs have elected presidents to take the places of officers chosen last year who did not return to school. The Anti-Pans elected Pauline Myers. The Del Vers have elected Sarah Ashley and the Penta Tau Club has chosen Jeanne Brigham. Mary Ann Foley is now the president of the A. K.'s and Elizabeth Evans heads the F. F.'s. The Angkors have sent in nominations to governing board but as the HYPRIX went to press, election had not been held.

Club Presidents elected last year are: T. C., Frances Prince; Tri K, Patsy Schorndorfer; X. L., Elizabeth Rudolph; Osiron, Louise Fosgate; Agora, Bettie Jayne Reed.

## Many States Represented

The increasing development of Ward-Belmont can be expressed to our readers more emphatically than in any other way by simply stating that thirty-four out of forty-eight states of the union are represented on our campus. They are as follows: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, West Virginia and Wisconsin. That alone surely proves that the high standards and ideals of Ward-Belmont have been reported all over our vast country. Moreover, not only have girls from the United States gathered here but also we have some Canadians among us.

None of us realize the responsibility that the registrar has in placing these girls where they will be congenial and happy. Not only does she strive to do this, but at the same time she has mixed the girls so that there are no girls in the same suite from identical states. In this way they have had an opportunity to come in contact with individuals from parts of the country that they have never known and to adjust themselves to all kinds of personalities. This is only one of the many opportunities offered to you by Ward-Belmont; the chance of adding to your list of friends girls, who may live many hundreds of miles from you, but still who are here with you as your school-mates.

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## W-B. ACTIVITIES PRESENTED

### All Types Offered

The activities into which a girl may enter at Ward-Belmont are many and varied. Before the new student lies a treasure of unexplored experiences. She is invited to inspect these and to enter wholeheartedly into those things which most interest her.

To the girl who enjoys sports is offered not only an opportunity to enter into many types of them, but also the chance to help her club through inter-club participation. At this time of the year this girl will find the southeast part of the campus the most interesting. Here she can try her skill in field hockey, archery, and tennis. In the winter, the sports move indoors but are even more varied, for to the active student is offered swimming and diving, life-saving, water polo, bowling, volley ball, and basketball. And in the spring the outdoor sports become paramount again, as archery and tennis are renewed and baseball and track are added.

To the girl interested in writing and publications, the HYPHEN office will probably be her center of extra-curricular activity. From this office are issued the weekly editions of the HYPHEN and the yearbook, the *Milestones*. For her also there are the Wordsmiths and the Pen Staff, the former a literary club for college students, the latter a like club open only to high school students.

Certain departmental clubs are organized on the campus for those interested in specialized subjects. The girl interested in furthering her ability to speak a foreign language, will want to explore the French, Spanish, and German Clubs. For the student concerned with music, are the organizations of the orchestra and the glee club.

The major organizations of the campus, the Day and Boarding Student Councils, the Y.W.C.A., and the Athletic Association, have introduced and explained themselves in a previous edition of the HYPHEN. They have welcomed the new students into their midst and into participation with them.

And then there is the girl's own class, of which she is a vital part, and for which there is, so much she can contribute.

The new student is advised to read in her Blue Book of these activities, of the officers and sponsors at their heads, and to become acquainted with those which most appeal to her. Here these extra-curricular activities lie, stretching before the students, welcoming them, inviting them to introduce themselves. They are mediums of happy hours, valuable friendships, and rich experiences.

### Y.W.C.A. to Offer Varied Pursuits

Sunday evening, September 29, the Y. W. C. A. will conduct vesper services in chapel. At that time the president, Jane Flannigan, will present her complete cabinet and each member will tell of her work. Y. W. C. A. activities here at Ward-Belmont are divided into three groups.

1. "Y" work in school, which includes the conducting of Sunday school, vespers, etc.

2. "Y" work in the community, which centers around trips to various charitable institutions around Nashville.

3. "Y" work in the world. This topic includes correspondence with other "Ys" and the maintenance of foreign projects.

After the program the girls will find slips in their mail boxes. They are asked to indicate on these what type of Y. W. C. A. work they prefer and to return them to the "Y" organization.

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**TINSLEY'S**

### Seniors Entertain at Coffee

In honor of the new students entering Ward-Belmont, the members of the Senior Class entertained at a Coffee in Recreation Hall immediately after dinner, Sunday, September 22.

Mrs. Minnie Powell, hostess of Senior Hall, and Miss Emma I. Sisson, Dean of Residence, presided over the coffee table. The Seniors assisted in serving.

The Senior Coffee is an annual

### WHITE TRUNK & BAG COMPANY

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event in which the Seniors welcome those girls who are entering the school.

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## WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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BETTY BURNS

Editor  
Associate Editor  
News Editor  
Circulation Manager

## EDITORIAL

## HAPPINESS A PRIVILEGE

If there were ever any one person for whom our hearts should ache and our souls plea, it is the man without happiness. For he is pitiful, and frightfully alone.

No one seeks him who himself has not found happiness, for he is not capable of bestowing true friendship.

Dr. Ernest Jones, an eminent English psychologist, tells us that through his studies he has found the quality of happiness to be essential, if we are to have a normal mind. All the other qualities such as a friendly feeling for other people, and efficiency in our work depends directly upon happiness.

Then, if we find happiness absent in our lives, we must strive to cultivate it, lest we miss much that life holds and intends for us.

It is only a natural thing that in thinking of the happy person we think of the smiling person, for it is through a smile that we show our inward joy. "It is a light in the window of the face by which the heart signifies it is at home and waiting." 'Tis a wonderful privilege—the privilege to smile. "Nothing on earth can smile but man" and to think of the many people who can find reasons only to frown is distressing.

Countless lifetimes are spent in searching for happiness and never finding it. The greatest secret of happiness lies in the simple things of life, giving, and looking for the best in other people—the very thing which they so ruthlessly neglect!

Anne Browning, '37.

## CHALLENGE TO SENIORS

"You freshmen must cultivate a friendly and receptive attitude toward the Seniors," are common words to the college freshmen, yet few people consider the actions behind those words.

On the campus haven't you all seen the laughing groups of Seniors, absorbed in their own problems, ignore the shy greeting of the freshmen? Not that the Seniors purposely snub the underclassmen, they are simply too busy to notice the greeting of the freshmen who are struggling to adjust themselves in their new surroundings.

It is hardly fair to expect the freshmen to make all the advances, but surely the Seniors remember how they valued a word from the upperclassmen when they were freshmen, and surely they don't mind meeting the Senior-Mids half way in an effort to promote a friendly feeling all around.

Elizabeth Ann Hoffman, '37.

## CITIZENSHIP FOR GOAL

Dr. Barton used as his subject for the opening exercises, "Citizenship," a word with many connotations, but with one distinct one for the students of Ward-Belmont. Because of its importance on the campus, it was fitting that Dr. Barton use it as his introduction to the new students and welcome to the old. As a word, it will be heard many times throughout the year—in chapel, in classes, in clubs. To the new girls, it's meaning is vague, but to the old ones it contains an intangible challenge of all that is fine at Ward-Belmont.

Citizenship is the goal toward which each girl and each club works. Its climax comes at the All Club Dinner on the final night of the school year when the best "citizen" is given honorable mention and the club with the finest citizenship record is awarded a silver loving-cup, or a club. To each student on the Ward-Belmont campus is given the opportunity to do her part to make her club the finest. We give you each a challenge. Will it be yours?

## CAMPUS COLUMN

Broadway is looking forward with zest to the day when they may have before them the outstanding chorus of young ladies who showed their talent on "Ac" steps Thursday night. However, it was too bad that Director Coffee got a wee bit upset when the girls couldn't get together with their feet work! From what we hear, they had ten whole minutes of practice! Not bad, what?

Let's all run up to see Elizabeth Dabney get married next month. She certainly has accomplished a great deal since we last saw her on the fatal day of June the fourth!

Lou Mathews' speech Sunday at vespers was very much appreciated by both old and new girls, and we envy her her oratorical prowess!!!

We can't understand what's the trouble with these girls around here! Can it be the heat that's making people faint, or is it the fatal thought of the boy-friend? For all we know, it may be love in bloom down at Club Village, but we seriously doubt that!

"Double Trouble" seems to be the theme song in this neighborhood—but we really don't mean it! "I'm in the Mood for Love" is slowly losing out!

Why is it that we can go to dances at home and dance for hours at a time, but when it comes to standing in a receiving line for two hours we're absolutely no good? Just can't understand it!!

I certainly will be glad when this week is over so the remark of "gee, I was doing big things this time last week," will have no part in our daily schedule. (The week will be over by the time this gets to press—if it does—?)

We hear that one of the clubs had something of a recital after tea Sunday, but that the squeak in the piano pedal was somewhat disconcerting. That Sis Baxter certainly can handle those piano keys. My dears, what talent the girl has!

Speaking of All Club Reception—we hear that several of the new girls were determined to impress the various club members. Saturday they made a special trip to town and bought themselves each a pair of Oxford glasses with plain glass lenses. When asked how their eyes cost, one girl replied, "I paid eleven dollars for mine, but the other girls talked the man into charging them only five dollars."

Coming home from club meeting Wednesday night, Moelle remarked in a very excited tone, "Oh, look at that cute little girl. I wonder who she is!" Her companion informed her that the "cute little girl" was Jeanne Brigham, just a Senior and president of the Penta Tau's!

Have you heard Mary Ann Fristoe's version of "Leibstraum"? She has held more than one audience spell-bound by it this week.

And then there are such energetic people as Coffee, Sara Kimmel, Sue Elliott, Jane Allison, and Lois White-man who have been practicing hockey every afternoon. And gym classes haven't even started yet!

I wonder if Jimmie Gordon thinks she resembles Dietrich. The dark glasses almost had us fooled.

St. Louis seems to have first place for the number of girls representing her at Ward-Belmont this year.

## EAGLE FEATHER

By HELEN TIBBETT

Editor's Note: The selections used in this Eagle Feather have been taken from past issues of the Hyphen.

## WET PAVEMENTS

Wet pavements glistening in the night  
Cast shimmering shafts of quivering light  
Of reds and greens and yellows bright.  
A jagged lane the street lamps throw  
And wetter yet the pavements grow.

And taxis scuttle in and out  
The queer reflections glide about.  
Above the noise policemen shout,  
And traffic moves first fast, then slow,  
But wetter yet the pavements grow.

Gertrude Henderson, High School, '27.

## NOCTURNE

Oh, what is there in the coldness of a naked tree  
stretched against a moon-grey sky?  
And what is there in the boldness of a night bird's scream  
heard in the inky blackness high?

That draws you on  
'Till awe is gone,  
And you can only stand and stare?  
You know eternity is there  
In night, who e'er you casts her veil,  
For darkness was 'ere day did hail with light the earth  
Thus it is you muse and ponder  
Till morning light doth banish wonder.

Juliana Bollen, '31.

## LINES AFTER RUPERT BROOKE

These I have loved:

Windows with diamond panes;  
A newly printed page; the tangled manes  
Of horses; and the wild geese sparks that cling  
To blackened chimney backs; the sudden sting  
Of sand, wind-cut against my face; the taste  
Of bitter blue spruce needles; then the chaste  
Beauty of white tapers; the green-gold  
Of quaken aspens; darkness of leaf-mold;  
Chain lightning on a mesa; amber gum  
Oozing from pine trees; and the vibrant hum  
Of the cicada; the low smothered hum  
Of fog horns; and the white wing of a sail;  
Stretch of smooth pavement, echoes and blue jars  
For roses; lighthouses and stars.

Dorris Fish, '32.

There's  
Something in a church  
With its hushed silence  
That soothes  
Turbulent spirits and unquieting thoughts  
That adds  
Dignity to joy  
And plants in our hearts  
A seed of happiness  
Showing again  
The worthfulness of living.

Louise Lathrop, '33.

## TREES

Trees—standing in the rain  
At night—leaves dripping  
Bring a calm—and all the pain  
Of life is smoothed away.

Trees—making an enchanted land  
At night—all shadows  
Shut out care—and all the bands of time  
Just drift away.

Trees—looming tall and black  
At night—all masses  
Give peace—and all man lacks is forgotten.  
Strife fades away.

Rosemary Horstmann, '35.

## NIGHT MAGIC

The sailing moon is a magnet  
To draw the pricks of day,  
And star beams make a silver broom  
To whisk them all away.

Catherine Crossan, High School, ex., '37.



## DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE WARD

*Tuesday*—Off-hand, I'd say it is pretty well to be back. When I was journeyed on "Ac" steps, it seemed as though there had never been any summer. Couldn't become demonstrative until decorated with my name; then didn't realize how many people I knew. Spent hours tonight in the maturation line. Settled finally and returned to go to bed. Here's to another year like last one!

*Wednesday*—Everyone else arrived today. You're bound to like it, "new girls"—it's the nature of the thing. Waited for centuries for the others to argue with the Dean. We had Open House this afternoon,—along with nine other clubs. Council dance tonight, but wasn't it strange not to have Mary Lalla, Mardie, Barb, Tony, and the rest there. We're going to miss them all, and yet, at the same time, feel confident that the new officers will perform their duties excellently.

*Thursday*—Had terrific exams this morning. Surely couldn't have forgotten all that English over the summer! And as for my personality—consider it skipped. Went to town, only to discover that Nashville hasn't changed. Didn't we have a delicious time at the "Y" Jamboree! The entertainment, to say the least, was spectacular. A group of supposedly sophisticated Seniors paged Ziegfeld in an amazing manner. The "old" talent is still pleasing, and the new talent most promising. Congrats and best wishes to the new proctors.

*Friday*—First day of classes. Think I had better return to Miss Annie. I find it fail to know much. We had class meeting and I was greatly embarrassed. Rival club told two of us how late Elizabeth Phillips was, so we suggested rushing her. Feature our surprise to learn she had Pulver's (the new Alumnae Secretary) job.

*Saturday*—The first Saturday of class for a great many of us,—but they could have been worse. Went to town and spent a delightful afternoon visiting people we were supposed to know. All Club Reception tonight, and I think that next year I shall prove myself with some extension shows (Ground-Grippers). So help me—my bet! Poor Dot Yeager lost her voice. Did we ever welcome bed—Nite.

*Sunday*—Appreciated muchly the extra half-hour of sleep, but am already looking forward to Sleep Sunday, to church, and the "new girls" week ending. Stayed in bed in effort to sleep, but was distracted no end by some of our more humorous girls. Went down to club house to study (?)—my bet! Well—I didn't do it last year, Nite.

*Monday*—Wasn't the Russian speaker (Mrs. Wreden) delightful in chapel this morning? So different from my previous ideas concerning Russians. I couldn't help wondering what some of our "Middies" would do under similar circumstances. Methinks, Henny forbid! Lots of nice people here. Louise Foster's Jackie from Florida was dreadfully nice, and was the subject of much conversation for some hours.

*Tuesday*—I feel that I can almost console myself to Pasteur today. Went to my first chemistry class in Lab. Moselle is crazy about blowing glass bubbles and so is Lois White. Only she hasn't the necessary know-how—or something. Studied in library; only a cricket was there before me, and serenaded me through most of the evening. Bed and sleep—Bye, till next week.

## Halls Choose Proctors

Thursday evening, September 19, the proctors for the various halls were elected by student vote. No doubt the new girls are beginning to find that one of the most important organizations on the Ward-Belmont campus is that of Student Council. The hall proctors are a part of that organization, and it is every girl's duty to cooperate with her proctor in order to make her hall the best possible.

The proctors for this semester are:

Senior—Jane Ludwig.  
Pembroke—Anne Turney.  
Founders—Marion Doerrert.  
Fidelity—Mary Byrne.

## MUSIC NOTES

Mr. Dalton has asked that all girls interested in singing in the Glee Club report to his studio this week for tryouts. Practice will start Monday.

For those studying piano and desiring to do ensemble work, all the piano teachers are conducting classes in ensemble, without extra charge. Mr. Underwood's repertoire class, which was started last fall, will continue this year.

Lady Corinne Myers, an old Ward-Belmont student, sang last week at the State Fair in Nashville. She is also doing radio work. The school will again be represented when Mr. Underwood gives his recital in Paris, Tennessee, next Thursday.

## MEMBER WARD'S FIRST CLASS

To the list of new students who are following Ward Seminary, Belmont College, and Ward-Belmont "relatives" to school this year must be added the name of Peggy Armistead, of Birmingham, Alabama. Her grandmother, Griselda Williams, not only graduated from Ward Seminary but was a member of the first class to be graduated from the Seminary. The school was founded in 1864 and Peggy's grandmother was a member of the class of 1865.

## IN CAST OF PLAY

Students and faculty who were here last year will be interested to know that Jean Stewart, president of the Senior Class of 1935 and Ensemble Girl, is working on the stage at present in the cast of the play, "The Unbeliever." She was offered the chance to play a part in the cast by the author of the play, Mr. Joseph H. Hughes, who is producing it in the Middle West at present.

Jean was offered a scholarship at the Northwestern University School of Speech, but changed her plans to go there in order to do stage work in the play.

## APPOINTED TO HYPHEN STAFF

Margaret Greene, Editor of the HYPHEN, announces the appointment of Jean Bailey as Associate Editor of the paper. Mary Norman West will be News Editor and Betty Burns, Circulation Manager.

Several positions on the staff remained unfilled and will remain so until those new and old students desiring to try out for places on the staff have been given an opportunity to do so. New girls are invited to come to the HYPHEN Office, which is located next to the Bank and Book Room, to meet the present members of the staff, and to try out for places on the paper.

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**"Accent on Youth"**

★

With—SYLVIA SIDNEY  
 HERBERT MARSHALL

## ATHLETIC GROUP PRESENTED

### Managers Speak

Chapel, Thursday morning, was conducted by the Athletic Association. Winnie Coffee, who is Athletic Association president, presided, opening the chapel with a short talk in which she gave the aims of the Organization. At the conclusion of her speech, she presented the managers of winter and spring sports in the following order: Jane Meter, general manager of sports; Mildred Sartor, basketball manager; Peggy Vrenne, apparatus manager; Ellen Bowers, Bowling manager; Elizabeth Cornelius, swimming manager; Dorothy Jaeger, archery manager; Leora Hill, track manager; Elizabeth Tipton, baseball manager.

The winter and spring sports being as yet in the offing, none of the managers spoke of her plans for the coming year; however, immediately following these introductions, Winnie presented the managers of the fall sports who spoke briefly concerning the manner in which their sports would be conducted. Elsie Sante, manager of riding told of the riding show which will be held shortly before Thanksgiving; Connie Chase, manager of tennis, spoke of the tennis tournament which will be carried on by the ladder system of elimination; and Jeanne Cookson spoke of the pending Hockey season and the competition carried on between clubs.

Winnie next presented the officers who told of the administration of the organization. Janet Pascoe, vice-president, spoke of the variety of sports offered and of the cups in hockey, basketball, baseball, riding, bowling, and archery, that were given to the various clubs according to the number of points secured in each respective sport throughout the year. She also mentioned the club letters which were given each girl who made her club team, and the school letters which were given each girl who made her class team. Judging from the number of girls who had signed for swimming, she concluded with the possibility of the addition of water-polo as a competitive sport.

Miss Emalou Florey, secretary, explained the point system by which each individual gains points for her club and for herself.

Following Emalou Florey, Grace Benedict, treasurer, spoke of the financial side of the organization. She told of the campaign for dues which would be held September 26 and 27, from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M., on the steps of Big "Ac," and the price of the dues which is one dollar. She urged everyone to show their sportsmanship by joining.

Lastly Winnie Coffee announced the Athletic Carnival which is to be held tonight at 8 P.M., in the gymnasium. After regular announcements, which were made by Miss Morrison, Chapel was dismissed.

### Representatives

#### Hold Meetings

In an effort of cooperation, Mrs. Bryan, school registrar, has arranged during the past week, meetings between the field representatives and the heads of the different departments here at Ward-Belmont. The heads and members of each department have met separately in Open Forums with these people who represent the school in other communities. Questions asked them in their fields can thus be referred to the head of the department in which the particular problem falls.

This is the first year that such contacts have been made and should be extremely beneficial to all connected with the school. Meetings with the Art Department, the Physical Education Department, where two new members, Miss Balcom and Miss Nance were introduced, the Home Economics

Division and the Secretarial Training Staff have already taken place. Today, Miss Van Hooser, representing the Y.W.C.A., gave a most interesting talk on the activities of the girls' social service fields. On the same day, Miss Sisson met the representatives and gave them valuable information on the workings of the Home Department. Monday afternoon Dean introduced the Musical Department heads to the representatives at home, and Tuesday Miss Allison discussed aspects of the High School Division.

### Day Student Reception

On Monday, September 23, new students were formally welcomed to the social life of Ward-Belmont. The day student clubs were hostesses to a reception held in Recreation Hall at 4:00 o'clock.

Each club received in a separate room and new students were introduced to all club members and sponsors.

Later in the afternoon, new students were given fifteen minutes to visit any club of their preference. At 6 o'clock, tea was served in Recreation Hall, at which time a silent picture the subject of clubs was observed.

### ENTERTAINS WITH TEA

The Osiron Club House was scene of a lovely tea given last Friday afternoon by Mrs. J. D. Blanton for members of the faculty, administration, household, and office staff and for the field representatives. Blanton, who is greatly loved by those who have known Ward-Belmont, was the hostess, receiving each guest personally. Yellow, white, and dahlias decorated the main room of the Club House. Mrs. Solon E. and Miss Alma Paine presided at the tea table which was centered with a tall centerpiece and lighted by Miss Venable Blythe, Miss Gene Casebier, and Miss Linda Rhoads assisted in the serving.

About one hundred and twenty guests enjoyed the hospitality of Blanton between the hours of five and six.

### LATE ARRIVALS

Three new girls and two old girls have entered Ward-Belmont as being students since the opening of school. The old girls are: E. Norton, College Station, Texas, Senior Hall; and Christine White, Alabama, Senior Hall. The new girls are: Effie Bess McNamee, Grand Junction, Tennessee, Senior Hall; Paul Kaiser, St. Louis, Missouri, Senior Hall; and Antoinette Tull, Memphis, Tennessee, Pembroke Hall.

### BOOK GIVEN DEL VERS

Jane Pulver, former Alumnae secretary of Ward-Belmont, presented the Del Vers Club with a book which the names of all members of the Del Vers club are to be kept in.

The book is of white leather, edged with a gold Del Vers' crest in the center of the front cover. At the top of each inside sheet is printed the name of Del Vers.

Miss Pulver was enrolled at Ward-Belmont in 1926-27 and 1927-28. She was at that time a member of the Del Vers. She was president of the Del Vers in 1928 and is now at her home, 1500 Park Hotel, Chicago.

### NEW STUDENTS ENTERTAINED

(Continued from page 1)

On Sunday, after the Coffee Reception in Recreation Hall by the members of the Senior Class, the new girls were taken for rides throughout Nashville. Following Vespers in the evening were entertained at supper in the homes.

# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIV

Nashville, Tenn., October 5, 1935

Number 3

## MISTRESS BELLE- WARD PRESENTED IN CHAPEL

### Introduces Sales Con- test

The 1935 HYPHEN sales campaign was opened with great enthusiasm in chapel Thursday morning. Using as its theme, "Mistress Belle-Ward Makes On," a skit was presented which portrayed authentic incidents from the lives of Ward Seminary and Ward-Belmont students.

Beginning with the early days of Seminary, there appeared in the scene before the "Seminarian" in 1904, first, Frederick Ward, a Shakespearean actor who presented lines from the balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet." Richard Wyche with his stories of Uncle Remus and Arthur, and Miss Fannie Bloom-Zeissler, pianist, who demanded a quiet when she appeared. There came a flash which recorded the coming of the fifth child of Mrs. Tony DeCampus sweet shop. The name was Ward Seminary Dematteo! Then came June of 1904 with its scent of summer and of mag-blossoms. Each bird was carol-ing its mate while "round about, the line mellowed all. Serene and lay the campus—the hum of died away and

of the sweet, girl graduate, clad in filmy white, a maiden's blush on her brow, and in her eye delight. Flowers all about her dove stand us now. Soon as the queen of nakes she'll make her graceful And then a bride so lovely, happy be her fate, but never will air be than a sweet girl grad-

The above quotation appeared as a epice to the *Iris* of 1904, year- (Continued on page 3)

## OFFICERS ELECTED

lections of officers are still taking to fill the vacancies left by stu- who did not return this year. The primary importance was the elec- of first vice-president of the ing Student Council, which took Tuesday evening at regular pl meeting. Dorothy Jaeger, a S, was chosen to fill this office. cept this position she will resign ecretary of the Y.W.C.A.

Two day student elections were also last week. Evelyn Braden was d president of the Angkor Club Dorothy Proctor, president of the School Junior Class.

## CALENDAR—SENIOR WEEK

Monday, October 7—Senior Rec-  
ognition Day  
Tuesday, October 8—Tea for Fac-  
ulty, Home Department, and  
seniors at Penta Tau Club  
house.  
Wednesday, October 9—Senior  
Chapel Service  
Thursday, October 10—Senior Din-  
ner at Club  
Friday, October 11—Class Recogni-  
tion Day  
Saturday, October 12—Senior  
dance for the Senior-Middles in  
the gym—formal.

## EXCITEMENT MOUNTS AS CAMPAIGN PROGRESSES

### Betty Burns in Charge of Arrangements

Betty Burns, a Senior and Circulation Manager of THE HYPHEN, is in charge of the campaign for subscriptions. She worked out the complete plans for it and chose one girl from each group competing to take charge of her group. The following girls are working their hardest to put those they represent on top:

Day Students	Peggy Dickinson
Fidelity	Sally Paine
Founders	Virginia Piper
Heron	Glee Callaway
Pembroke	Jeanne Yantes
Senior	Virginia Hardesty

The plans for the campaign are simple. The above girls have check books and blue and gold HYPHEN tags in their halls. Subscriptions are one dollar per year. When a student pays her dollar, either by cash, or with a student bank check, she receives a tag, of which, if she wears, will assure her of not being accosted further to subscribe.

Daily reports are posted on the large bulletin board on central campus. At a glance, a student is able to determine where her group stands in the race, both in number of subscrip-tions obtained and percentage of stu-dents subscribing.

The present issue of THE HYPHEN is the last to be received free by the



BETTY BURNS,  
Circulation Manager, HYPHEN

students. They will be circulated next Saturday only to those students who have paid their dollar for a subscrip-tion.

Final results of the campaign will not be announced until THE HYPHEN of next Saturday, October 12th.

## TUESDAY, OCTOBER THE FIRST

Tuesday, October the first, was to most people just another day, but to Ward-Belmont girls, especially new girls, it was a day of unique celebration like unto none that they had ever seen before and probably will ever see again. In short it was Fag Day.

Things began to happen at that cold, early, sleepy hour of six; when the fair little damsels in Pembroke, Fidelity, Heron, Founders, and even some in Senior, awoke to paint their faces, braid their hair, black their eyes, memorize their "manuscripts," and don garbs that only Seniors could design. By seven o'clock the heavy doors of all dormitories were unlocked to let out a mob of dangerous pirates, flustered chambermaids, jumping frogs, screaming babies, hoodlums, donkeys, fat women and young children all in a mad rush to reach Senior Hall. The Seniors, needless to say, were expecting them, and had left stacks of letters unanswered and their rooms in a horrible mess, so that their guests might find sufficient work to keep them busy until breakfast time. Just exactly what took place in the various Senior rooms will never be known, but what took place in the dining room was perfectly obvious. Each fag marched in, singing her club song at the very top of her voice. The Seniors seated themselves in comfortable chairs and proceeded to enjoy a delicious breakfast, while the poor fags continued to sing, sit on the floor, and look longingly at the food upon the table. Immediately after breakfast there was a colorful parade around the campus—and then the study bell rang to save the fags from sheer exhaustion.

### Wordsmith Sets Dead- line

The Wordsmith Literary Club an-nounced the opening of its semi-annual contest to elect new members last Tuesday. All girls are invited to submit any original and creative work; poetry, prose, or drama for the approval of the old members. There is no limit or topic requirement on the material that is handed in. At least three manuscripts should be sub-mitted so that the committee can judge the writer's work more fairly.

(Continued on page 2)

### Informal Services Begin

The Sunday School meets every Sunday morning at 8:30 for an informal half-hour service in the Y.W.C.A. room. The service is entirely in the hands of the students and is led by them. Any questions that are of particular interest in school life will be discussed.

The chairman, Minnie Maude May, has appointed a committee of Margaret Mitcham, Margaret Ellen Peebles, Helen Aycock and Virginia Piper.

## SENIORS ANNOUNCE NEW SPONSOR AND SENIOR WEEK

### Miss O'Donnell Se- lected

Plans are being made for Senior Week which begins Monday, October 7, and lasts until Saturday, October 12. Committees for the different activities have been appointed by Edwine Schmid, president of the Senior class, and the work is well under way.

A class sponsor has been selected, and the class feels itself fortunate in having Miss Betty O'Donnell, Miss O'Donnell is a member of the Physical Education Department and is also sponsor of the T. C. Club. She was formerly a student at Ward-Belmont and graduated with the class of 1930. The following year she attended Sargent School of Boston University in Boston, Massachusetts, where she received her degree.

Monday will be Senior Recognition Day. At the Chapel service, the President will present the rest of the class officers who, in turn, will present the platform to the class.

A tea will be given Tuesday afternoon for the faculty and the home department. Jeanne Brigham and Sarah Ashley will be in charge with Mary Donnan Wilson assisting. The flower committee is headed by Elsie Sante. Mary Norman West and Betty Burns make up the rest of the committee. The invitation committee is Roselle Emery, chairman, Bettie Jayne Reed and Mamie Jones.

Nell Jane Ranch and Elizabeth Cornelius have charge of the Devotional Program in Chapel, Wednesday. Martha Kiger and Ellen Bowers are (Continued on page 6)

## ADDITIONAL PLEDGES

Additional pledges of Ward-Belmont Alumnae the various universities have been announced as: *Kappa Alpha Theta*, Vanderbilt University, Gilbertine Moore, Janet McFadden, Emmarney Hartnett, Polly Ann Billington, Sally Bateman, Elizabeth Henderson, and Juanita Roberts; *Oklahoma University*, Mary Jane Bass and Ruth Potts; *University of Texas*, Caroline Whitehead; *Delta Delta Delta*, Vanderbilt University, Virginia Shaw, Mary John Atwell, Mildred Clements, Betty Butterfield, Frances Rose, Katherine Miller and Claudine Smelzer; *Pi Beta Phi*, University of Texas, Sarah Clark, Martha Buford Hayter, Nell McDavid and Edwina Holland; *Southern Methodist University*, Patsy Berger and Frances Street; *Kappa Kappa Gamma*, University of Texas, Katherine Bieden-harn and Anna Katherine Howard; *Washington University*, St. Louis, Mary Stevens; and *Alpha Delta Pi*, University of Texas, Mary Elizabeth Herder and Mary Lee Wilson.

## HYPHEN TRYOUTS

Anyone who wishes to write for THE HYPHEN should come to THE HYPHEN office by Monday and notify the staff. Tryouts have been going on for the past few weeks. The permanent staff will be announced in the next week's HYPHEN. It is not too late to try for a position.

## CLUB MEMBERS INITIATED

A comparative state of calm has once again descended on the Ward-

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SHOE SALON

Belmont campus. New girls have been initiated into the various clubs and have already begun the lengthy process of learning the names of their club sisters.

New members of the fourteen social clubs are as follows:

**Agora:** Rose Caroline Block, Minnie Woods Carroll, Dorris Cole, Lillian Crowder, Lois Floyd, Margaret Hall, Clara Lee Hebling, Elizabeth Hoffman, Helen Horton, Mary McGehee, Ruie Osmundson, Jean Pearson, Evelyn Phillips, Frances Riedy, Phyllis Schackne, Annette Smith, Lucille Smith, Muriel Somatt, Celeste Throckmorton, Ruth Voigt, Antoinette Tull.

**A. K.:** Phyllis Brine, Mary Pauline Butler, Norvell Cox, Betty Lou Daily, Connie de Funiak, Irene Dietzen, Phyllis Espevitch, Mary Jackson, Patricia Jamison, Polly Knehr, Martha Morrison, Mary Jane Olson, Ida Phillips, Virginia Pike, Virginia Roberson, Bernice Schill, Allie Sedwitz, Elizabeth Slade, Barbara Smith, Jane Suter, June Vernon, Charlotte Wanek, Joan Webster, Mary Virginia Wren.

**Angkor:** Jane Cornelius, Jane Davis, Mary Alene Edwards, Jean Fleming, Jeanne Gibson, Laura Graham, Corinne Howell, Peggy McNeill, Elizabeth Ragland, Adelaide Roberts, Charlotte Robinson, Ann Stahlam, Alice Thompson, Peggy Vaughn, Peggy Wright.

**Anti-Pan:** Virginia Battle, Dorothy Blalock, Mary Hamilton Bracken, Anne Browning, Martha Browning, Mary Byrne, Ruth Carr, Margaret Carrigan, Jane Edgerly, Charlotte Fogg, Betty Jane Galt, Miriam Harwell, Audrey Jones, Virginia Koelker, Mary Syd Medearis, Felicia Mongone, Jean Moore, Yvonne Norman, Edrie Oliver, Margaret Oze, Margaret Ellen Peebles, Harriett Sve, Virginia Varga.

**Ariston:** Diana Richmond, Marian Murphy, Margaret Noland, Jean Tucker, Harriet Williams, Mary Elizabeth Henley, Ruth Willis, Louise Windrow, Hulda Ann Knapp, Louise Timberman, Margaret Millsapaugh, Regina Shatten, Elise Sheffield, Polly

Ann Schweizer, Roberta Luker, Elizabeth Murphree, Emily Watkins, Mary Maxine Bozeman, Mary Evelyn Jensen, Lucy Allen Doyle, Edith Robertson.

**Del Vera:** Dorothy Addison, Rachel Brauer, Jean Bateman, Betsy Burgess, Charlene Butler, Glee Callaway, Beverly Cheschier, Janet Collings, Dorris Cook, Elizabeth Doty, Jane Elliott, Marjorie Gunn, Barbara Jobson, Joan Jobson, Charlotte Lewis, Mary Pollard, Barbara Renner, Sarah Smalwood, Whitfield Stallings, Ina Stewart, Marjorie Treadwell, Jean Yates.

**Eccowasin:** Jean Allen, Virginia Love Graves, Henrietta Ruth, Jean Wetterau, Margaret Giles, Marguerite Wallace, Shelly Cabell, Frances Carter.

**F. F.:** Marjorie Aston, Beverly Barton, Eudene Blankenship, Mary Boston, Allie Lou Broderick, Mary Frances Brown, Virginia Collins, Julia Colvert, June Erickson, Maxine Graham, Eulalie Halliburton, Mary Hamilton, Donna Heasley, Dorothy Helm, Rowena Lester, Sarah Lincoln, Marjorie Lotz, Betty Martin, Doris Meed, Elaine Ostergard, Frankie Patrick, Harriet Rosenbloom, Eloise Southard, Frances Stanley, Sue Stickney, Annette Stout, Lucile Wingate, Margaretmonroe Yager.

**Oisron:** Jane Bachausen, Mary Bline, Virginia Bennett, Elizabeth Coo, Marion Doerner, Polly DuVernet, Jeanne Fagenberg, Mary Griswold, Ruth Hewitt, Fannie Hindman, Betty Jane Hopewell, Charlotte Howard, Geneva Jacobs, Elloie Jeter, Jane Jones, Frances Laval, Effie Bess McNamee, Dorothy Martin, Sally Paine, Corinne Pierce, Kathryn Phillips, Anna Joe Saine, Virginia Sherman, Nancy Uhl, Kathleen Watters, Virginia White.

**Penta Tau:** Jane Anglin, Marjorie Lou Ashcroft, Dorothy Barthels, Effie Marie Cain, Jane Calhoun, Sarah Clayton, Muri Copeland, Jayne Coyle, Betty Dunlay, Dorothy Gardner, Emily Hamilton, Nancy Hovie, Jane Jackson, Nancy McGinnis, Louise Mathews, Reba June Mersfelder, Anna May Moul, Margaret Mitcham, Anna Mary Pierce, Vicky Pierce, Ruth Pinkham, Beulah Pittman, Elizabeth Rauchenberg, Frances Shelby, Courtney White, Eleanor Whitson.

**T. C.:** Virginia Archer, Mary Elizabeth Brown, Catherine Butts, Mildred Cox, Sarah Everett, Mary Frazier, Julia Gery, Gene Gill, Elizabeth Hardesty, Virginia Hardesty, Louise Kasper, Virginia Nisbitt, Margaret Pidcock, Margaret Pitcher, Margaret Ann Rhodes, Juanita Stewart, Yvonne Woodworth.

**Triad:** Dorothy King, Emily Payne, Valerie Axtell, Dorothy Carver, Betty Capps, LaZelle Swenson, Florence Gabriel, Elva Hollins, Mary Tarpley, Elizabeth Bledsoe, Lucy Jean Brown, Martha Ann Cooney, Anne Figgins, Lillian Shacklett, Mabel Blackman, Sue Trulock, Cecilia Nichols.

**Tri K:** Jane Allison, Peggy Armistead, Louise Baxter, Laura Mae Carpenter, Margaret Cooper, Sara Elliott, Mary Ann Fristoe, Pauline Kaiser, Sara Jane Kimmell, Ledlie Logan, Barlone McKnight, Jane Merrick, Barbara Moore, Genevieve Mullins, Margaret Thrower, Lois Whiteman, Bobbie Williams.

**X. L.:** Helen Aycock, Margaret Baker, Letitia Breese, Virginia Brown, Catherine Cheatham, Shawnee Elliott, Marguerite Graves, Mary Louise Holland, Justine James, Violet Maddox, Genevieve Marsh, Minnie Maud May, Florence Monk, Portia Phillips, Virginia Piper, Anne Rudolph, Patty Smith, Peggy Smith, Carolyn Williams.

### WORDSMITH SETS DEADLINE

(Continued from page 1)

The deadline for entries is Wednesday, October 8.

If a student is interested, she is to enclose her material in a large envelope addressed to Wordsmith Club. Her name is not to be put on her papers, but put on the outside of the envelope and sent in through house mail.

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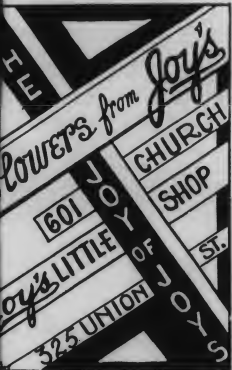


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## COUNCILS TAKE HONOR PLEDGE

One of the finest and most impressive of Ward-Belmont traditions is that of presenting the members of the Boarding and Day Presidents' Councils to the student body at the beginning of the school year. The two Councils are composed of the leaders of the major organizations on campus. The Day Council and Boarding Council meet separately once a month with the exception of one joint meeting during the year.

Their purpose is not a legislative one, but is rather to place emphasis on the dignity and responsibility of leadership, to discuss common problems, and to correlate the contribution of the various organizations in the campus life.

The members of the Councils were presented on Monday morning, September 30, at chapel. Twenty-five representatives of student groups appeared at that time, although the two Councils together are composed of twenty-eight students. However, as yet the president of the Senior-Middle Class who is on Boarding Council, and the Vice-President of the same class who is on Day Council have not been elected. Margaret Greene, HYPHEN Editor, was ill.

Dr. Barton opened the program, stressing the part that these representative girls play. He emphasized the importance of self-discipline and the fact that the members of the Council were on their honor to report themselves if they were not able to uphold the rules of the school.

Helen Jones, President of the Boarding Student Council, presided and first stated the function of the Student Council, mainly that of serving the girls, and then introduced Jane Flannigan, President, Y. W. C. A.; Winnie Coffee, President, Athletic Association; Martha Kizer, Editor, *Milestones*; and Edwin Schmid, President, Senior Class, who spoke in behalf of the two college classes.

Jeanne Brigham, President of the Penta Tau Club, spoke in behalf of the ten boarding social clubs and introduced in turn the president of each club: Anti-Pan, Pauline Mvers; T. C. Frances Prince; Del Vers, Sarah Ashley; Tri K, Patsy Schorndorfer; X. L., Elizabeth Rudolph; Osiron, Louise Foster; Agora, Bettie Jayne Reed; A. K., Mary Ann Foley; F. F., Elizabeth Evans.

Dorothy Colmery, President of the Day Student Council, then presented the members of the Day Presidents' Council as follows: Elizabeth Cornelius, Vice-President of Senior Class; Frances Wilkinson, Day Student Proctor; Margaret Greene, Editor, HYPHEN; Grace Benedict, President of Junior-Middle Class, who spoke in behalf of all high school classes and in turn introduced Dorothy Proctor, President of High School Junior Class; and Anne Ganier, President of High School Sonhomere Class. Rebecca Rice, President of Ariston Club, spoke for the day student social clubs and introduced Evelyn Braden, President of the Angkor Club; Marion Latta, President of the Triad Club; and Juliette Craig, President of the Ec-cowasin Club.

Following these short speeches and introductions, Helen Jones led the members of the two Councils in the honor pledge. The ceremony ended with the singing of the "Bells of Ward-Belmont" by the entire student body.

## CLASS ENTERTAINED

Grace Benedict, President of the Junior-Middle Class, gave a tea for her class at her home, four to six o'clock, Friday, September 27. The program given was a vocal solo by Jeanne Cookson and a piano solo by Emily Payne. Sarah Goodpasture and Virginia Barrett poured tea, while other girls of the Junior-Middle Class assisted in the serving. There were about fifty guests present.

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### MISTRESS BELLE-WARD PRESENTED IN CHAPEL

(Continued from page 1)

book of Ward Seminary. It was donated to the annual by Mr. Med Ransom.

Mistress Belle-Ward marched on and the time was 1915. A governing group met to discuss recent infringements of the rules, such as a girl's gymnasium bloomers and black stockings not connecting, the wearing of make-up, and the hoarding of jaw-breakers in the rooms. A few days later a style specialist from Weinberger's Dress Shop spoke of the new fashions—of skirts no longer trailing the floor, but being frankly ankle-length, of the bob and the shingle, and of the new artificial curl called the "permanent."

Then the date shifted to 1935 and THE HYPHEN campaign with its competition between the various dormitories and the day students. Subscriptions were solicited. "Extras" with full information concerning the campaign were distributed in chapel. Enthusiasm was high.

Mistress Belle-Ward marched on. Jean Bailey, Associate Editor of THE HYPHEN, wrote and directed the skit. The girls who participated in it were: Edwin Schmid, Patsy Schorndorfer, Marjorie Crume, and Carolyn Williams, Helen Tibbets was at the piano.

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Editor  
Associate Editor  
News Editor  
Circulation Manager

## EDITORIAL

## IT'S YOUR PAPER

THE HYPHEN Campaign opened this week with perhaps the greatest hopes in years for 100 per cent subscribing. We think the paper deserves this cooperation from the student body. A comparatively small group of girls work hard all week (if you don't think so, just ask) on this sheet with the interests of the entire school at heart. We try to give you "all the news that's fit to print" as well as some informal features. Editorials are, contrary to popular belief, written entirely by the girls. They are sometimes perhaps not your reaction to a certain subject but you will do well to read them every week. You can always get something out of them.

Of course some people say that they don't need to subscribe, they can read someone else's HYPHEN. Maybe so, but they are the same ones who borrow your toothpaste and forget to return it. Some subscribers of the past have saved their copies of THE HYPHEN over a year's time and bound them together. This makes a splendid record of the year's happenings and will be a real pleasure in time to come.

At any rate its news of the day and the campaign is on. It's part of your citizenship to subscribe and almost everyone can find a dollar.

## BOOST YOUR CLASS

Various remedies have been offered for that "homesick" or rather "lost" feeling which the average new girl experiences at some time during the first few weeks.

The first advice is "to make friends." But we suggest "a genuine interest in your class." Learn your class' officers and its sponsors. Then be familiar with your class colors, motto, and song.

Your interest should not, however, be confined to these points. Decide now to take a part in the competitive activities for the year. Look at the cup in the living-room of Senior Hall, and plan to do your part in winning points to secure this trophy for your class in the year 1936-37.

The point system is not made for especially representative girls, but for the entire student body. The few points which you win may be the cause of your class losing or winning the cup.

See to what degree you can become an integral part of your class. The next time you rise to sing "The Bells of Ward-Belmont" stand as a whole-hearted member of your class, and one who is willing and worthy of representing it.

## A NEW GIRL'S VIEWPOINT

Now that the club problem is over, everyone is beginning to settle down to the daily routine. It is hard, after three months of freedom, to get accustomed to the rules and regulations. The proctors and monitors have been very lenient these first few weeks, but now that the first rush of school is over, it will be necessary for them to start being a little more strict.

Good citizenship is a leading factor in a school of this type. Co-operation in any school activity would come under this heading. Any girl who joined one of the Y.W.C.A. committees is doing her part. She is either helping to better her school or she is helping to make someone less fortunate than herself happy.

It is so easy to be late to chapel or class. The proctors dislike giving you minors as much as you dislike getting them. When a monitor calls you down, don't take the wrong attitude. She is doing her duty in trying to better her school government. Let's try to make this year a better one at Ward-Belmont. Think twice before you act and avoid those majors and minors.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

Have you, by any chance, heard of the "prep" who while fixing her laundry, read that she was to keep one sly and put the other in her box, and so headed straight for her mail box!

And then there was the incident in the hall meeting at Pembroke. On being informed that regulation was not required when students left the campus with friends or relatives, one Frosh comes up with "Does that apply to your friends in the school?"

We have heard of some girls who are having hysterics over a joke about the police looking for the stork that brought Thrower. They have a warrant for his arrest on the charges of dope smuggling.

There is something we must remember to ask Tibbets. How is it that the Osirons now have 31 1-2 members?

In case you are uninformed of the intricacies of managing a fire hose adeptly, see Betty Galt and June Weeks. You have no idea how simple it is until you have heard their explanation.

We have a heretofore undiscovered athlete in our midst. Mrs. Jeter won two prizes Saturday night by hitting Moselle unerringly every time. And to think how hard we tried!

What's this about one of our girls distributing lemon pie over the dining-room? My, my! I didn't know that anyone but Bev, Webbie, and Mary Beth were refusing such things these days.

This is a story of a birthday party—only it has a tragic ending as Teddy Kraus' mother, after thinking over her promise about sending Teddy some food, decided not to because Teddy had written such a letter of self-repression. So nothing but the guests came—

There are two types of inhabitants of the tea-room. One, which consists of the "old" girls, who drink orange and grapefruit juice; the other, represented by the "new" girls, who delight in heavy chocolate sundaes and cakes. But the former type just sit back and laugh, because they know that in about two months there will be only one type—theirs!

## YOU SHOULD KNOW

The young lady who spoke so well in behalf of the new girls at the first Vespers. Her name is Louise Mathews and she comes from Stamford, Connecticut. She is nineteen years old and graduated from Graycourt, a private school in Stamford, last year. Of course, I was interested to know how she ever chose Ward-Belmont to finish up her education; and, it seems that though at one time she was anxious to go to Smith, some friends and one member of our faculty talked to her and finally persuaded her that this was the right place for her. She is crazy about it and is so happy now that she made the decision she did. Besides being interested in all outdoor sports she is a poet. She has always enjoyed poetry and writes it whenever she has a spare moment. Indeed we should be proud to have Louise among us this year.

The young lady who has already made a name for herself, little Allie Sedwitz, the girl who danced so beautifully for us at the "Y" Jamboree soon after we arrived. Allie is seventeen years old and has studied dancing for twelve years. She comes from Youngstown, Ohio, and has studied both there and in New York. She has studied under the best teachers and has taken every kind of dancing that there is today. She already has been on the stage, and she wants to go on with her study. Allie certainly should be able to live things up for us all this year.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This column will be run weekly for the purpose of introducing distinctive Ward-Belmont students.

## EAGLE FEATHER

BY HELEN TIBBETS

## ODE TO YOUTH

You, who come with joyful hearts,  
And laughter in your eyes,  
And romp within the happy court  
Of childhood's paradise,  
And deeply drink of carefree things  
That come but once to all  
You cannot know that life is made  
Of fragile things that fall.

And you can never comprehend  
The broken heart and tortured soul,  
That weakly seek with loosened grip  
A minute part of joy to hold.  
Ah, Youth, reach not for blossomed flower,  
It holds but pain and sorrow  
You will not always be a child  
When you wake upon the morrow.  
Louise Mathews

## TO YOU

To you who gently took my heart,  
And softly plucked its strings,  
There found an unborn melody,  
Which ought but true love brings,  
And let me feel the kindly gaze  
Of gentle, tender eyes  
That looked in mine with His sweet smile,  
Who dwells beyond the skies.

To you, who swiftly searched my soul  
And found an answer there,  
And kindly sought to comprehend  
The secret thus laid bare,  
And did not chide or scoff at me,  
But seemed to understand  
That love must one day seek us out,  
As she and Fate have planned.  
To you, I raise my humble eyes  
In mute and deep appeal,  
Ah, read the silent thanks I give,  
And know the love I feel.  
Louise Mathews

## MEMORIES

A bundle of letters tied with red—  
I'm cherishing all the nice things which you said.  
A withered rose—  
A picture or two—  
A cute little dog—  
A powder box new—  
A bracelet—a ring—  
A dance program and such,  
A few little trinkets when you weren't "on the water."  
Some poems you sent—  
And songs—yes lots—  
Yet we say "Our friendship's ended"—  
But, is it forgot?  
Anne Wandelohr Browning

## FLASHES OF L'ALLEGRO

Deep darkness is drawn into a cave,  
And in a momentary flash,  
Beams of glittering gold burst forth,  
Upon a hazy country-side,  
Until its blinding light gives way  
To another buoyant day.  
It gives eyes the power to gaze,  
Upon a village in itself,  
Where familiar country sound  
Is quelled by machinery going round.  
It has come to fill the break  
Left by hoe and spade and rake,  
For though this brain must still keep pace  
The weary hand has had its day.  
Could Milton's eyes blink but once  
'Twould be a miraculous scene to him—  
Not so with us—  
For this is our Mother Earth,  
May we forever live in our modernistic mirth!  
Anne Wandelohr Browning

## Stresses Beautiful

Dr. E. P. Dandridge, rector of Christ Church, Episcopal, conducted chapel, Wednesday, October 2. Dr. Dandridge used as the theme for his discussion the following passage, "Ask and it shall be given unto you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Dr. Dandridge pointed out that one should seek to be beautiful in objects as well as people, and that it is necessary to cultivate an appreciation of people. "Beauty, joy and kindness are dominant characteristics that are necessary to all." Dr. Dandridge concluded with the statement that school is the place to cultivate these traits of character.

## DAY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday—  
speaking of boy friends—no one, but we're all thinking of them. Miss Nance has one. Oh, Miss Lincoln, one of the more girls, at the dining table, bluntly told Miss Nance if she had a boy. Of course, Miss Nance, taken aback, blushed becomingly and admitted that she did have—but none of us was surprised, are we?  
Thursday—  
The singing is over and the ballots are in the box, so to speak, for after a half hour of last-minute rushing, taking the votes for the last time to the teacher, writing them last-minute rush and telling them that we know we'll be happy in our club, they went to the chapel, and we to our seats to decide the fates of all of them. And hard it was, too. I, for one, don't exactly relish Miss Sisson's replacing all the girls.

Friday—  
Well, school is starting out in the chapel. The first chapel monitor's report had only 65 girls up for being! That's almost a record, and only one for so near the starting school, for, after all, what'll it be like after on?  
Saturday—  
Back to town and did everything else with it—lunch, a show, shopping and ended up by eating myself

sick at Candyland. Will I never learn! But that puts the zest in life, even though it puts on those pounds, too.

Friday—  
And talking of weight—one suite on third floor Senior is taking one means of prevention by buying bathroom scales.

Miss Balcolm, the new dancing instructor, has missed her New York very much. But to her delight she discovered today that Mrs. Pratt, the new sewing teacher, lived all last year only two streets from her in New York, and neither knew it till now. How's that for a coincidence! The world's pretty small, so I've always heard, and I'm beginning to believe it. Study, and more study—by the time I read Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The King's Henchman," I'm literally out. But that's only a start. I found.

Saturday—  
The whole school migrated to town today, I know. I ran into them everywhere, but oh, so hard to recognize, what with all the new faces, and the lack of the old familiar blue and black apparel. There were many red eyes at Candyland, too—one guess why—practically everyone went to "The Dark Angel," and wept their eyes out. My, was it tragic! I sat there taking turns with roomie using the one hankie we had between us. Nothing like foolish, sentimental girls, is there?

And was the dance fun! I even got a prize for the widest grin, but I've a secret suspicion that's not a compliment. And Pat Schorndorfer tells very good fortunes, me thinks—gobs and gobs of men in my future life. Oh, for just one now!

Sunday—  
Mary Hines Jackson is the lucky girl today—her parents came to see their homesick daughter for the weekend.

Such a quiet Sunday afternoon! Studied, wrote letters, and just when I was feeling so very industrious, fell asleep!

Chapel tonight was so nice. Teddie didn't seem to have the maternal instinct; at any rate, she couldn't persuade a sound to come from the cute little kiddie's mouth—but I'd be tongue-tied too, if I had to look at such faces.

Monday—  
I could hardly wait to get to the postoffice this morning, so I could see all the faces of the girls when they opened their invitations. And they were a sight to behold, too—a hush, a mad shout of glee, then into somebody's waiting arms. By the din, I'd say everyone was happy.

Have to study for three tests tomorrow. The teachers don't let anything stop them. I wish I didn't. Well, nightie-nite.

Tuesday—  
The days of days for the poor new girls—but what a day for us, too—Fag Day, the day of pain (ask any poor bewildered fag). For homeliness, I nominate the bel Vers costumes—and the rest in varying degrees down the scale. The Tri K's were perhaps the most asinine, the Anti-Pans were chic in their French maid's uniforms, and I hear they really worked like them, too. It would be nice being Libby Evans or Katherine Hays today. Just think, fourteen fags per girl! They ought to get their correspondence up for months ahead, to say nothing of the spic and span room they'll have. I, for one, have the cleanest room I've had up-to-date. Maybe I'm a sissy, but I got a definite kick out of ordering my three fags around. Oh, well, such things happen only too rarely. And now, my letters are written, my shoes are cleaned, my room is in order, my clothes are pressed, and Fag Day is over. All's well that ends well, and so good-night.

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### SENIORS ANNOUNCE NEW SPONSOR AND SENIOR WEEK

(Continued from page 1)

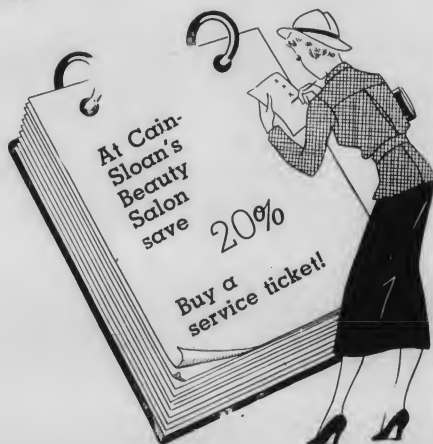
assisting on this committee. The  
speaker for the service has not yet  
been chosen.

The Senior Dinner will be given in  
one of the club houses Thursday night.  
Jane Meyers is chairman of the com-  
mittee which is making plans for the  
dinner.

Friday will be class Recognition  
Day in which everyone has a part.

Saturday night the Seniors will  
be in Recreation Hall at ten minutes  
past six, and then will walk together  
to the dining room. After dinner  
there will be a formal dance in the  
gymnasium. Moselle Worley is in charge  
of the dance. Other members of  
committee are: Marion Weber, Ma-  
Pascoe, Teddie Krause, Mary  
Crume, and Evelyn Norton.

Get an inside view of the  
lead. Read the Diary of Miss  
Belle-Ward in THE HYPHEN.



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# SENIOR EDITION WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIV

Nashville, Tenn., October 12, 1935

Number 4

## FRIDAY MARKS RECOGNITION OF CLASSES

### Based on Academic Steps

Friday at 11:30 o'clock all the students assembled in the Chapel, while the class presidents and sponsors met in the Summer House. The Marshalls directed the student body around the grounds and to their places on the lawn in front of the Academic Building. The presidents and sponsors grouped themselves in the form of a circle on the steps of the Academic Building. Sponsor and president representatives met in the word Ward-Belmont. Dr. Barton then introduced Morris who spoke of the tradition of Class Recognition Day. The presidents and sponsors were pre-arranged with the letters. They then stood in a line on the steps and the students took their pledge. The student body answered the presidents' pledge and then the entire student body responded in the pledge which was followed by the Class Recognition song. The Benediction concluded the services. The students returned to their homes in the order in which they entered.

The presidents and the sponsors and their families for which they stood are: W—the Post-Graduates; sponsor, Juanita Roberts; president, Jeanette; A—Certificate group; sponsor, Carol Sheep; president, Miss R—Specials; president, Miss R. (Continued on page 3)

## "Y" CALENDAR

Friday, Oct. 13—  
9:00 A.M.—Sunday school.  
10:00 P.M.—Visit to the Hermitage.  
15 P.M.—Play hour at the Tennessee Children's Home.  
10 P.M.—Play hour at the Junior League Hospital for Crippled Children.  
10 P.M.—Veepers: Recognition Service.  
Saturday, Oct. 14—  
10:00 P.M.—Visit to the wards of Vanderbilt Hospital.  
Sunday, Oct. 15—  
10:00 P.M.—Visit to the Florence Crittenton Home.

## MEET THE SENIORS OF '36

### BOARDING STUDENTS

*Jean Bailey*—The smile of Puck and a breezy air. The best Associate Editor *The Hyphen* ever had.

*Sarah Ashley*—One who enjoys life, makes a good Del Vers president, has lots of friends, and is an all-around good fellow.

*Margaret Barton*—Lots of pep and always ready to laugh.

*Jane Berger*—A real student; some go so far as to say "a master mind." Needs looking into, we think.

*Jeanne Brigham*—Have you watched Jeanne grin? We think that's what makes her many friends; also Penta Tau President.

*Betty Burns*—Although you don't hear much from Betty, if you want something done well and in a hurry, she's the one for the job.

*Phyllis Carr*—Watch this girl dance and you will see the old adage that you can't train heels and head disproved.

*Mary Beth Caton*—Quiet and studious, but a girl you ought to know.

*Constance Chase*—One you don't want to challenge in any sport, but you might ask how well she likes to sleep.

*Winnie Coffee*—Another sporting girl—and we add not only in a gymnasium but with a pen and paper.

*Mary Cook*—An old Senior girl who means "to show us"—She's from Missouri.

*Marjorie Crane*—A good girl to look up when one is feeling blue. Also a "Beta Pig."

*Jane Curfman*—One of our older old girls, having been here three years ago, also a Social Worker.

*Rozelle Emery*—One to be looked up for drawing pictures and things in the way of fine arts.

*Elizabeth Evans*—President of the F. F.'s and a very capable one.

*Elizabeth Fawcett*—A second-year student with a hidden pluck.

*Jane Flannigan*—A mighty sweet From Queen, also a mighty good Manager—Take the Y.W.C.A. for instance.

*Emalou Florey*—When the Basketball season comes around, here's one girl to watch.

*Mary Ann Foley*—The President's Council has a very capable member in Mary Ann, A. K. President.

*Louise Fosgate*—A charming club president who talks through her grin.

*Marine Graham*—Small, dark and quiet, but don't overlook knowing her.

*Helen Hall*—A new Senior, but one who promises to do a great deal for Ward-Belmont.

*Elizabeth Hardesty*—Double Trouble: from West Virginia.

*Virginia Hardesty*—The one who wants to write—Ask Her!

*Katherine Hays*—An old F. F., and that is exclusive!

*Ruth Hewitt*—Entered school with a "bang," also bangs a "mean" tennis ball.

*Leora Hill*—A fine arts student that has a host of friends.

*Fanny Hindman*—One of the better Sunday School Teachers (we hope).

*Mary Louise Holland*—We predict a very pretty bride.

*Patty Howell*—She features in feature writing.

*Dorothy Jaeger*—A sophisticated Vice-President of Student Council.

*Betsy Jones*—A peck of pep, also loves harmony (?).

*Helen Jones*—Student Council President, and, wherewithal, a good girl.

*Mamie Jones*—In case of war, we nominate this one for knitting chairman.

*Ruth Jones*—It's not the future, but the past and present with Ruth. (Ask Miss Clark.)

*Marion Kemp*—We suggest that her course is at Vanderbilt.

*Martha Kiger*—An Editor—which ought to qualify her for a good letter writer.

*Rowena Kipp*—A quiet second-year student that does her share.

*Teddy Krause*—A rival for Mamie but she confines her knitting to one.

*Mary Frances Lannius*—Another Padewski from all we hear.

*Frances Laval*—We recommend Winnie not to overlook this good athletic material.

*Jana Longrecker*—We are wondering if Fred Astaire would be good enough for your next partner.

*Jane Ludwig*—A Proctor! One who knows a member of the Cubs and looks after them as well as Senior Hall.

(Continued on page 3)

## OPERA SINGER WILL APPEAR IN CONCERT

### Kathryn Meisle Here Monday

It is with a great deal of interest and anticipation that the students of Ward-Belmont look forward to the appearance of Kathryn Meisle, contralto, who will be presented in recital in the school auditorium on Monday evening, October 14. Miss Meisle is no stranger to Ward-Belmont audiences, having appeared before them several different years. She has always been a great favorite.

Miss Meisle was born in Philadelphia. In October, 1921, fourteen years ago, she made her professional debut with the Minneapolis Orchestra, under Emil Oberholfer, and in November, 1923, was engaged by the Chicago Civic Opera Company to sing leading contralto roles. Her debut was made as Erda in "Siegfried."

Miss Meisle's voice is of that rare and fortunate quality known as a natural contralto. She is a thorough musician, one who can sing such widely divergent types of music as that of Wagner and Bach equally well. Besides, she has a charm of personality and sincerity of manner which make her one of the outstanding favorites of the recital platform.

Miss Meisle lives in Philadelphia when she is not on tour giving concerts or singing in opera. Her family first came to the United States in the year 1848. The old family name was Müsse; her great-grandfather, Adolph Müsse, was Burgmeister of Baden, Germany, in the year 1830. His son, Matthew Müsse, being dissatisfied with conditions in Germany, was the first member of the family to emigrate, and, coming to America in the

(Continued on page 3)

## CHAPEL SCHEDULE

Monday, October 14  
Speaker: Dr. Barton.  
Subject: "Talk to the Students."  
Wednesday, October 16  
Speaker: Rev. A. D. Buttel, Collegeville Church.  
Friday, October 18  
Speaker to be announced later.



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## DR. RHEA REVIEWS SCHOOL HISTORY

Dr. Linda Rhea was the Chapel speaker for last Friday, October 4. She most interestingly told of Ward-Belmont's earliest beginnings, concentrating on the years it was Ward Seminary.

Dr. Rhea began by making the statement Dr. Barton made at the opening exercises this year. This marks the seventy-first year of Ward Seminary, the forty-sixth year of Belmont College and the twenty-third year of Ward-Belmont.

Dr. William E. Ward, who was engaged in ministerial work, wished to prove his faith in Southern womanhood and his realization of its needs in the hectic days following the Civil War. Accordingly he visited several schools in the East with the project in mind of founding a school for girls in Nashville. In 1865, the year following the War, his dream came true and Ward Seminary for Young Ladies opened its doors on the corner of Fifth and Cedar with an enrollment of six boarders and forty day students.

Early in August, Nashville papers had carried the announcement that a permanent school for females would open the first Monday in September at the designated place. Dr. Ward took as his motto that "Education was the drawing out of all talents." He felt that in "order to refine young ladies they must live in refinement." The first Commencement was held in the old Masonic Temple with twelve graduates participating.

In 1886 the school obtained its official charter and moved to Eighth Avenue where it remained until its consolidation with Belmont College. The school grew in prestige and esteem and became known as the "Vassar of the South." Following the death of Dr. Ward, Dr. Hancock was head, but he was succeeded in 1892 by our own late Dr. Blanton. At first the school contained only five upper classes, but later it expanded downward to include all the lower grades. Their Commencement was quite different from ours, but it too had its rules and restrictions. Each graduate delivered an original essay on some such subject as "Religion, the Chief Pearl in Woman's Crown." The girls had all to be clad in gowns of white tulle or muslin without trimmings and with the train not to exceed ten inches. Sleeves came down to the elbow and high necklines were required. No flowers could be worn except in the hair, and only earrings were allowed for jewelry.

Ward Seminary girls had much the same student activities of the Ward-Belmont granddaughters. Their Wordsmith was called the Sappho Club, and it edited a journal every fortnight containing purely literary articles. Among the more entertaining from a modern viewpoint was a list of the duties of a young lady. Along with darning stockings were admonitions concerning screaming at the sight of a mouse and the calming of cross men.

Our other ancestor, Belmont College, was founded much later in 1890 by a Miss Hood and a Miss Herron. These ladies bought the beautiful old Acklen home for a girl's school. Their aims were to provide an "Elegant Home" along with a first-class education. The school was very popular and included all types of training with some college work. It came to be known as the "Mt. Holyoke of the South."

In 1913 these founders of Belmont College were desirous of retirement and since Ward Seminary was looking

for a larger campus the two were consolidated with Dr. Blanton the head. The two schools came together with the idea of a united continuing of both institutions, to educate girls in the use of their leisure, and to give training best suited to any particular time. It is this last objective of two pioneers in the field of education that makes Ward-Belmont what it is today.

## EVELYN MCCALL LEADS CHAPEL

Wisdom Is Subject

Wednesday morning, the annual custom of Senior Chapel was observed. Members of the Senior Class, Edwin Schmid, president, presiding, conducted the program. The singing of the Ward-Belmont Hymn was followed by a responsive reading. After the reading, Evelyn McCall interpreted for the school the class platform, which is the first verse of the Ward-Belmont Hymn. Considering her essay very worthy, the editor decided to publish it that the students of Ward-Belmont may have a permanent record of it.

### WISDOM

The dictionary says, "Wisdom is knowledge with the capacity to use it; it is a preception of the best ends and the best means."

In the olden days when Solomon, the son of David, was king of Israel, there lived a preacher in Jerusalem who had only one goal in life: to seek after and find wisdom. For years he had heard the wise men say, "The man who findeth wisdom and the man who getteth understanding is indeed a happy man, for these things are more to be desired than fine gold and more precious than rubies." Therefore, the preacher said, "I will give my life and my heart to seek and search wisdom, which is a good thing."

The preacher then set about his task. "Surely," he said, "if a man study diligently and earnestly, he will find the things that are done under heavens, he will be wise."

So he labored over the facts of our material world, but after a time had passed he said, "My heart had great experiences of knowledge, but I have found it to be only madness and folly, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. This is not wisdom."

Is human labor wisdom? He would try it anyway. The preacher built great houses surrounded by beautiful hanging gardens, and pools of water. He planted vineyards with the finest grapes and orchards with trees of all kinds of fruits. His cattle was the finest in the land. Whatever his eyes desired he obtained: servants and maidens, gold and silver, women singers and men singers, and the peculiar treasures of kings. When he at last looked on his works and labors, he beheld it all to be vanity, and there was really no profit under the sun.

The preacher then said, "Perhaps pleasure is wisdom." He then gave himself to wine, dance and song. He tried to go skipping over the earth hand in hand with folly, but he soon saw that laughter was mad.

But one day in the quiet of the afternoon as he sat dreaming and thinking in a large meadow, true wisdom was flashed before his eyes: the Lord, our God, gives wisdom, and out of his words and teachings comes knowledge and true understanding. It is the Lord who gives wisdom to the righteous, who follow every right path.

"Behold!" said the preacher, "Thus have I found; one man among a thousand have I found; this man is God."

Like that preacher of long ago, people of today are still groping blindly trying to find wisdom. The wise men

in the days of Solomon were content when they stated that wisdom is precious than money or any riches. It is through wisdom that we find our true happiness and reach life's aims, no matter how high.

How shall we of today obtain great virtue? Because it is indeed a virtue and one of the noblest. There are three simple acts that, if done the right way, can make us wise: how do we know which is the right way to do these acts? Each let these words serve as a tool for the way the acts should be constructed.

First, to be wise we must think. "Think" tells us to think thoroughly. The old saying, "Think twice before acting," can be broadened into "Think twice before every move you make." Thinking thoroughly is a sure way of saving yourself sorrow and trouble by reflecting on a subject a second time will often make us wise. It has bad points in a thought or plan. "H" tells us to think hopefully. Our thoughts are bright and clear; we can't help bumping into that unknown person, Old Man Sunshine, hopeful and your own private view of the world at large, lined with silver. The "I" says, "Intelligently." By thinking intelligently we mean to use our best powers so that our results will be the best possible. You know it is always a girl who thinks intelligently that her class not only in academic work but in all phases of school life. Intelligent thinking is one power we should always keep locked up ourselves; it will be of great use throughout our lives. The "N" is for us to think nobly. By noble thoughts we mean high, illustrious thoughts. Many of us are prone to let our thoughts fall from their heights. The noble thoughts are those of worth. The "K" says, "Think kindly." The girl who can at a moment's notice gather together her powers and think clearly is one to be envied. Therefore, be quick and act. The second step is to speak through speaking. The "S" tells us to speak sincerely. Always tell the truth in everything you say. A person is known to make a habit of speaking falsely is not desired for a friend or companion. Sincerity is another of the greatest virtues in life. The third step is to speak politely. The times when a trifle or curt answer on the tip of our tongues, but which less leads a long way in our lives. The "E" means to speak earnestly, straightforward in what you say. A person whose tongue is loose at the end of the time policy is a bore. There are times when open speaking is necessary. The "T" tells us to speak amiably. Let things you say be agreeable, pleasing, and pleasant. Let your conversation be friendly. This letter and the "K" which says, "Speak kindly," us to say only the desirable about people. So often we are say unkind things about some, especially when we are in a hurry. Remember that you are judged by great extent by the way in which you speak.

The third way of acquiring wisdom is by doing. The "D" shows us we must do things diligently. As well done is the only one worth doing. If our deeds are only half way, aren't putting our best selves forward? The "G" says to do things obediently. When a person can be depended on to do a certain thing that you him to do, he is put higher in your opinion. Obedience begins in the home but shouldn't end there. Carry it into the world with you.

Now you see that wisdom can be acquired by high thinking, speaking and doing; by thinking thoroughly, hopefully, intelligently, nobly, keenly; by speaking sincerely, politely, earnestly, amiably, and kindly; by doing things diligently and obediently. These three acts put us on the path that leads to God. By his words and teachings we gain knowledge and the true understanding of all things.

## SENIOR WEEK ACTIVITIES

## SENIORS RECOGNIZED

On Friday, October 7, the Senior Class was formally recognized by the Ward-Belmont's twenty-graduating class. Officers were elected by Edwin Schmid, president, who first announced that the Belmont Hymn had been chosen as the class platform.

Records, "Thee Only Thee Rejoice, Know in All I Think or Do," were especially emphasized in the speeches of the officers. Cornelius, vice-president, said, "In all I think as you do." Nell Jane Rank, secretary of the class, enlarged on the phrase, "I speak," while Ruth Carr, treasurer, had as her theme the last words, "in all I do."

Following the speeches of the officers, Barton addressed the class and exhorted them on their choice of platform. "So often," he said, "we speak without thinking, without speaking or thinking." The final part of the program, the Senior Song was sung by the class.

## SPORTS DINNER

During the rush of Senior Week the Seniors gathered in the tea room at 6:15, Tuesday, October 8, for a dinner. With Misses O'Donnell, Ruf, and Mrs. Powell, members of the class were seated at the table, which was arranged in the form of a horseshoe. Soon as the girls were gathered about the table, they rose and sang

their class song. The entertainment for the evening was informal, being mainly dancing and chatting. At the conclusion of the dinner, the group sang "The Bells of Ward-Belmont."

The class colors, yellow and white, were carried out in the flowers and in the dessert course.

Plans for the dinner were under the direction of Jane Meyers.

## TEA FOR FACULTY

Thursday, October 10, the Seniors were hostesses at a tea given for the members of the Home Department and the Faculty. The guests called at the Penta Tau Club House between the hours of four and six. Those in the receiving line were: Edwin Schmid, president; Elizabeth Cornelius, vice-president; Nell Jane Rank, secretary; Ruth Carr, boarding treasurer; Evelyn Braden, day student treasurer, and Miss Betty O'Donnell, sponsor.

The entire entertainment was in the hands of Jeanne Brigham and Sarah Ashley, co-chairmen. Miss Ellene Ransom, Jeanne Brigham and Sarah Ashley presided at the table.

## DANCE TONIGHT

Tonight the Senior Class will entertain the members of the high school and first year college classes at a formal dance in the gymnasium. Purple and white, the colors of the Senior-Middle Class, will be used in the decorations. Johnny Miller's orchestra will play for the program of dances. Moselle Worsley is in charge of arrangements.

## MEET THE SENIORS OF '36

(Continued from page 1)

**McCall**—Y.W.C.A. Vice-President with the "gift of gab."

**McEwan**—Scrub Woman of THE SEN, a Texas Miss.

**McNance**—A new girl whose sets us wondering about her session.

**Maddox**—One of the new girls yet very quiet but we are expected to hear from her.

**Math**—One of the ones we are sure Vanderbilt will next year.

**Merriday**—One you won't forget but gets a lot done no one knows about.

**Meyer**—A struggling (?) student but one who knows her Campus ship.

**Monk**—One of our girls who has been in school. We recommend looking up these sisters.

**Moyers**—Anti-Pan. President goes in for covering old worn-out chaise longue.

**Norton**—Another one of our girls who dances so well.

**Passcoe**—Physical Education is her life. She seems to have gone for life saving.

**Prince**—One of the girls who proved the theory that you can't do two things at once. Have you checked her knit and read?

**Rayne Reed**—The one who will take the Agora's "go places" year.

**Rogers**—A good year in sports will still see this Senior on the best.

**Rudolph**—Watch the Van-Hut boys at the Y. L. Parties the majority of them will be to Elizabeth, President.

**Sante**—This is where the Sun-

day Night Vespers music comes from. We think a vote of thanks due.

**Mildred Sartor**—One the "Y" couldn't do without—also another sister; however she's a younger one.

**Patsy Schorndorfer**—The Tri K's should be well in the athletic running with Patsy presiding.

**Elizabeth Siegmund**—Found the Senior Pennant last year. Here's a challenge for the Senior-Mids.

**Billie Frank Smith**—The one who keeps the girls quiet in chapel.

**Mary Sudhoff**—"Take a lesson from the lark," is her motto or so we guessed when we heard that she was the Glee Club President.

**Helen Tibbets**—Another one of our Musicians and one to whom we owe our thanks for some "swell" dance music at the Senior Dance.

**Elizabeth Tipton**—The toast of Tip-tonville and one of the Seniors to be toasted.

**Annie Lou Wall**—Drama seems to have attracted Annie Lou. Maybe we have a Sarah Bernhard.

**Marion Weber**—She writes the bad news! That is—the secretary of Student Council.

**Mary Norman West**—One of our busier Seniors who is also studying Expression.

**Christine White**—An Alabamian. Quiet and very obliging.

**Eleonor Whitton**—A faithful worker and one to be depended on.

**Grace Willis**—A Texas Miss whose smile attracts a goodly number.

**Mary Donnan Wilson**—Agreeable and a good disposition, also ties a better bow in her hair.

**Moselle Worsley**—We really can't say what Tri K and athletics will do next year without Moselle.

around at first. She's President of Day Student Council and therefore able, with her assistants, to show you the way out!

**Juliette Craig**—Leader of the Eccowasins and, we are happy to announce, a strong day student supporter of the HYPHEN.

**Martha Craig**—A Franklinite, faith-

**Bowers**—A Ward-Belmont institution—reared within its portals as an infancy. Now a Senior and Student Editor of the Miles.

**Bratton**—A "Brat" with a perpetual grin.

**Colmery**—The helpful individual who showed you the way



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ful through the years—clever and cute, what more could you ask?

**Mae Cude**—A red-headed cousin of a red-headed faculty member and a staunch Angkor.

**Louise Douglas**—The beauty of the class in the way of eyes, and Day Student Treasurer of last year.

**Mary Wilson Gillespie**—A future biologist.

**Margaret Greene**—One you like to have around because she is, well—one of the best.

**Ruth Hopkinson**—By her hair ye shall know her. Trace the waves in her crackly black locks and know her for the First Vice-President of Day Student Council.

**Elizabeth Noce**—One of ye olde alchemists with gorgeous eyes.

**Mildred Parker**—The girl with the journalistic aspirations for a society sheet.

**Rebecca Rice**—The tall, dark, and dramatic person who serves as President of the Aristons.

**Betty Sue Robertson**—The lady with the way with words.

**Dorothy Strickland**—Watch her dance with "Brat" sometime.

**Louise Timberman**—A red-headed half-breed. She was a boarder last year.

**Lillian Walters**—To have started late, she is an excellent hockey player.

**Frances Wilkerson**—The Pythias of "Hop" but as blonde as the former's brunette. Sweet—and the proctor of Day Student Council.

Senior Class. Her enthusiasm, ability, and wholehearted interest in the class will do much to assure its success this year.

Senior Hall as a hall has two guiding influences. Mrs. Powell, hostess, in her charming manner, listens to all problems of the members of the graduating class who reside with her. Miss Reuf, as sponsor of the hall, is on hand whenever needed to boost on the Seniors.

All honor is due these three.

## FRIDAY MARKS RECOGNITION OF CLASSES

(Continued from page 1)

Corine Meyers; sponsor, Miss Blythe; D—Intermediates; president, Jane Lansden; sponsor, Miss Mosely; Alumnae; representative, Sarah Bryan; sponsor, Miss Phillips; B—Junior High School; president, Mary Hall; sponsor, Mrs. McCall; E—First Year High School; president, Adelaide Roberts; sponsor, Miss Major; L—Second Year High School; president, Ann Ganier; sponsor, Miss Nance; M—Third Year High School; president, Dorothy Proctor; sponsor, Miss Cayce; O—Fourth Year High School; president, Grace Benedict; sponsor, Miss Grizzard; N—Senior-Middles; representative, Beverly Lack; sponsor, Miss Rhea; T—Seniors; president, Edwin Schmid; sponsor, Miss O'Donnell. Mr. Riggs played the music. Miss Lydell had charge of the entire services.

## SENIOR MAINSTAYS

Along with the recognition that comes at this time of the year to the members of the Senior Class must also come mention of three members of the faculty and household. These three, Miss O'Donnell, Mrs. Powell and Miss Reuf, are a very vital part of the success of the class.

Miss Betty O'Donnell, sponsor, is on hand at all times to guide, advise, and direct the activities and plans of the

## OPERA SINGER WILL APPEAR IN CONCERT

(Continued from page 1)

year 1848, settled in Philadelphia where the family has remained ever since. In 1856 during the term of General Franklin Pierce, Matthew Missle became an American citizen. Later he legally changed the family name to Meisle, thinking it more American than the old German spelling and pronouncing it as though it were spelled "Mys-lee."

## WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of  
Ward-Belmont.

For advertising information, address Emmett Russell, Sr., Advertising Manager, 152 4th Avenue, North, Presbyterian Building, Phone 6-1171.



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## EDITORIAL

## MEMORIES

Memories are a treasure house wherein are stored dreams and achievements of the past. Songs, people and places all have a niche in our memories. Possibly our first recollection is of some toy that we were especially fond of as a small child, or the vague, half-remembered tune with which our mother used to lull us to sleep. Maybe the song our dad whistled as he bounced us on his knee, a tune that used to make us crow with delight, and which still brings a smile to our lips. Perhaps some of us remember our first pair of skates, our first Christmas when Santa Claus brought all that we asked for on our scribbled lists—the disillusionment when we discovered Santa's ruse. Whatever our memories are, they are often recalled, sometimes with pleasure; oftentimes with pain.

As we pass on into the next room of our golden storehouse, we recall those grammar school days with a quizzical smile. The rollicking days when, all year round, we wore short dresses above our bare knees and navy blue coats with important brass buttons. These were the "hide-and-seek days," the swinging and sliding days when we had not a care or bother to trouble us.

Our blue room, blue with the haze of dream, brings back to us our glorious high-school days. Then our hopes and our ambitions rose in our hearts, and we began to know the meaning of disappointment. Already our pleasures were being tinged with pain, making our memories more mellow and sweeter than ever before.

Finally, we come to that sunlit, shining room which some call college, but we call Ward-Belmont. Here we see our hopes full grown, no longer niggardly, timid hopes; but wonderful dreams realized. Here we gather our harvest of the past, only to sow our seeds for the future. The furrows are deep and the seeds have become deeply embedded in the field of our conscience and in the soil of our souls.

May our harvest be rich and plentiful so that our storehouses of memories may be overflowing with vivid recollections of our friends with whom we've worked and played and whom we've learned to love. May this room preserve the spirit of our college days at Ward-Belmont, and may it always be warm and comforting with the most beautiful memories of all.

EDWINE SCHMID, '36.

## TRIBUTE TO SENIORS

This week is Senior Week, and the Ward-Belmont spotlight is proudly focused upon one hundred girls whose mutual desire is to progress and to achieve in such a manner that in the spring they may leave the Ward-Belmont campus not as students, but as enthusiastic alumnae.

It is no wonder to the Senior-Middles that the Singing Tower looks down upon this class of '36 and smiles, for in three short weeks of close association with them, we have found such admirable qualities as a genuine understanding, and an almost indefinite patience. To us their faces are bright with intelligence, their hearts seem filled with cheerfulness and hope, while upon their lips is praise. Because we feel sure that they represent the best that is in young womanhood, we of the Senior-Middle class offer to them our heartiest congratulations, and hope that in the school days which are to come we may prove ourselves worthy of their friendships.

ANNE BROWNING, '37.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

Katherine Pearce is still in love with the "Baron" after all these months. It's really hard to believe since last year she focused her attentions on many of her various boy friends. Is it honest to goodness love, Kappy?

No excuse for homesickness now—Sue and Kim. We hear that they at last gave you a room together.

How was the breakfast last Sunday, you Del Vets? Betty Burns, from what's been mentioned, is quite a "waffle mixer," but we hope that the next time people won't "up" and get ill on them.

Coffee has acquired a real knack for teaching gym—in fact, she's getting to be a real inspiration for all of us. When are the next Olympics, Winnie?

After a long, mysterious silence from Glenn, Jeanne received a fifty-word wire from him. It was a straight telegram at that! It looks as though Miss Brigham picked a winner this time.

After five minutes' work, Meyer collected six artichokes from various people at the Senior dinner. When the blessing was said, two had disappeared—and Jane was ready to call Scotland Yard—so she said!!

Ward-Belmont welcomes Marjorie Morris with gusto! Another St. Louis woman—and we all say, more power to her!

By now, everyone should know that Webbie's family is scheduled to arrive the twenty-third of this month. Joy is written all over her face—but then we can't blame her!

Billie Frank was the much-envied girl at the Senior dinner—she had three gardenias and looked mighty pretty. We found out that it was her birthday later on in the evening, since we all got a piece of that marvelous cake from home. Happy birthday, Billie Frank—a little late but still, our good wishes are extended in all good faith!

To Nancy Hovis goes the honor of being the first Senior-Mid to go away for the week-end. Lucky bum!!

"You're an Old Smoothie" is what we would pick for Dot Gardner's theme song—just in case anybody asks us!

Curses!! Just when we get used to our dear table-mates, we switch. It then takes us a week to get up enough nerve to eat all we can hold. I've just gained five pounds and I'm worried. Maybe the switch of table will do me some good after all!

Today is a big day for the beauty parlors, since tonight is the first big dance of the year—the Seniors are entertaining the Senior-Mids. Opposite sex omitted, too! We do have fun, don't we, girls?

And did you know that Jana Longnecker is just counting the days till October 18, so she can go up to the Notre Dame Sophomore Cotillion. The officials there can't make up their mind on which orchestra should play for their boys—Johnny Hamp, Ben Pollack, or Horace Heidts. But Jana says it makes no difference to her which plays, for she'll be with Johnny.

## EAGLE FEATHER

BY HELEN TIBBETS

## SENIOR SONG

We pledge now our love for our old W.-B.  
We vow to be ever true,  
We pledge, too, our love for our dear Senior Class,  
God bless them, the old and new.  
We'll hold high those colors, the Gold and the Blue;  
Our banners shall kiss the sky,  
Our faith all resisting, our goal for life's best,  
Our motto, "to do or die."  
The joys we have here will not fly as the leaves,  
They'll last us life's journey through,  
And the love we have now for the friendships we've  
Will live in our memories, too;  
And though we must part from each other some day,  
As Seniors have parted before,  
The glorious spirit of old '36  
Will linger forevermore.

NOTE: The Senior Platform is based on the following hymn.

## WARD-BELMONT HYMN

Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,  
My daily labor to pursue,  
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know  
In all I think, or speak, or do.  
The task Thy wisdom hath assigned  
Oh let me cheerfully fulfil;  
In all my works Thy presence find,  
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

## LONGINGS

Have you ever yearned for the open sea,  
Where the wind and storms blow wild and free;  
Where the cold waves send their spray on high,  
And the sea gulls voice their eerie cry!

I long for the crashing of the surf;  
I long for the white caps on the firth.  
Where the smell of salt blows o'er the lee,  
The wind and the waves are calling me.

WINNIE COFFEE, '36

## SCHOOL REMINISCENCES

The green grass; the trees;  
The sunshine; the breeze;  
The red bricks; the tower;  
The campus and flowers—  
They live on forever—  
These, time cannot sever—  
Though memories grow dim  
We remember that hymn—  
The Bells of Ward-Belmont  
Forever and ever.

WINNIE COFFEE, '36.

## YOUNG LOVE

When I lost thee I loved so dear,  
It seemed the world must end,  
My days were years of loneliness,  
And every thought a tear.  
But now another takes the place;  
My poor heart seems to mend,  
The world goes on as thou hast gone,  
And so this love must end.

REBECCA RICE, '36

## OUR LAST GOODBYES

Did you ever think as each day goes by  
That the time is coming when you and I  
Must all in our turn our last goodbyes say  
Then pack up our trunks and go our way?

And when it's over and everything done,  
Each deed is honored, each cup is won,  
Ordered and neatly our pleasures shall be  
Packed tight away in our memory.

A. E. '36



## AGORS FIRST IN SCHOLARSHIP

Monday, October 8, Dr. Barton presented the scholarship cup for the second semester of last year to the Agor club, who thus won it for the second successive time. Their average was 1.8 which is within 2 of a "B" average. The Agora club was down with 1.77. The average for the school for this past semester is 1.57, an increase from 1.38, the score of the preceding semester. Ratings of all fourteen clubs follow:

1. Agor	1.80
2. K	1.77
3. L	1.61
4. Anti-Pan	1.58
5. Del Vers	1.57
6. Tri K	1.45
7. Osiron	1.45
8. Ariston	1.44
9. Penta Tau	1.40
10. Occowasin	1.33
11. Triad	1.22
12. P. F.	1.18
13. C. C.	1.03

## WORK OF THE "Y"

With academic work for the year under way, the Y.W.C.A. has begun its year with extensive plans for committee and unit work. At first cabinet meeting, plans were made for individual committee meetings before and after dinner every week. The last week of October is to plan community service trips.

Already some of the committees have begun their actual work. Last day afternoon at 2:30, a group of girls left by taxi to visit the Junior Crippled Hospital for Crippled Children. They were: Rachael Brauer, Ania Collins, Allie Lou Broderick, Alfred Stallings, Virginia Sherwood, Virginia Koelker, Mary S. Lewis, Virginia Nesbitt, and Charlene. When they reached the hospital, they separated and played games or read to the children, who all charity cases gathered from the entire state of Tennessee. Mary Milton Bracken is the chairman of the committee and under her are: Dorie Ashcroft, vice-chairman, and Charlotte Chatham, secretary-treasurer. These sub-officers were elected at their first committee meeting, which was held on October 1, at 5:45.

A group of girls under Mildred Over visited the play hour of the Tennessee Children's Home last Sunday at 2:00. They were: Letitia Rose, Peggy Smith, Patty Smith, Mary DuVernet, Jane Jones, Edrie Over, Virginia Bonnet, Genevieve Nash, Margaret Ann Rhodes, Teddy Nash, and Mildred Sartor, chairman. Mary Beth Caton is vice-chairman of this committee; Dorothy Martin, the treasurer, and Martha Owen, the secretary.

On Thursday night at 7:00, Mary Owen, Frances Shelby, Marion Doerflinger, Calhoun, and Anna May Smith, members of Mary Norman's committee, made their first trip to the surgical and medical wards of the Vanderbilt Hospital. The chairman of this committee is Frances Prince; the secretary, Marion Over, and the treasurer, Sue Elliott. Their first meeting, sub-committees are also appointed.

On Sunday, October 13, the Y.W.C.A. is conducting a trip to the Hermitage, conducting 24 girls sign up.

The Hermitage is the very interesting home of the late Andrew Jackson, fourth president of the United States.

## CAMPAIGN ENDS IN TRIPLE TIE

Monday, October 7, saw the end of a highly successful HYPHEN campaign. Competition was hot and heavy for all four days, but the surprise of the season and the climax of the contest was the Monday night spurt of Senior, Pembroke, and Fidelity Halls that landed them all in the 100% Paradise. Heron, the high school hall, led all others up until Monday and turned in a 92.6% final score. Founders was somewhat handicapped by the illness of their hostess, Mrs. Weedan, and could not stage any Monday night rally. Their percentage was 66.6.

Omitting the day students who turned in a disappointing 7%, the percentage for the school is 91.8% which is extremely good. Out of the whole boarding department, only twenty-one failed to subscribe. With day students counted in, the school percentage is 77.7%.

The success of the entire campaign may be attributed to the splendid work of Betty Burns, Circulation Manager, and her untiring assistants, who were Peggy Dickinson, who tried hard to rouse her day students, Sally Paine, Joanne Yantes and Virginia Hardisty, hall campaigners for the three 100% buildings, Glee Calloway, who did so well with the Preps in Heron, and Virginia Piper, of Founders.

THE HYPHEN staff wishes to express its appreciation of the students' loyal support and in return will try to give them the best paper ever. Announcements have been made to the effect that the staff is anxious for more try-outs but it wishes to add that if the students have any constructive criticism, it will be accepted cheerfully and intelligently.

## SPONSOR CHOSEN

At a meeting of the Senior-Mids last week, Dr. Linda Rhea was chosen sponsor of the class for the coming year. Miss Rhea, who is chairman of the English Composition Department here, was formerly a student of Ward-Belmont. She has received several degrees, including Bachelor of Arts Degree, Master of Arts Degree in English and Ph.D. Degree at Vanderbilt, and Master of Arts Degree in History at Columbia. Her doctors dissertation, which she wrote at Vanderbilt, is "Hugh Swinton Legare." She has also done book reviewing for the Nashville Banner. The freshman class considers itself very fortunate in having Miss Rhea as sponsor.

## Y.W.C.A. Opens Doors

Sunday, September 29, was marked by an impressive vespers ceremony, at which time the Y.W.C.A. explained its plans for the year. Jane Planigan, president of the Y.W.C.A., presided over the service. Before presenting the chairman, Jane presented the officers: Minnie Maude May, first vice-president; Evelyn McCall, second vice-president; Virginia Piper, secretary; and Laura Mae Carpenter, treasurer; the chairman of the various committees solicited members by explaining their individual aims.

Minnie Maude May requested that those girls experienced in Sunday school work join her committee and aid in the discussing of modern student problems.

If a student likes to plan parties and make visits to interesting places like the Vanderbilt Observatory, Virginia Varga is eager to have her help in the line of entertainment.

In order to enable students to form a closer fellowship with God and one another, Evelyn McCall and her Worship Committee are planning services of meditation.

Ruth Pinkham heads the community "Y" Tours Committee which plans to

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make interesting trips to the Juvenile Court and Settlement Houses.

As current events play such a vital part in every-day life, Martha Merryday invited the students to make a closer study of the day's happenings through her publicity and industrial committee.

If one is interested in entertaining little children, she is urged to join with Mildred Sartor and Teddy Krauss in their work at the Tennessee Children's Home. On the other hand, if one prefers to bring happiness into the lives of the unfortunate girls of her own age, Mamie Jones would appreciate her joining the committee of the Home for Girls.

Mary Norman West, chairman of the Vanderbilt Hospital committee,

cited some cases wherein the Ward-Belmont girls had helped cheer up those who were ill. Elizabeth Pipton told of the good times that are to be had by visiting and planning entertainment for the Old Ladies' Home. Examples of how disabled children can be amused and benefited were given by Mary Bracken, chairman of the Junior League Hospital for Crippled Children committee.

Leora Hill gave an interesting account of the good that the World-Fellowship committee is accomplishing in out-of-the-way sections of the world.

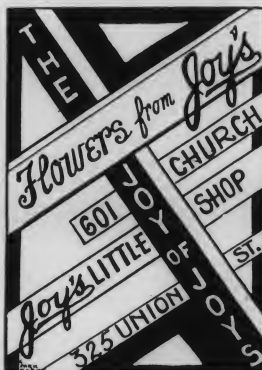
In conclusion, Marjorie Crume emphasized the value to be received from becoming a "Y" member, and urged every girl to sign up for the work in which she was most interested.

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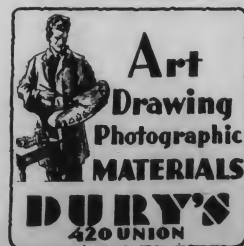


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## CLUB CHATTER

### Angora

It looks like a good year for hockey this year and with Ruth Jones as hockey manager, we are hoping to win a few of the games.

Besides Ruth's ability as Hockey Manager, she was elected Vice-President of the club. Emalou Florey was elected treasurer, but as yet the Secretary has not been chosen.

We are right proud of ourselves to think we won second place in the Scholarship Cup Race; of course we wish that it might have been first place, but we figure there's still another chance.

It seems that we have a lot of good talent in the club. Mary Sudoff who sang at the Senior Tea was one of our girls. We hope that we have some new girls just as good, and we feel sure after seeing them Wednesday night, that there are a lot of them.

Have you heard about the Saturday night waffle supper? It seems that Ruth Jones, Jane Berger, Anna Lou Wall, and Mary Leslie Cook, had a—should we say "luscious" one. We hope to find out about the next one sooner.

There's a grand year ahead we are certain, what with our new pledges and fine beginning.

### A. K.

It seemed funny, didn't it, with such a few girls at club meeting; but it's much better now with the new girls with us. To celebrate, we all had dinner down at the club house before the regular meeting Wednesday. It was fun getting together and knowing each other better. During Mary Ann's talk each one of us resolved to do our best.

Speaking of nice things, last year's president and another A. K. sent us a telegram the night of initiation.

### Angkor

Twenty-five Angkors are out for hockey. Though the game is new to a good many we ought to be able to get a team out of that many. Margaret Greene is hockey manager. She with Woopa, Evelyn, Grace, Martha Greene, and a few others are old hands at the game so with them to back us up we're really going to try to keep the cup we won last year.

This is the first time we've had a chance to congratulate ourselves on our new President, Evelyn Braden. No one could have been more faithful to the club through all these years, and we think that her acting as President her last year in school is fitting reward.

Let us brag a little now. Did you notice in chapel Thursday that all four high-school class presidents were Angkors? The Freshman President, Adelaide Roberts, is one of our new girls. She certainly started out fine. While we're on the subject of Angkors in the public eye we'd like to mention Dot, who's Day Student Council President, and Jane Vance, who serves as High School Representative in the same organization.

Three pairs of sisters grace our club roster. The Conneluses, Woopa and Jane, and the Greenes, Margaret and Martha. If Judy Davis just hadn't gone away to school this year we could add her and her sister Jane.

### Anti-Pan

The first club column of the year should have something about our new girls. So in order that you may know our recently-acquired Anti-Pans, we'll give you some of their chief characteristics:

Mary Hamilton Bracken—Cute freckles.

Mary Bryn—The largest knot of hair on the campus.

Mary Margaret Peebles—Has a decided resemblance to the winsome Virginia Richey.

Edrie Oliver—Gossip goes that she's supposed to be "kin" to the one and only Frederic March.

Ruth Carr—A Kappa before she came to Ward-Belmont, instead of after.

Betty Jane Galt—The gal who got the broke. Her mother stayed with her nearly a week at the beginning of school until the strangeness wore off.

Audrey Jones—Came from a stricter school than Ward-Belmont.

Anne and Martha Browning—Twins, and very cute ones.

Charlotte Fogg—"The Girl with the Dreamy Eyes."

Felicia Mongone—As striking looking as her name.

Virginia Battle—With the kind of complexion you dream about.

That's only a few of the girls, but all the adjectives have run out.

Initiation was a grand success, even though the eight old girls had their hands mightily full getting all twenty-three of them in, in the allotted time. No slips, no stinks, and no errors—well done, sisters, well done.

### Ariston

Because so many of our girls graduated last year 'way over half of the Aristons are this year's crop. Our President, Rebecca Rice, was here last year, however, and is capable of telling us how and why things should be done.

Tennis plays an important part in the lives of a great many Aristons. Among the most enthusiastic is Dorothy Evans; she's won her first match, by the way.

### Del Vers

The new members of the club got their first real voice in the activities of the club Wednesday night when two new officers were elected. The offices filled were: Secretary, Elizabeth Doty, and Sergeant of Arms, Glee Calloway. Also we are depending on another one of our new girls for a good hockey team. The girl is Jane Elliott, our new Hockey Manager.

After election of officers, Miss Hollinger spoke to the club on its history. An open forum was held after her talk to clear up any details concerning club life which might be troubling both new and old members.

The only thing as yet which bothers your club reporter is the club song. She hardly thinks the girls have heard it enough.

### Eccowasin

Well, it's just about time to get down to work and stop dreaming about last summer's vacation. We've been all a-flutter since school started telling about the trip, or the camp, or the country or, in general, everything we did.

All the old Eccowasin girls were thrilled over our new members. We have a newcomer to Nashville, Jean Ann Allen. We hope she will like our fair city as well as our Alma Mater. Jean Wetterman, May Evelyn's sister, is another new member. We are always happy to have little sisters. The other new members are Shelly Cabell, Frances Carter, Margaret Giles, Virginia Love Graves, and Marguerite Wallace. They were initiated last Tuesday with our President, Juliette Craig, presiding, assisted by the Vice-President, Shirley Leake, and by our sponsor, Mrs. Shackelford. We also have Sara Godpasture back with us after she spent a year away at boarding school. After the formal initiation the secretary and treasurer for the present year were elected. Jean Ewing was elected secretary, and Margaret Glasgow, treasurer.

Everyone is all pepped up over the hockey game this fall. We are expecting the best season ever.

### F. F.

The two old members of the F. F. Club, Elizabeth Evans and Kathryn Hays, with their sponsor, Miss Ruef,

entertained the new members of club with a formal dinner Wednesday night at the F. F. Club house.

Betty Martin and Eula Lee Harburton seem to be the most enthusiastic tennis players of the F. F. This keeps up, the club ought to have a couple of stars. More power to you girls!

### Osiron

Last Wednesday night we Osiron were certainly enlightened as to talents we have in our fair club. Our year promises to be one of the most outstanding in the history of the club if all the members are as brilliant as year as they were the other night. Most of the girls shyly admitted to though they couldn't really do anything, they just loved sports.

According to those reports, we are going to have super-super team work with all these husky athletes. But brains and "muzzle" aren't our only accomplishments. Brains also triumph. One of the girls sang a popular piece and sang it very nicely too. We had to hear more from her later on.

The girls played popular pieces on the piano, so we won't ever lack dance music if the radio and the victrola give out because we have both of them and the famous Helen now. There was the girl who played a classical piece and a girl who spoke French, piece for us. Somewhere about love, we believe, if our French isn't too rusty. So, you see, we are limited to this country only. The height of the entertainment was "Dress Rehearsal," a monologue recited by a very talented young lady, who practically had us on the floor laughing at her. Let's hope she knows a more.

We heard that two of the girls went down to the club house alone for the first time Saturday night and found it empty, also for the first time. They were scared all the time that someone would come down there with a date. We have only one "prep" in the club. She is Eloise Jeter, granddaughter of Mrs. Jeter, our club mother. She is also the daughter of an Osiron.

Weren't we proud of the many girls from Osiron that hold offices were up on the platform in chapel and on the floor? And Helen Jones, too, so dignified!

We're sure we're going to have our grandest year we've ever had.

### Penta Tau

There's a group of twenty-five girls who feel that they've acquired certain dignity since initiation night at Penta Tau's club house.

These twenty-five are quickly getting to be old girls, as they are ready talking about "our new green rug and the lovely re-cover, flowered, blocked linen couch-cover." They've even observed that the Penta Tau's have a little distinction of their own; Penta means Five, and Penta Tau clubhouse is No. 5. How can anyone possibly lose her way knowing this?

These new girls have been elected to the citizenship cup, the standards of the club, etc. All necessary hints were given in a meeting, called Thursday afternoon, September 24th. The same night, the five old girls had dinner at the clubhouse to discuss their plans for social activities of the year, and perhaps a few secrets.

### T. C. Club

"Welcome" to you new girls, we're glad to have you with us and we know you'll help us "do the year up right." West Virginia seems well represented this year, what with the Hardesty sisters, Juanita Stewart, Dorothy G. and the two old "gals," Jane Meyer and Frances Prince. We almost had a club within a club.

Big things went on at the T. C. Club House Sunday morning. A breakfast of grapefruit, chicken, etc. (Continued on page 8)

## PRESBYTERIAN LADIES

There are "Ward's Ducks"  
And "Price's Babies,"  
But none so fair  
As "Belmont's Ladies."

When they marched down Eighth Avenue, prim and precise in their tailored suits. "Ward's Ducks" were on their way to Sunday services with the Presbyterian group leading the way, and the Methodists, Christians, Baptists, Episcopalians following.

Across the street, "Price's Babies" might be seen in similar formation. They were only one of the many groups from girls' schools in Nashville. And "Price's Ladies" gave a rather distinguished appearance. But no one failed to notice "Ward's Ducks," the usual Sunday flock following their beloved chaplain "waddled" along in front, leading the way to devotionals.

After "Ward's Ducks" joined the "Belmont Ladies" and formed Ward-Belmont, they no longer marched in groups down Eighth Avenue. Street cars were convenient. All the Presbyterians took the first car, the Methodists the second, etc.

Today the Presbyterians are still leading in numbers. If Ward-Belmont boarding students gathered in denominational groups Sunday, approximately eighty-five Presbyterians would lead the line. Then would follow thirty-four Methodists, thirty-eight Episcopalians, thirty-four Baptists, six Christian Scientists, fourteen Congregationalists, and several Christians, Jews, and Jewish.

The faculty might vary from this formation. The Methodists would lead, including Dr. Barton, Dean Burk, Mrs. Bryan, the Presbyterians, Miss Clark, Mr. Benedict and others.

The students, however, form a larger group. Last year they could have been the faculty, since the Methodists had the lead. But this year the trend is adhering to Calvin's religion, Presbyterian. "What is to be will be," is the largest percentage of Ward-Belmont girls.

but this is the day that turned out to be gray, dull, and murky—Sunny Tennessee for aye! But, nevertheless, we all looked rather nice, in our white with our little yellow roses pinned on the shoulder, marching down the aisle. "To think, to say, and to do." That's the finest motto I've ever heard, I do believe. And if we could all live up to it, well, that would be finer! Edwina has what it takes to get up and deliver speeches. And Woopa's was mighty dandy too, though she seemed to be having trouble with her legs. They just wouldn't be steady.

Had our pictures taken—Nough said about that, as far as I'm concerned.

Tuesday—

The Senior dinner, and just when we all thought that Miss Sisson had forgotten all about us, in she walked, and did we "go to town" on that good fried chicken then! I never saw such a hungry bunch. I guess everyone stayed away from the tearoom in the afternoon anticipating the big dinner, and consequently had empty stomachs. And dancing down there was such fun. Who said dancing with girls isn't fun? I could name several girls who can lead as good as any boy you've ever danced with.

And was Frances Pierce ever thrilled at getting a certain package last night. She really rated, then, for the content of said package was lovely. And they say it's a young doctor! (Not the content, my frens, but the sender.)

And her roomie, Billie Frank, came to the dinner looking most charming with three gardenias on the shoulder of a dark green velvet dress. Yes, it's her birthday, and her suitemates, bless their hearts, sent the flowers.

## SPORTS IN FULL SWING

The Ward-Belmont sports are in full swing! The tennis tournament has finally gotten underway and some of the enthusiasts have been getting up at the crack of dawn and playing until dark. The Senior-Mids have several good players in their midst, but the Seniors also have Margaret Greene and "Woopa" Cornelius to uphold their honor.

Hockey, as usual, at this time of the year holds the center of the stage. Kimmel, Elliott, Allison, and a few others are already getting in full swing on the field.

By this time, all of the girls have either rented or bought shin guards for their own and the rented guards for the most part have lots of history behind them. Maybe they were responsible for the victory of the Seniors in the Senior-Senior-Middle battle of five years ago.

Observant students have noticed that the cement volley ball court has some new black lines painted on it and that means that badminton will soon be added to the wonderful variety of sports offered at Ward-Belmont.

## PRACTICE BEGINS

Once again the residents of Founders and Fidelity Halls will be disturbed by various kinds of music from the Chapel on Monday nights. The Ward-Belmont Orchestra has begun to tune up for another year of practice.

Work was begun at the first meeting on Monday night, October 7, at which time the orchestra was organized. Kenneth Rose, director of the Department of Violin, directs the orchestra and has as his assistants: Annie Lou Wall, president, and Marjorie Gunn, secretary. The members are very enthusiastic about making this a very successful year.

Any student who is interested in such work and thinks she has the ability to play should try out for the orchestra.

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## DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

Tuesday—

Normal initiation at club tonight. It was all very impressive, but if there had been 24 girls, instead of 23, I'm sure the whole club would have had more fire for the rest of the evening.

My, yes, and does the bed ever get good!

Met Pascoe was a sight to behold! In her Dad's old-fashioned closet she had purchased a pair of green pajamas, and donned them the first time. The whole floor in an uproar. And did she look like a—sleeves down to the floor! Baggy pants rolled up, jacket tucked in so it wouldn't look like a coat—need I go any farther?

W-B. Grotz, one of the sweetest in W-B. turned out last year, was very bad car accident at her house, and is seriously injured. I, for one, put in a little word for her at the end of my prayers last night when I was blessing all the "dear folks."

Did you?

Tuesday—

The World Series is certainly distracting for a *femme* who industriously tries to study. I simply can't keep up power enough to shut the book off, and I find when I try to do things at once (does anybody say "be done") the ball game in the realm of Shakespeare. My mate and I are vigorously upholding our own ball club, and if some of our armistice aren't come to us, we're going to have a knock-out, draw-out battle about my Cubs, her Tigers.

Dressed in my black, oh, isn't there a station anymore? and went to see the show appropriately titled "The Goose and the Gander." The poor brain was in a muddle when I got out.

And school goes on, and work goes on, and eating goes on, and sleeping on, and here I go for the bed.

Good-night!

Wednesday—

And the days are really flying! The week here lasted for eons and eons, but now Christmas is just around the corner, just 74 days!

Am I stiff and sore? We girls, who hadn't had a hard day all summer, really got our muscles stretched. I feel like I'd been stretched through a wringer, and all I was run down the field, swinging stick, missing the ball every time I swung my way. And I hear Fundamentals of the Dance (that name fascinates me, somehow) has laid many a low at first. I saw Jane Suiter,

Audrey Jones, and various other Senior-Mids painfully drag themselves up the stairs. It really must be fundamental!

Saturday—

And now there's the story of the girl who, when the hot water in the tub wouldn't turn on, with a glass transferred water from the lavatory to the tub. And so she took a bath! No, I shouldn't believe it either, but 'seem' is believin'. All I can say is, she must have enjoyed the bath.

To town again to another show! I don't think we could get along without the grand shows Nashville has. All the girls came home madly in love with Robert Taylor. He's what one would call God's gift to women!

Who would think that Jane Flannigan and Jeanne Brigham hailed from Ward-Belmont? They really went to a football game—wait, let me finish—with dates, and no chaperons. It's things like that that make us think that we're really in a modern girls' school. And Kappy Pierce went to a football game too, but not the Vandy one. She, the lucky bum, went a-visiting on us!

Jane Longnecker tried an Eleanor Powell act up the steps of Senior Hall and fell flat—Otherwise it was a perfect imitation!

Sunday—

Our old friend Gilbertine Moore came to see some of her old Ward-Belmont pals, and made them green with jealousy when she casually remarked that there was a carful of boys down on the campus waiting for her. And to think that last year she was in our boots.

Blossom Roark is back with us. She didn't bother to let the school know she was coming. But imagine her surprise when a chaperon walked up and asked her if she was from Ward-Belmont. But it so happened she wasn't the *only* female arriving at the station headed for our school. So she didn't get the thrill after all of arriving at the school alone.

The new system of chapel seats was initiated tonight. It was nice to sit with whomever you wanted, but there was a minor stampede up around where the slips had to be put. Such a small box for all the slips! Something tells me it won't last long, for some of us had to wait years to push our slip in.

Eliza's O. A. O. came today. So what! Nothing, but you know that doesn't happen to all of us.

Monday—

Yes, and this is the day that they call Senior Day. And this is the day that should have been nice and balmy, 'seem' as how we had to don white,

## HAVE YOU READ?

Among the many new books which have been coming into the library this fall, the titles listed below have received much favorable comment. Some have enjoyed the story, others the characterization; to some the setting and its description has had special appeal; while to others, the humorous presentation of the subject has meant an evening of keen enjoyment.

*Lucy Gayheart*, by Willa Cather. This is a delicate portrayal of Lucy's love for Sebastian, its effect upon her music study and the tragic ending of two lives.

*Jake*, by Naomi Royde-Smith. Young Jake Moore is a musical genius whose convincing story, Miss Royde-

Smith tells in descriptive writing full of tenderness and humor, and even a spicy dash of irony.

*Queen Victoria*, by E. F. Benson. "To Victoria, Albert, and Edward the informality of his method contrives, by means of acute observations which have the manner of afterthoughts, to give a new familiarity so that one begins to feel as if one were a regular visitor at Windsor's domestic tea-parties."

*Vain of Iron*, by Ellen Glasgow. In a narrative sustained and given color by wit, by insight, tenderness, and the sense of beauty, we see a vein of iron—courage—work its way through the lives of the Fincastle family and the proud rebellious boy who loves Ada, the daughter of the family.

*Britannia Waives the Rules*, by Frances Douglas and Thelma Lecoq. This is a hilarious book which claims to be "a confidential guide to the customs, manners and habits of the nation of Shopkeepers" by Frances Douglas (who has never been to Britain) and Thelma Lecoq (who has).

*Shakespeare—and That Crush*, by Richard Dark, is a humorous and satiric treatment of English Literature. The well known school subject receives a bright and happy interpretation that the familiar characters and events take on the modern dress of a *Vanity Fair* caricature.

## CLUB CHATTER

(Continued from page 6)

and coffee, was enjoyed by all. After gorging for fully an hour we decided to call it "quits" and settle down to some earnest photographing. Every one wore their best smiles for the photographers and really good pictures are expected—

Jean Gill was elected for the office of Athletic Manager and she looks as though she'll be the "tops"! Now, all we need is the hockey team—it seems as though most of our girls have heart trouble or something equally as bad. Oh, well, we ought to get a good archery team out of them.

Mention should be made of our brand new sponsor—Miss Betty O'Donnell. She's really grand, and we want her to know that we appreciate her. She's an old T. C. and one of the best.

## Triad

Hockey is our diet right now. We got to the finals last year and we are determined to do even better this time. Some say we have excellent new material. At any rate we know how good two old stars are, our president, Marion Latta, at inner, and Peggy Wrenne at wing. The latter is about the fastest thing on two feet.

From afar, well Franklin anyway, comes Dot King, one of our new girls. You see, Triad fame has spread to the far corners of the earth. Another new member is a "little sister"—Lillian Shacklett, to be exact.

## Tri K

Now that the excitement of rushing and initiation is over, we can settle down to real club business.

Our new members were duly impressed by the initiation, for which we are thankful. We celebrated the occasion by having ice cream and luscious devil's food cake. By the way, it was Sue Elliott's birthday! Sue admits that she had a much happier birthday than she ever expected to have so far away from home. "Nothing like killing two birds with one stone," we heard one Tri K say, in speaking of the evening.

We are mighty proud of everyone of our new girls and expect them all to do big things for Tri K this year. Speaking of new girls, we hear that Margaret Thrower paid all of her dues (\$15.00) the day after she was initiated. We think she catches on quick, don't you? (A hint for all the rest of the members!) And not forgetting the old girls, to Mary Donnan goes the honor of being the first one to have her dues in!!

## X. L. Club

Isn't it grand to see all the new members running in and out of the club? It really makes us old girls feel at home again.

Margaret Baker who has been in the infirmary for the last week was given formal initiation Wednesday night. We are glad she's well again and glad to have her for one of our girls.

To entertain our new members, we had a feast of hamburgers Wednesday night. It was all so good, including the "drumsticks" for dessert. So here's to the big plans and ambitions ahead of us for this year.

## FACULTY ENTERTAINED

Dr. and Mrs. Barton entertained honor of the members of the hold and faculty at tea at their home on Wednesday afternoon, October 1.

The guests were received by Dr. and Mrs. Barton, Miss Ellene Kane, Miss Mary Norris, Mrs. Joseph Burk, and Miss Alma Paine between the hours of four and six. Tea served from a long table centered with fall flowers and yellow candelabra. Mrs. Helen E. Rose, Mrs. A. B. Reddick, Miss Emma I. Sisson and Mrs. J. W. Charlton presided at the table throughout the afternoon.

Assisting in the serving were Miss Betty O'Donnell, Miss Mary Elizabeth Cayce, Mrs. Henry Winford, Mr. Richard Estes, Miss Kate Killian and Miss Marian Merriweather.

## YOU SHOULD KNOW—

The striking president of the Senior Class, her name is Edwina Schaefer and she comes from St. Louis. Her high-school days were spent at Webster Groves High School in Webster Groves, a suburb of St. Louis. Though she never did as much administrative work there as she has at Ward-Belmont, she was most interested in the Glee Club and opera. Quite naturally, musically inclined, she is, she loves to dance. Edwina has high ideas for the future. When she completes her work here, she is going on to the Washington University at St. Louis and then to Johns Hopkins to study to be a dermatologist. Here all kinds of good luck for Edwina.

You should know the vice-president of the Senior Class, Elizabeth C. Cullenius, a Day Student. To have been here only two years she has had finger in as many different activities as is physically possible. For enthusiasm and humor she can't be topped. This year, "Woopa" is a member in the Glee Club, French Club, Dramatic Club, and anything else offered. You don't know her now, you will not worry. She also draws and paints the piano.

You should know Ruth Carr, treasurer. She certainly honors Ward-Belmont in the fact that she has come the way from Windsor, Ontario, to school. Last year she went to Michigan State. She expects to go back to Michigan State to graduate, then Wisconsin for still another degree and then she hopes that she may be an orphan asylum. Ruth loves to play golf and to read. Ward-Belmont is proud to have her here.

You should know Nelle Jane Rans, secretary. She comes from Sapulpa, Oklahoma. This is the second year she has attended Ward-Belmont. She enjoys all activities and all sports. She is taking a certificate Art Course, and may be found at most any time sitting on the campus drawing. She plans to attend the University of Oklahoma next year.

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# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIV

Nashville, Tenn., October 19, 1935

Number 5

## LECTION RETURNS SENIOR-MIDDLE CLASS ANNOUNCED

### Hamilton Chosen President

Thursday, October 17, the Senior-Middle class held their annual election. Excitement ran high as members of the class settled in places ready to write the name of the candidate. After the auditorium and the nominees were presented, each officer was voted on; and known by results that were announced on Thursday, the following were elected for the year 1935-36: President, Emily Hamilton; Vice-President, Anne Huddleston; Secretary, Dorothy Martin; Treasurer, Mathews; Day Student Treasurer, Margaret Giles; and class representative for HYPHEN, Anna May Moul. At the election, the second vice-president of the Student Council, who was a member of the Senior-Middle class, had been acting as temporary president until the election was over. The class expresses its thanks very much for the work she has

Rhea was presented as class officer. She expressed her appreciation of being chosen by the class. She said the traditions that had been set out by previous Senior-Middle classes at Ward-Belmont, and of the she had of that which the class accomplish this year. The class to have a picnic very soon. Plans for the picnic will be discussed at the next meeting.

## CLUB MAKES YEAR'S PLANS

A new organization, The Art Club, formed on the campus last March. At that time the following officers were elected: President, Emalou Florence; Vice-President, Beverly Lack; Secretary, Rozelle Emery; Treasurer, Ma Kemp. The club is sponsored by the School of Art.

The president is glad to announce the application for membership in the American Federation of Arts, a national organization for the cultivation of arts, has been approved. So far three exhibits have been secured. They are: Illuminated Manuscripts in French, Italian, Spanish, English, and Dutch; designs in printing and weaving silks; and an International Scholastic Exhibition assembled from the annual exhibition organized by the Scholastic Art Society. These exhibits will be on display throughout the year in the art gallery, School of Art, third floor of the building. The public is invited to attend.

(Continued on page 3)

## "Y" CALENDAR

Monday, October 20—  
8:30 A.M.—Sunday School  
1:15 P.M.—Play hour at the Tennessee Children's Home  
3:30 P.M.—Play hour at the Junior League Home for Crippled Children  
6:00 P.M.—Vespers. Speaker: Dr. John Hill  
Tuesday, October 22—  
9:00 P.M.—Visit to the wards of Vanderbilt Hospital  
Wednesday, October 23—  
6:00 P.M.—Community Tour to Bethlehem Center  
Thursday, October 24—  
8:30 P.M.—Dance in the Gym.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

There's an indefinable clan spirit in the busy little community which has grown up in the last ten years within the shadow of Singing Tower. And true to tradition, this spirit is evident in the club names.

These fourteen clans are friendly neighbors who, nevertheless, insist upon their individual creeds. But practically the only hints as to their secrets are to be derived from their names.

*Agora* was a market place of the ancient Greek cities. Likewise, the seat of the Agoras in club village is the center of gatherings and community discussions.

A. K. insists upon typical girls, and consequently, is the All-Round Klub. The group with the most fantastical background is the *Anti-Pans*. Disdaining to follow the impetuous maid Pandora, they declare themselves Anti-Pandoras. Thus they will restrain all malicious thoughts and evil sprites. The *Del Versa* belong to the class who must always satisfy an insatiable curiosity. But theirs is an intellectual curiosity, such as is shown by their name of *Delves*.

Remaining loyal to their first group, the Friendly Fifty, the F. F.'s, uphold a double standard of Friendship and Fidelity.

The *Ostrons*, however, have a code which embodies the letters of their name: Originality, Sincerity, Interest, Right, Objective, and Nobleness.

Think, Act, and Use," say the *Penta Teus* who were made group five (Penta) when the clubs were first designated to their houses.

An ultra-modern group, the T. C.'s, insist upon being regarded as the Twentieth Century Club.

The *Tri K's* remain loyal to Kubla Khan, a wise old Mongolian ruler who was known for his good citizenship. Theirs is the three K club—Kubla Khan Klub.

The X.L.'s hint at their original number of forty. And this first group started the aim of Excelling.

This includes the ten groups in the immediate vicinity of Club Village. The remaining four, who are equally significant, are more or less nomadic.

The *Aristos* declare themselves "the best." The Greek word "ariston" is the singular of "aristos" which is the superlative of the word meaning "good."

The *Angkor* derive their name from a temple in India.

*Eccovasin* is an Indian word meaning "Be All and Give All."

The *Triads* have a three-fold purpose—social, civil and athletic.

"The Fourteen" rule supreme, and by their names ye shall know them.

## START PICTURES FOR YEARBOOK

The Schumacher Studio will start taking the student pictures for the Milestones, Ward-Belmont yearbook on Monday, October 21st. During student pictures will be taken here on campus in the room back of the large mirror by North Front entrance. The hours will be from 1:30 to 5:30 on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Each girl is urged to keep the appointment she made at her club house.

The day students are to go to the Schumacher Studios on Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays for their pictures. Both boarding and day students are to bring \$1.25 when they come for their sittings.

Black drapes with a soft, horizontal neckline and black backgrounds will be used in all the pictures.

Martha Kiger, Editor, announced that the complete personnel of the yearbook staff will appear in next week's HYPHEN. Work on snapshots for the book has been in progress since the beginning of school, girls having been appointed in each club to be responsible for her club's snapshot section.

Secrecy concerning the theme, dedication, and color scheme of the book is maintained until its presentation in chapel approximately a week before the close of school.

## "CAPTIVATORS"

Plans are being made to reorganize the student jazz orchestra of last year. Winnie Coffee, past director of the "Captivators," wishes to announce that all girls who can play any sort of popular musical instrument, such as drums, banjo, or clarinet, are invited to try out by notifying either herself (Winnie Coffee) or Helen Tibbets.

This band that is being organized again, last year played at tea dances, club dinners, and student affairs. It afforded excellent music, as well as great entertainment for both players and listeners.

## ANNUAL PEANUT WEEK OPENS

Next Monday is the first day of Peanut Week, sponsored by the Entertainment Committee of the Y.W.C.A. Its purpose is to have the girls become better acquainted with one another. Every year Peanut Week is conducted in a different manner. The mystery of what is going to happen next, only adds to the fun.

In chapel Monday, Peanut Week will be presented. At the close of the program, Y members will pass among the students distributing a "peanut" to every girl. The nuts will have been taken from the shells and a girl's name substituted. Each girl is to be the so-called "shell" of the girl whose name she has received. All week she is supposed to do nice, little things for her, not spending over five cents a day.

All week posters will appear serving to throw some light on the mysteries of Peanut Week.

A large dance in the gym Saturday night will bring Peanut Week to a close. Saturday the "shell" are to send notes to their girls telling them in what way they will be able to recognize them at the dance.

In former years, many fast friendships have resulted from this week.

## WORDSMITHS CHOSEN

Six girls have been accepted as new members of Wordsmith, the literary organization of the college department. These girls were chosen on the merit of work submitted in a contest open to all Ward-Belmont college students. They are Virginia White, Louise Baxter, Genevieve Marsh, Eleanor Whitson, Anne Turner, and Louise Matthews.

Another contest will be held in January and all of the old members of Wordsmith hope that students who tried out this time and were not accepted, or any other girls who are interested, will enter the mid-semester contest.

## SCHOOL PRESENTS ROY UNDERWOOD IN THURSDAY CONCERT

### Program Well Balanced

Roy Underwood, who heads the department of piano in the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, will be presented in his annual school concert Thursday evening, October 24th, at 8:15 o'clock. Mr. Underwood made his debut before a Ward-Belmont audience last fall and at that time was very well received. Since then he has appeared in numerous concerts throughout Tennessee. Within the last week he appeared in recitals at Cookeville, Crossville, and Monterey. Next Tuesday he will play before a Springfield audience.

Mr. Underwood is a graduate of the Julliard Musical Foundation in New York, and holds the degree of Bachelor of Science from Bethany College. He studied with Mollie Margolies of Chicago Musical College, and was awarded a scholarship by the Julliard Musical Foundation. He has studied piano with Oliver Denton and Alexander Siloti, composition with Walingford Riegger and Rubin Goldmark, and conducting with Albert Stoessel. He has also had noteworthy success as a concert pianist, appearing with such artists as Kathryn Meisle, Marie Kurenko, Armand Tokatyan, Mario Chamlee, Lucella Mellius and others. He came to Ward-Belmont last fall from the University of Kansas where for four years he was a member of the School of Music faculty.

(Continued on page 3)

## CLASSES CHOOSE ALL OFFICERS

All high-school classes have held elections for their officers. All of the Presidents except for the Freshman Class were chosen last spring. However, the girl whom the Juniors elected did not return to Ward-Belmont this year so their President as well as their other officers were elected during the past weeks. The entire list of high school class officers are as follows:

Senior class: President, Grace Benedict; Vice-President, Barbara Leake; Secretary, Betty Rye; Treasurer, Shirley Leake. The class sponsor is Miss Grizzard.

Junior class officers are: President, Dorothy Proctor; Vice-President, Llewellyna Granbury; Secretary, Lawrence Butler; Treasurer, Susan Cheek. The sponsor is Miss Cayce.

Anne Ganier is President of the Sophomore class; Martha Roth is Vice-President; Ann Hardeman is Secretary, and Sue Perkins Craig, Treasurer. Miss Nance is sponsor.

Adelaide Roberts is President of the Freshman class. The Vice-Presidency is held by Frances Carter. Mary Alene Edwards is Secretary, and Lillian Shacklett, Treasurer. The Freshman sponsor is Miss Major.

## CHAPEL SCHEDULE

### Week of October 21st

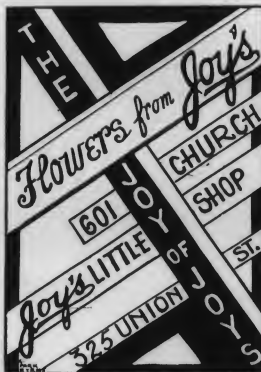
Monday, October 21—Talk on Howard Weedan, Southern Poet, by Miss Elizabeth Price.  
Wednesday, October 23—Speaker to be announced later.  
Friday, October 25—Program by the Diploma and Certificate Expression Students.

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## CLASS DAY SPEECH BY MISS NORRIS

Miss Mary Norris was the principal speaker at the Class Recognition Day exercises. Her speech in full follows:

This ceremonial marks the end of a series of ceremonials with which we usher in a new year at Ward-Belmont. You have come to one school, but you have divided into different groups, different dormitories, classes, clubs, organizations, and you have been initiated into the life of these groups, sometimes very informally, sometimes with a beautiful formality you'll always remember. On this one day we have a ceremony to emphasize the fact that however much you may seem to be separated in interests, you are united in a common purpose in this school community. The youngest student joins the oldest before this academic building which serves as a symbol of this common purpose. The dean of the faculty in giving each class its Ward-Belmont letter emphasizes your progress in the path of learning. You are here to enter a wider life of the mind and of the spirit.

Down in the grades the students are learning through history to know what life was like in the past, and through geography what it is like in other parts of the world. Even now they are being freed from mental subjection to the present and the local. As you progress in your school life, you will know more about this world in which you live, and more about your own capacities and how to use them. Little by little you are being freed from your ignorance; little by little you are being ushered into larger rooms in which you may live. More and more you are brought into contact with the great geniuses of the world, the molders of history, the seekers after truth in the laboratories, the creators of beauty in sound or color or words. Through the touch of these mighty men your own ambitions may be kindled and your appreciations quickened. Let this ceremonial be a real dedication of yourself to sincere, persistent, and energetic following of the path of learning, which will take you out of the petty and the small and the immediate into a larger life.

We wish the day not only to stress this unity among your various interests but to emphasize the importance of every individual girl here and of her responsibility to Ward-Belmont. You have heard the President's Council repeat their pledge; you will hear your class presidents repeat theirs today; but the important thing is that each girl is asked to pledge her loyalty to Ward-Belmont. You have heard much about its traditions; you have much about its founders. Those who have founded the school have passed away. Do you realize that without your work can not be made perfect?

You stand here in the fall of 1935 taking the traditions of the school into your young hands. What will you do with them? You will do something. Even if you are a negative kind of a person, neither good nor bad, you will, by your very listlessness, dampen the interest of others and retard their effort. You will be like the log in the fire that will not burn, but, acridly smoking, keeps the whole fire from a clear and steady blaze. Or if you are a vigorous kind of person, bent on doing what you like whoever may suffer, you may do a great deal of harm. Whatever you do you may consider purely your own affair; but you always represent someone or something. We judge your family by you; your school will be judged by you. Now there is a certain power in breaking things; any tiny child knows that. But you are old enough to realize the greater power is shown in making things. In doing anything well you must have certain rules and regulations. You realize that it is true of skill in arts and crafts and all mus-

cular skills. Try to realize it's true of all living.

Struggling in your hearts against a fierce individualism is an opposing desire to dedicate yourself to something really worth while. You have here in this school a worthy object of your loyalty. You remember that in the prophecy of better things to come the young were to see visions. We need visions to help us in the lifelong struggle toward strength and beauty against the forces of our own indolence and thoughtlessness and selfishness and greed. You know the phrase, "enduring as seeing the invisible." You remember the Bible story of the young man facing a combat with an apparently invincible foe and of the old man telling him to look up to the hills where he saw a helping host before invisible to him. Older ones here are well aware of those who have worked so nobly for the school but who are no longer here. Those of you who have the privilege of knowing Dr. Barton and Mr. Benedict well, know how, as they work creatively to meet the needs of each new year, they hold fast to everything fine that has been handed down to them. Pray the prayer, "Open my eyes; illumine me," so that you, too, may see yourselves as preservers of worthy traditions and as creators of still better things.

Our oldest building calls with its grace and loveliness for grace and dignity on your part in some of your statelier social life. The spirit of the Old South lingers around this campus and calls for your growth in charm and sweetness and good breeding. The energy and kindness and spirit of fair play radiating from your presidents challenge you to make these qualities yours. You are pledging yourself today to old virtues—obedience, respect, regard for duty—pledges that many, many generations of students before you have kept, else Ward-Belmont would not have had so fine a standing for so long a time. And best of all is the pledge to take a creative attitude towards this year. You are to make Ward-Belmont not less, but the old virtues would do that, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was handed to you.

## YOU SHOULD KNOW—

(EDITOR'S NOTE—Last week through an error of the printers the following was omitted from "You Should Know." We meant no slight so we are printing it in this issue.)

You should know Evelyn Braden, Day Student Treasurer of the Senior Class. Evelyn is now finishing her seventh year at Ward-Belmont. Aside from being Day Student Treasurer, she is also President of the Angkors. Glee Club and harmonizing play an important part in her hobbies. She has flaming red hair which, though of no special material value, is helpful to her many friends in recognizing her across the campus.

You should know one of the most talented girls that the Senior-Middle's have to offer this year, Charlotte Howard, a fifteen-year-old prodigy who has come to Ward-Belmont from Loyall, Kentucky. Charlotte went to school in Harlan, Kentucky, not far from Loyall and graduated from there when she was only fourteen with the medal for the highest scholastic record and with the medal for excellence in music. This alone would be enough to make the average girl proud, but for Miss Howard, her record is hardly begun. Last summer she won the city, then the county, then the district and finally got to the city of a national speech contest held at the Kent State University, Kent, Ohio. Furthermore, she entered into a Kentucky mezzo Soprano Solo contest, and though she had had no training in voice, she won first prize. She sang "By the Bend of the Road." Charlotte plays the piano beautifully and excels in debating and English Literature.

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## ARTIST WELL RECEIVED

Monday night an eager Ward-Belmont audience awaited the first concert of the year which presented Mary Meisle, leading contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company. This was the artist's fifth appearance at the Ward-Belmont auditorium within the last ten years.

Her remarkable was the poise and grace with which Miss Meisle presented her program. Her smiling and pleasant personality combined with a contralto voice immediately commanded the interest of the entire audience.

The program, of great variety, was especially suited to a musical audience. The numbers included French, Italian, and English both in regard to text and composers. They illustrated her ability to sing with great feeling and also with a perfect mood.

Among her more serious numbers was "My Heart Is Weary" from Wagner's "Siegfried," "Aufenthalts," the Bach number which was the "Have Mercy, Lord, On Me," from St. Matthew Passion. Mr. Kenneth Rose, Director of the Ward-Belmont Violin Department, played

the violin obligato to Bach's Prayer very artistically.

The other numbers may be said to be somewhat less serious. The Schubert songs were typically melodious, and "Ungeud," the last of the group, was outstandingly popular. The French songs were varied in the picturesque "Chère Nuit," the short and lovely "Papillons," the sorrowful "Les Berceaux," and the gay and joyous "Carneval." Her encore after this group was the popular "Polka" another of Schubert's compositions.

The last group included "There Is A Medlar Tree," written for and dedicated to Miss Meisle by Julia Smith, an eighteen year old girl. The brightness of "Balloons," the reminiscence of "Departed," the likeness and unusual accompaniment of "The Piper," and the brilliant "Love Went A-Riding" were illustrative of her ability to sing high tones with light humorous touches.

The encores were especially popular. They were "In the Luxembourg Gardens," Armstrong Gibbs' "The Five Eyes," and "My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice."

The accompanist, Arthur Rosenstern, has recently come from Germany. His technique and interpretation were especially good.

## FIRST BIRTHDAY DINNER HELD

The first birthday dinner of the school year was held Friday night, October 11, in honor of the girls who were born in late September or the first four days of October.

A modernistic motif was followed throughout the decorations. In the center of the table was a silver bowl of water with tiny acorn boats floating in it. Four blue mirrors surrounded the bowl and on each was a silver sail boat schooner of candy. The flowers were in the school colors of yellow and blue and were arranged as great balls of color with no foliage. The place cards were little boats and at each plate was a favor—a yellow tea rose.

A five-course dinner was served, the highlight of which was the entrance of a huge birthday cake and the subsequent wishing on the 22 candles whose number symbolized the guests present.

The host of the occasion was Dr. Barton. Miss Sisson, Mrs. Barton, and Mrs. Solon E. Rose assisted him in entertaining the honor guests who were: Jane Merrick, Elizabeth Siegmund, Eloise Southard, Eulalie Halliburton, Yvonne Norman, Dorothy Adams, Audrey Jones, Pauline Kaiser, Martha Louise Morrison, Mary Donnan Wilson, Evelyn Norton, Sarah Smallwood, Teddie Krauss, Mildred Cox, Donna Heasley, Peggy Smith, Beverly Barton, Connie Chase, and Sara Elliott.

## SENIORS ENTERTAIN

On Saturday, October 12, Senior week came to a close with the annual dance held in the gymnasium. Preceding this dance was a formal dinner. In former years, this dance was given in honor of the Senior-Middle class; but this year the entire student body was greeted at the entrance by Edwin Schmid, class president, who headed the receiving line, followed by Miss O'Donnell, class sponsor; Elizabeth Cornelius, vice-president; Evelyn Braden, day student treasurer; Nell Jane Rank, boarding student treasurer, and Ruth Carr, secretary.

From the center of the ceiling, white and purple crepe paper was suspended to the balcony forming a most effective decoration. At the far end of the room, were two shields representing each college class.

Most of the girls spent the entire evening dancing to the gay music of Johnny Miller's orchestra, but others made up the group which surrounded George and the punch bowl.

## CHAPEL CORNER

Monday, October 4

On Monday, October fourteenth, Dr. Barton spoke to the students in Chapel. He explained to the girls the procedure used in regard to the Concert to be given in the Chapel Monday evening.

In his talk he requested that the day students support the Community Chest drive and asked the boarding students to lend their aid if they felt so inclined. He explained the work of the Community Chest and the need for it in Nashville.

Dr. Barton also spoke about current events. He explained and discussed the Ethiopian problem. He stated facts concerning the origin of the trouble and the inability of Ethiopia to combat with the well-disciplined and well-armed Italians. He concluded by telling of the latest news from the warring countries.

Wednesday, October 16

Reverend A. D. Beittel, Pastor of the Collegiate Christian Church, was the chapel speaker last Wednesday. His talk was made on "Life Is A Game." His first observation was the fact that with all the complexities of civilization and various activities from which one may choose recreation, still to some, life is a bore. In contrast to the modern idiosyncrasies is the example of pioneer life. Long, hard work and short, simple play with no luxuries, yet the very hardness of their work and difficulties in their lives furnished them with that intangible something, satisfaction.

He pointed out that every game must have difficulties to overcome; he asked us to imagine a tennis game without a net, a golf game without hazards; thus pointing out that the "Game of Life" without difficulties has lost its zeal and zest. So to us who find life dull and uninteresting, he offers the suggestion of playing, not the easier parts of the game, but tackling the harder parts so that we may have not only a sense of victory, but that toward which we all strive, happiness.

## ART CLUB MAKES YEAR'S PLAN

(Continued from page 1)

Committees for the year have been appointed as follows: Exhibition: Chairman—Nancy Lunsford, Sue Elliott, and Ella Marie Caine; Entertainment: Chairman—Kay Phillips, Mary Boston, and Gene Gill; Reception: Chairman—Elizabeth Mastin, Anne Rudolph, and Rozelle Emery; Membership: Chairman—Elizabeth Evans, Jane Flannigan, and Carroll Sheep; Poster: Chairman—Dorothy Jaeger, Louise Mathews, and Jane Allison.

## SCHOOL PRESENTS ROY UNDERWOOD

(Continued from page 1)

Mr. Underwood's critics say of him that he has remarkably good technique, that he plays without mannerisms and a great deal of ease, and that he employs a variety of tone color which gives much charm to the individuality and poetry of his interpretations.

Mr. Underwood has been a very popular artist and teacher since he has been in Ward-Belmont. The program which he is to present Thursday evening is well balanced musically and sure to appeal to his audience. It will be as follows:

Chorale: Mortify Us By Thy Grace	Bach-Rummel
Air a la Bourée	Handel
Ballade Op. 118, No. 3	Brahms
Waltzes Op. 39	Brahms
II	
Ballade in G Minor	Chopin
Etude Op. 25, No. 1	Chopin
Fantaisie Op. 49	Chopin
III	
Dance of the Nanigos	Lecuna
La danse d'olaf	Pick-Mangiatagli
Berceuse	Panama
Viennese Dance	Friedman-Gartner



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## TYPISTS

BEVERLY LACK, JEAN MCEWAN

## EDITORIAL

## IN APPRECIATION

Last week the HYPHEN office received a letter that brought more happiness to the staff than any recent mail. Our paper is written primarily for the present students of Ward-Belmont, so it is always with pride that we receive commendation from alumni or the faculty. However, this letter in question came from even farther back. It is from the mother of an alumna. Since she did not sign her name, our only means of thanking her is through this paper that she seems to enjoy. So thank you, "mother of an alumna," first for liking our HYPHEN, and second for taking the time and trouble to write us.

## PRESIDENTS, PLEASE READ!

This is to the leaders. It is to you who are presidents of your clubs, your classes or your councils—to you who are protectors of halls and of day student groups! Honor is yours but responsibility is a quality through in for good measure. Enemies as well as friends may be made through your position and the manner in which you execute the duties of your office.

There are technicalities to leadership as well as the God-given gifts of the "boss." Accepted forms of conducting meetings should be learned, observed, and enforced. No matter how much personality you may have, if you don't have the finished air of one who knows what she's doing, you'll have a hard time keeping the most rudimentary order. If you show hesitation over whether a blustering member is in or out of order, you may be sure that all of the blustering members will take advantage of your confusion.

Aside from the technicalities or mechanics, there is the time to be given to leading a group. Not just the actual hour or half-hour it takes to conduct a meeting of your particular group, but the hours without name or number spent in learning to know the individuals of that group. Beneficial contacts can and should be made outside your group, too. Other leaders' problems may coincide with yours and their solutions may help you.

It's a sobering job sometimes to head a group of students but in the parlance of the moment, don't let it "get you down." Throw in a little good humor and humanness to lighten what might otherwise be a pretty sour loaf of seriousness.

## THE SOLITUDE OF MUSIC

"Music is an art—the purest of fine arts" and in it every man may find a friend. Music, unlike our human associates, cherished as they may be, can understand our changing moods. Through chords and sweet melodies it has intangible power to make us sad or gay or to leave us with a feeling of calmness and of peace. It touches us to the depths of our souls, and if we would but submit, could cast us into realms of make-believe and forgetfulness; into realms of lovely thoughts and lovely things.

Youth delights in the rollicking melodies, for they seem to be in accordance with his "light fantastic toe." Those not quite so young are thrilled with exact harmonies of the Masters.

Is there a soul which music in some way has not reached? If so, that soul is to be pitied; for in music there is life—hope—and for him who would but love it, there is glorious solitude.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

Heron is hot! Very hot. We feel we deserve more attention around here than we've been getting—so we voted—at least the Scribe voted—that we would have a column all our own, that is if the staff would let us. At any rate, tongues are busy wagging and heads are close together as the Scribe overhears a few bits of this week's gossip.

Jeanne Cookson and Frances Reidy went to Chicago Friday (the lucky bumps!). . . . Barbara Leake also got said week-end off.

We vote Elaine Ostergard one of the best sports ever. Everybody likes Ostergard—wonder what she has that we haven't?

Orchids to Yvonne Woodworth's mother for winning everybody's heart. In case you haven't heard—three certain girls ordered one orchid and received three. One was overheard to ask Miss Hall if the florist would sue them if they didn't pay for the other two. "Do you suppose they'll put us in jail?" she moaned.

Flash! I've just obtained proof that all but three girls in Heron are in love (?) Why, young love is a beautiful thing, but beautiful things never last, it seems.

What petite brunette is stringing lots of boys around in the student letters is our faces? And what blonde is bemoaning the fact that all men are fickle, although she's gotten twenty-five letters from the same boy since she's been here and no end of calls from a certain tall, dark 'n handsome Duke at Vassar? Flash! It's all on-account of because a certain young man wrote her that she needed to gain some weight. Oh, well! Life is funny that way.

Don't you think that Martha Roth's new evening dress is a perfect honey (and so is Martha). And don't you also think that Heron was well represented Sunday night at Vespers?

I'll have to stop as I'm running out of candy—and I just can't write unless I'm eating—so you'll hear more as soon as I can buy more candy.

Ye Olde Scribe.

The members of the "Y" cabinet are off for a jolly week-end at Dr. Barton's summer home at White Bluff. We know you'll all have a wonderful time.

That dreamy, far-away look in "Sis" Baxter's eyes is the memory of last week-end at Tullahoma; or maybe it's lack of sleep.

Peggy Armistead is out of the Infirmary at last. Glad to see you back on the campus, Peggy.

Louise Fosgate and Elizabeth Rudolph left for Memphis Thursday with Mary Ann Foley, the honorable president of the A. K.'s. We wonder what the big attraction is in that Metropolis.

Did you see the two strapping cadets who escorted Margaret Mitcham and Helen Aycock into dinner Sunday? Misses Mitcham and Aycock, we salute you!

This week seems to be "Old Home Week." Margaret Ellen Peeble's mother and father are here from Paris, Tennessee. Margaret Pidcock's grandfather and uncle came also. Jeanne Roland's father flew down from Dayton, Ohio, and Dotty Gardner's arrived on Friday.

## EAGLE FEATHER

By HELEN TIBBETS

Editor's Note: For the next few weeks, a part of the column will contain the manuscripts of the new members of the Wordsmiths.

## PUBLIC ENEMY No. ???

The little bride was much bewildered by the sudden deluge of household duties that had descended so heavily on her fair shoulders. So a very kind neighbor had come over to give her a few pointers, and, incidentally, to look the apartment over. She is speaking:

"Why, yes, dear, I just ran over for a little minute to see if there were a single thing I could bring you. I'm always so interested in my neighbors. I always say 'Take the community spirit in everything and you'll never be lonely.' But then, I always was such a friendly soul. Why, would you believe it? My mother always said that when I was a tiny child, I reached out my hands to mankind."

"What's the matter, dear? Oh, you're trying to do that with that feathery thing. Aren't you the funny child though! You should use just a plain, old-fashioned duster for those tables and chairs. Have you got any old bloomers? Oh, well, lingerie if you want to be French. Anyway, they make the best dust cloths. When Henry—my husband—says to me, 'Why do you save the old things?' I always say, 'Henry, if I did not save them, you would be sitting around in a house full of dust.' That always makes him think a bit. He knows that I'm an intelligent woman, and if I say a certain thing, I always have a reason for doing so."

"Why, dearie, what on earth is that you're throwing away? Burnt toast? Oh, you'll never hold your husband if he can't cook him a decent meal. What? He doesn't care! Ah, he's only saying that to be gallant. But men have to eat, you know, and they don't stay gallant when they're hungry. Your John is different? Oh, dearie, all I can say is that the sooner you realize men are all alike, the better it will be for you. How is it you happened to marry him before you learned to cook? You didn't know how hard it was? Oh my! My mother always said that a girl should never be allowed to leave her home until she learned to sew and cook. She always said that I was as handy as any two women when it came to cooking and sewing. Of course, not everyone can do things so well."

"You know, it's funny, but your apartment seems awfully small compared to ours. We have the same one, only ours is on the other side. I expect it's the way you've got the furniture arranged. It's a little, tiny bit crowded, don't you think? No? Well, we all have our own opinions. But don't you just want to push that chair over to the window. It's so dark in that corner. I'd help you only I have a sore back today. From washing windows, I expect. What? Well, no, I didn't exactly wash them myself, but I watched the man do them so that he'd be sure and get them clean, and I must have stood in a draft or something. Hmm! That doesn't look so good over by the window after all, does it? Probably because you haven't got the rest of the room balanced just right. Perhaps you'd better push it back again. It isn't heavy, anyway, is it? Yes? Well, I'm sure it doesn't look heavy."

"My dear Mrs. Wayne, please don't look at me in such a queer way. Were you? Well, I should say you were. You looked almost crazy for a moment. Well, I guess I'd better be going. Is it that late? You wouldn't think I'd been here two hours, would you? And remember, dear, if there's anything you want, just call on me. I'd love to have another little chat with you; it's all been so interesting. Well, goodbye, d—Why the rude girl!"

Virginia White, '37.

## ODE TO BEAUTY

Fair blossoms—  
That raise thy graceful heads  
To rising sun and evening dew,  
Sweet flowers—  
No beauty can be found  
Of such a soft and lovely hue.  
Fragrant blossoms—  
Fragile in thy colors rare,  
How few are thine earthly needs,  
And yet, when careless hands neglect,  
How soon thy roots are choked with weeds.

## Oh Life—

Such is thy portion to us all  
In us fair beauty sows her seeds,  
And yet, when careless hands neglect  
How soon our souls are choked with weeds.

Louise Mathews, '37.



## CLUB CHATTER

## Agora

much effort, Winnie Coffee hockey team that looks very promising. Wednesday night we regaled at the old club house. It looks like the Agora house is going to be well recommended for its entertainers, as we great many talented girls as aren't we lucky? At the time a vote was taken up setting new pins. After much discussion, we decided that it was up to new girls. Did you know that might turn out a smooth(?) one, 'cause we have a ukelele, a trombone player, piano player, a vocalist. Our kingdom for a year!

## A. K.

seemed so natural to have Johnnie (Mrs. Campbell Smoot) wander around the campus Tuesday. She is one of our mainstays in the year and would have been vice-president if those "wed-dies" hadn't rung out. Her former club sister, Alice the "Dukie" Hill, Leora's big sis with us this week-end. Does it sound like we are about it, we might as well make this a through-and-through column. Elizabeth Phillips, Amnae Secretary and HYPHEN Silestones Sponsor, gave us a inspiring talk last Wednesday on an Amnae's view of the club. It was enjoyed immensely, "Phil."

## Angkor

business got under way in the Club room last meeting when we elected all our secondary officers. Greene was elected vice-president. Martha is a Junior-Middle, we've known her for years and one, too, so she ought to make a vice-president. We can just be president in Evelyn's sickness. "Secretary is Lillian. She is a Senior and thus has six years' experience in the last year she displayed hidden in hockey; now we are looking at things in the way of roll and note-taking. Jean Burkosen as treasurer. She is the set of our officers, but the three we've known her as a member proved her entirely capable of any club position. Her elections, reports were made on tennis and hockey managers. Cheek, head of the club tennis, decided that quite a few Angkors turned up for the tournament but, though, Margaret Greene, hockey manager, asked for a count of all out of hockey. When all was over we discovered that we had twenty-five for the sport. Pretty good, eh? The first two real practices were the Angkors' wind, and would have seen Grace Benedict's face.

Virginia McClelland and Louise were appointed as HYPHEN managers to collaborate or take turns in Angkor news.

## Anti-Pan

now we find that the Anti-Pans are not dead; not some, but quite a deal. There's Virginia Varga, plays a wicked bass on the piano, can really put power in her singing.

Edrie Oliver is quite talented dramatic lines. We found that on Day when she recited for us. One of the Browning twins can Bach and Schubert and others to perfection. Will they ever help on certain days. Wednesday! She won't admit it, but MarCrume not only can get a mean roar to her voice when she's giving a song, but she really has a nice singing, too. But just try and get a perform! Oh, yes, and little Bagley dances, oh, yes, we have ask any Anti-Pan. That's all

the geniuses we have discovered as yet. But something tells me as the weeks go on, we'll find more and more, for such cute girls have to have merits.

Officers were elected; Mamie Jones, as Vice-President; Pattie Howell, as Secretary; and Jana Longnecker, as Treasurer, will serve this year's term.

And already we're turning into social butterflies and planning an Open House—wouldn't like them to put the spice in life.

## Ariston

On your knees, you Aristons, and pray! Evans and Bailey just have to win that tennis cup. Wouldn't Patty be disappointed to have us lose it now? Now that she's made it two-thirds ours.

Have'n't our new officers got to work with a will? Treasurer Richman's already started picking our pockets. The ex-secretary extends her heartfelt sympathy to successor Noe, and offers a suggestion. If you can't sleep, Noe, try calling the roll. It's a great improvement over counting sheep!

You Aristons evidently aren't musically-minded. We saw only four of you at the concert. It was delightful.

## Del Vers

This week the Del Vers have been hockey-minded. The main idea seems to be to practice till they can make the team and have the privilege of giving up sweets and hot bread in order to chase a little ball around the field with a stick and have a grand time doing it. The girls who are contesting for this honor are Sarah Ashley, Rachel Bruner, Jean Bateman, Charline Butler, Jane Collins, Bets Doty, Teddy Krauss, Charlotte Lewis, Jane McEwans, Jean Rolands, Whitfield Stallings, Jane Elliot (manager) and Jean Bailey. Jane thinks that if everyone will just get the right grip on her stick there should be quite a bit of excitement this year.

There was a backwards party held at the clubhouse Wednesday night at which everything was done backwards. This was a lot of fun; we hope the girls don't take it too seriously and start playing hockey backwards, too.

## Eccowasin

Betty Rye, our hockey manager, announced that there were not enough Eccowasins going out to make up a squad. Our president, Juliette Craig, then asked if there were not some others who would just as soon take hockey as long as it helped the club. With a fine display of spirit the needed number of girls promised to sign up for the sport.

We were told, also, that club lunches would not be held, so we began planning other types of parties.

As there was little other business to be taken up the rest of the time was spent in playing a game.

## F. F.

On the last club meeting, June Erickson was elected Vice-President and Maxine Graham Secretary for the new club year. The F. F.'s should have a good hockey team this year with a manager like Frankie Patrick. This week the members were informally entertained by Eula Lee Hailbirtson's committee. With Eula Lee in charge, we're looking forward to a very successful and interesting year.

We wish to thank Dorothy Helm for the wonderful card table and the other girls for the use of their Victrola records.

## Osiron

You will begin to hear from our new girls now. The club has elected the following new girls to fill offices: Mary Griswold, Vice-President; Dorothy Martin, Secretary; Elloie Jeter, Sergeant-at-Arms.

I am sure each of these are capable. This will give the new girls the pleasure of working with the old ones and

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Carter

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a chance to help carry on the various activities of the club.

Wednesday night everyone had a marvelous time eating dinner together at the club.

## Penta Tau

The new girls showed their culinary skill, Sunday morning, October 13, at breakfast in the Penta Tau house. Muri Copeland presided over the perculator, while the old girls read directions on cans. In the meantime, the other seven guests, Jane Anglin, Marjorie Ashcroft, Jayne Coyle, Nancy McGinnis, Vickie Pieper, Elizabeth Rauschenberg, and Frances Shelby exclaimed over having orange juice.

Topsy has "just grown" until she's a fine big college girl now, and a Penta Tau as well. Wednesday night, October 16, the following girls will present "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in one act: Little Eva, Jane Jackson; Topsy, Betty Dunlay; Simon Legree, Ella Marie Cain.

Marjorie Ashcroft is in charge of the skit.

## T. C.

The T. C.'s held their first business meeting Wednesday, October ninth. Dances of all sorts were discussed, but female dances were turned down with vigor. Officers were elected; the new Vice-President is Margaret Fitcher; the Secretary, Virginia Hardesty, and the Treasurer, Helen Hall. Congratulations girls! We know you'll be good.

## Triad

Last Tuesday at our first meeting of the year, our new officers were elected. They are: Mary Alice Her-

bert, Vice-President; Lucile Johnson, Secretary; Mary Benson, Treasurer; Peggy Wrenne, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Something seems to tell me the Triad Club is on the up and up. With Marion Latta as our President and supported by our new officers, we can't lose. That goes for hockey, too. Ellen Martin is manager of our hockey team and that spells success for us.

## Tri K

The Tri K's held their first meeting with their new members last Wednesday evening, October ninth. The program was arranged and introduced by Moselle Worsely. Beverly Lack gave an interesting account of the histories of the clubs and the origin of their names. Anne Tourney read our poem, "Kubla Khan," and the constitution of the club was read by Virginia Barrett, Secretary. The program was concluded by Patsy Schorndorfer's re-reading the pledge that all new girls had taken a week before.

## X. L.

At a special meeting of the club last week, Shawnee Elliot was elected Secretary, and Portia Phillips, Sergeant-at-Arms. We are sure that these new girls, with the other officers, Mildred Sartor, Vice-President, and Mary Beth Caton, Treasurer, will do their part to help Elizabeth Rudolph "manage" the club this year.

Another one of our new girls has won a very coveted honor. Genevieve Marsh was elected to Wordsmith. Congratulations, Genevieve!

At club Wednesday night, we enjoyed listening to the music of Mary Frances Launius. That's one girl that can really play a piano.

## PHOTOGRAPHS

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## DIARY OF MISTRESS

BELLE • WARD

Wednesday—Changed tables today. It's nice to meet the new girls, but it's nicer to stay with your old friends, for it's hard to break in the ice all over again. But they say that variety is the spice of life, and far be it from me to contradict that old statement.

Spooks in Pembroke! Yes, indeed, for didn't Audrey Jones wake up in the middle of the night to peer in her suite mate's room, who happened to be in the infirmary, and see the light blazing—and the room was empty. Too scared to move, she said she hid under the covers, nose and all, and when in the early, early morning, she looked again, the light was off, and the room still empty. You figure it out. She can't and I can't—can you? Dressed in white apron and all I can say is that this Nashville fog, mist, smoke, whichever the unpleasantness may be, is disastrous to said white frocks. Evelyn McCall talked at Chapel, and it was one of the best, down to earth speeches of the season. I guess that's why we all liked so for it came from an equal, and we understand her language. Would that we all had the poise she had.

First club meeting. It really seemed nice, but oh, so funny with new girls around us, instead of the old familiar Seniors. Back to room to study. I started the second day I got here, and haven't stopped yet. Maybe it's a marathon.

Thursday—The Seniors gave their annual tea for their fellow Seniors and the faculty. All the Seniors looked so nice and dignified serving and pouring tea for the company. But I'm afraid I'm not the only one who came near to spilling hot tea on the teacher. I was trying so hard to impress. But the scene changed. Two hours later, just look in the kitchen, and see Ruth Carr, Libby Siegmund, Mary Anne Foley, and the rest of us famished serving girls make for the remaining food. Eat! We stuffed, literally; and my mouth and no one else's was empty till the plates were. Then to dinner to find our favorite menu—chicken chow mein!

Oh, and the Navy came. Did you see Webby the first part of the afternoon? No, of course not, for her nose was under the radio, for she's a Navy girl.

Friday—Class Recognition Day, one of our nicest traditions. And let's hope we can now put away the white little creations for the winter, that is, if we have any. The sun obedient shone for us, in fact, shone so brilliantly that we about died standing in it so long.

The first birthday dinner of the season. I hope no one made the drastic mistake I did, and told them my birthday was in midsummer. Would that I had known about these gorgeous affairs, for I most certainly would have boosted up the date a couple of months. Since it was Navy Day, (I didn't know it however) our very ingenious Mrs. Rose very deftly decorated the dining-room with little sail boats in water, and thus carried out the Navy idea. And have you ever done the sugar trick to see if your "man" loves you? Well, beware, for Mrs. Barton did it, and, I'll have you know, he doesn't love her! "A nice time to find it out," says Mrs. Barton.

Saturday—I think 'most everyone went to see "Shipmates Forever" taken at Annapolis June Week. The girls who went on the Washington trip last spring, and visited the Academy, went in ecstasies when they saw familiar spots. I know, I sat beside one.

The grocery store is always just packed with Ward-Belmont girls on Saturday. Why, do you suppose? No one has feasts, surely. Not Ward-Belmont girls! I hear the girls who decorated the gym for the dance really had a time. "Woopa" came prepared to work, in shorts, and was the envy of all the boarders who didn't dare spring out

in them. You should have seen O'Donnell stretched out on the floor, mouth full of pins, fixing a false ceiling. But the decorations superb after all their efforts, as one new girl said, "I'm getting it just love to dance with a girl."

Sunday—The whole school either out having a good time, or in the library studying their books. From one extreme to the other you're never just pleasantly bored. It happened to be one of the most lucky girls in the library study and was I industrious!

And I make a motion that make provisions for some change to be had on Sunday. I trotted over the place looking for one, they're all just too popular. I am we to do, when we aren't trusted by ourselves at 6 o'clock the evening? Right! Stay at home and now someone brought up a bright idea of why we weren't allowed to eat at the 5 and 10 stores. That's one rule that seems perfectly apparent to me, even though they do have such nice cheap food, she said.

Shape. Sunday night was very preservative. We'll have to give it up for being a worthy president, she also improves the scenery there, methinks. Maybe she's fine right in Martha Jane's footsteps, If puzzled, ask Jane about it.

Monday—I've seen Blue Moon but I think today takes the place of Black, rainy, and murky. But only come once, so I guess we take it then.

And now Mamie Jones goes for the week-end and forgets to back—almost. Classes go on with her, and even the concert, but as the concert is over on walks, mie. How's that for hitting the perfectly!

Food from home, and off goes for another week—but that's girls' school for you!

The Kathryn Meisle Concert was very good, and she really went in a big way. Her gown looked must have been very expensive, she ordered a rug to be put down not that we blame her. Her last core about brought the house down. We didn't have to transcribe it, tax our brains; maybe that's what made such a big hit.

Johnnye Walker, I mean Mrs. Campbell Smoot, came up from Meisle to look over her old cronies to see how we were glad to see her. I spent most of her time showing her rings though. And is she cooking for Campbell! And did all recognize her good looking knitsuit? She spent many an hour last year here.

Tuesday—Studied in library afternoon on Art History with all thirty other girls who were frankly trying to get caught up, but just don't seem to acquire the habit of keeping things up to date.

Have you ever played "spit"? I really must try it, for it's the most hilarious, nerve-racking card game ever played. Most diverting time, 9:30 to 10, when you're sick of studying. For particulars ask Mary Hamilton Bracken or Virginia Voelker.

And we learned today that it dignified to meet your dates at the door. We're learning new things every day, we're peep!

And speaking of games, ask Bailey about a certain one. Your nearest secrets are uncovered, was there ever a crowd of blushing girls in Pauline Myers' room! So—goodnight!

## Trip to Hermitage

Last Sunday, October 13, a party was taken to the Hermitage, Andrew Jackson's famous home. A full load of thirty-five girls left Nashville at 2 o'clock. The chairman of the entertainment committee, Virginia Jarga, said that it would be easy to fill another bus with other girls who were anxious to go on the trip.

# WARD-BELMONT HYPIHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIV

Nashville, Tenn., October 26, 1935

Number 6

## PIANO RECITAL BY DEPARTMENT HEAD PRONOUNCED BRILLIANT SUCCESS

Program Included Numbers from  
Bach to Most Modern

Piano recital given Thursday evening by Mr. Roy Underwood, more than fulfilled the expectations of the audience. This is Mr. Underwood's first year at Ward-Belmont as head of the piano department, and he has been very popular both as teacher and as concert artist.

Underwood's manner and playing were both natural and without artificialities of any sort. The variety of the program selected is illustrative of his ability to play with a great deal of feeling the compositions from the time which through the most modern composers. Expressiveness and interpretation combined with a fine quality and especially good technique brought out the best to be in each composition. Not only the program of outstanding musical appeal, but it also proved unusually popular with the audience. The program opened with appropriately numbers by Bach and Handel, two great geniuses of the musical world, whose 250th anniversary is being celebrated this year by all musical organizations. The smooth-flowing, majestic Bach Chorale, "Mortify Us by Thy Grace," was followed by the lively and tuneful "Air à la Reine," by Handel. The "Pastorale Capriccio," of Scarlatti, was substituted for the Brahms' "Ballade." Mr. Underwood announced that this change was made in recognition of Scarlatti whose 250th anniversary is marked this year along with those of Bach and Handel. The Scarlatti number illustrated Mr. Underwood's versatility.

## LESTONES STAFF MADE PUBLIC

With the work of taking the individual pictures for the *Milestones* in full swing, announcement comes of the complete personnel of the 1935-36 staff.

Besides Martha Kiger, Editor, following girls will have the responsibility of publishing this year's *Milestones*: Associate Editor, Anna May; Business Manager, Margaret; High School Representative, Sara Leake; Photographic Editor, Willie Worsley; and Feature Editor, Roy Schumacher.

Roy Schumacher of the Schumacher family started taking the pictures of the boarding students last Monday, October 21st. He is taking six poses each student and the charge is \$1.00. The money is to be brought by the student at the time her sitting picture is taken.

Mr. Schumacher made unusually fine pictures last year and the photographic work of the *Milestones* is rated very high by the National Press Association.

Each girl is urged to remember the importance of her appointment, which will be posted on the bulletin board in Midway, and to be prompt.

## PENSTAFF MEETS

The Penstaff, high school honorary literary club, met October 17th and had time elected Laurice Butler president. Carol Cole was chosen president and Dorothy Proctor serve as secretary. Announcement will soon be made concerning contest for membership in the organization. Mrs. Susan S. Souby is sponsor for the group. This is the consecutive year the organization has been in existence.

## WARD-BELMONT TO OBSERVE HOLIDAY

School Dinner and Senior Party  
Will Be Features

Every year at Ward-Belmont, Halloween day is celebrated with a formal dinner. Plans for the entertainment and decorations are kept secret until the actual hour of the banquet arrives, but usually black and orange cut-outs of goblins, cats, witches, and other spooky accessories are scattered about the dining room. These same significant colors are used in the flowers and table decorations. The entertainment is provided by the girls here in school and each program is original. Music is enjoyed throughout the meal.

This year in addition to this all-school dinner, clubs and classes are arranging individual affairs in keeping with the holiday. One of these is the Spook Party the Seniors are giving for all members of the class on the evening following Halloween. Every girl is to come dressed as a ghost.

(Continued on page 4)

## CARL SANDBURG IN LECTURE FRIDAY

Called Poet Champion of Industrial America

Continuing in its policy of bringing during the school year the best available artists before the students, Ward-Belmont offers in next Friday's chapel hour one of the foremost poets of modern times—Carl Sandburg. Born in 1878, Sandburg was almost forty before he received any recognition. Now at sixty-seven he is a homely, big-boned mystic and realist. The accepted leader in his field, he is designated by some as the "emotional democrat" of poetry. There is no doubt, at any rate, that he is democratic in the popular conception of the word. The graduate of no university, he draws the material and inspiration for his work from his Alma Mater, "the School of Hard Knocks." When he writes of the barber, the railroad hand, the dishwasher, and the potter's apprentice, he is playing up positions which at sometime in his multi-colored life he has actually held. Like Whitman he is thus the champion of industrial America. The complex bustle of the machine-age metropolis fits well into his bard-like verses. More than anyone else, he has shown that poetry can express the spirit of the great ungainly city with its sharp contrasts of beauty and ugliness." For he can be brutal when he deals with brutality. However, underneath he is one of the tenderest of modern poets. His phrasing is a curious and interesting mixture of slang and the loftiest poetry.

Aside from his own poems he has made a collection of American folk songs. Often in recitals he sings them to the accompaniment of the guitar. Whether he will entertain the students is yet to be determined.

(Continued on page 3)

## BOARDERS GRANTED PRIVILEGES

Wednesday morning, October 23rd, at a special chapel meeting called by Miss Sisson at eight o'clock, the following announcement was read:

"In the event that one or both parents of a Ward-Belmont girl visit in Nashville, and the parents notify the Dean of Residence that they will assume full responsibility while the girl is with them, the girl will not be considered under the jurisdiction of the school during the agreed time. The girl, however, will be responsible for meeting all school appointments unless excused by the proper authorities.

"It is understood that this applies to a girl who leaves with parents only, and not to any school friend who may be a guest of another girl's parents. "The school always reserves the right to see that its spirit and ideals are lived up to regardless of any circumstance which may arise."

This rule was suggested by the Student Council and approved by the Governing Board.

## CLUB ORGANIZES

The organization of the French Club for the year 1935-36 will take place in a meeting in the first week of November. Eleanor Whitson is the newly elected president and has announced that all college and high school girls taking second and third-year French are eligible. After the first semester, all first-year French students making an average of "B" may enter the club. Watch the bulletin board in Midway for details concerning the first meeting.



ROY UNDERWOOD

## THE PHANTOM OF THE TOWER

Seven years ago in the little town of Croyden, England, ruddy-faced bell-makers were molding and tuning a carillon of twenty-three flawless bells to be sent across the sea. King George V. doubtless made some comment as he affixed his seal of approval to the bells which were to travel from his little village of England to the girls' school in Tennessee.

Little did he know that the carillon would find even a more picturesque spot than his sunny England—a friendly old ivy-covered, red-brick tower with a white flag waving in the wind stood waiting for the new bells, the gift of the Alumnae Association.

Nor did he guess that there was a fitting historic background. The tower, which was built in 1855, was designed to pump water over the Belmont estate. There it stood shining with newness, surrounded by a moat filled with fish. But after Nashville was captured by the federal forces in the Civil War, the building was used as a federal signal post.

With the arrival of the chimes, messages were once again sent forth. The first notes were played on Thanksgiving, 1928, by Mr. Henry S. Wesson, director of the school of organ at Ward-Belmont. (You may have recognized Mr. Wesson as a native in the Belgium Village at the World's Fair last year; it was he who so skillfully managed the chimes there.) Then at the formal dedication, April 12, 1929, Percival Price, carillonneur of the Dominion of Canada, sent forth perfect tones with heavy blows of his fists upon the clavier (this being the proper technique).

Ward-Belmont may be called a pioneer in the realm of the carillon, since there were only about a dozen in the United States when it was installed. The Bok bells in Florida were the only others in the South. The carillon was developed gradually in Belgium and Holland from 1400 to 1700. Beginning as the chiming apparatus of large clock towers, it finally became a solo instrument with a keyboard. Until the close of the World War, the carillon was exclusively confined to the Old World. And it still maintains its Old World ancestry.

Perhaps Mr. Wesson and Mr. Price were not the first master carillonneurs to play upon the keyboard of the instrument. An envious phantom may

have accompanied his coveted bells all the way from England. But no doubt he became reconciled when he saw the fantastical old tower with all its characteristics of a carillon's home. The *Spirit of the Bells* could reign supreme one-hundred feet above the ordinary existence of the campus.

But at night, he evidently descends the five flights of winding stairs and enters an underground world. There in front of the tower may be seen stone steps leading down into a cold dark, damp room. There's not much doubt as to where the passage leads, because at the center summer house, echoes may resound when anyone steps upon the stones.

No doubt the glum stone figures at the summer house could tell us secrets. But they stand there guarding their friend. And they dare not disdain to give the passing student a friendly wink.

But when the Halloween spirits (Continued on page 3)

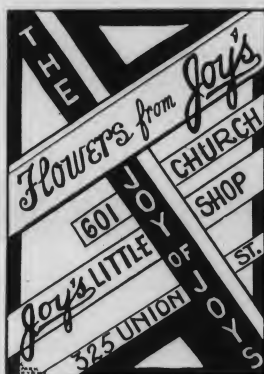


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## "Y" CABINET WEEK-ENDS AT WHITE BLUFF

The members of the "Y" cabinet, Jane Flannigan, Teddy Kraus, Minnie Maud May, Marjorie Crume, Mamie Jones, Laura Mae Carpenter, Elizabeth Tipton, Virginia Piper, Mary Bracken, Evelyn McCall, Mildred Sartor, Martha Merryday, Ruth Pinkham, Roselle Emery, Virginia Varga, Louise Baxter, and Mary Norman West, spent last week end at the summer home of Dr. and Mrs. Barton at White Bluff, Tennessee.

According to all reports they had simply a perfect time, from the minute they left South Front (Saturday at 12:30, to be exact) till they returned on Sunday night, just in time for tea and vespers, and they could still look forward to telling the less fortunate homebodies about their good times.

Most of the "Y" girls decided that the best feature of the trip (even better than the sizzling steaks, wine jelly, and chess pies) was getting to know Dr. and Mrs. Barton, and Miss Van Hooser, who were all such good sports about everything. Dr. Barton got into a casual sweater and cooked hamburgers, told Texas tales, and instigated back-breaking parlor games. Mrs. Barton took us for long hikes around the countryside and taught us the art of squirming through barbed-wire fences. Miss Van Hooser hypnotized some of the girls, told their fortunes (almost too truthfully!) and told them fascinating reminiscences of her years in Japan, as they sat around the fire in their pajamas, toasting marshmallows, and listening to Ted Fio Rito.

Altogether, the week-end was pronounced a huge success, and a fitting initiation to the future successes of this "Y" year.

## "Y" CALENDAR

Sunday, October 27—  
2:00 P.M.—Student Volunteer Conference at Scarritt College  
5:30 P.M.—Fireside Hour in the Club Village.  
Monday, October 28—  
7:00 P.M.—Visit to the Florence Crittenton Home.  
Tuesday, October 29—  
7:00 P.M.—Visit to the wards of Vanderbilt Hospital.  
Friday, November 1—  
7:00 P.M.—Trip to the Old Ladies' Home.

## DANCE ENDS WEEK

Peanut week will be climaxed by a barn dance in the gymnasium tonight. The shells whose identity until tonight has been concealed will arrange with their peanuts to meet in a certain corner of the barn in order that they may become acquainted. All guests are to come dressed as farmers and farmerettes. They will be picked up at their halls either by hay racks or trucks and will ride to the dance.

Bales of hay will line the sides, and farming implements will be scattered throughout. In the center, bales of hay will be pyramided and a rooster will stand on the top. The guests will be entertained by novel dancing and games.

The committees for the dance are: Decoration—Kathryn Phillips, Sally Paine, and Mary Griswold; Program, Beverly Lack; Refreshments, Harriet Sve.

## ATHLETICS PROGRESS

The first half of the fall tennis tournament is over and a few fortunate girls are ready for the final play-off which is to be in the form of the standard elimination match. By this time the names have been posted and there should be some interesting matches between many day students and few boarders. The girls that managed to play their matches in

short order and those that are to have the honor of playing in the elimination match are as follows: Marguerite Wallace, Virginia Graves, Jane Davis, Margaret Greene, Grace Benedict, Evelyn Braden, Elizabeth Cornelius, Sarah Ashley, Mildred Sartor, Winnie Coffee, Dorothy Evans, Martha Greene, Betty Rye, Jane Vance, Jane Allison, and Ruth Hewitt. All of these girls will have an interesting time with their opponents because all of the matches will be more even than they would be if the ladder system were not used.

It has just been announced that the Athletic Association is forming a hockey club for those girls that have played before but that are unfortunate in that their clubs do not have teams on which they can play. Of course, this does not limit the membership. Any enthusiast can join and go out on the field and get a lot of practice in, with their fun. Miss O'Donnell has kindly consented to be the coach on her free days and so it is hoped that many girls will get out and play just for the love of the sport.

## CHAPEL CORNER

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18  
In chapel, Friday, October 18, Burton Wilson, a former pupil of Mr. Dalton, entertained with three groups of songs. Everyone especially enjoyed his interpretation of the well-known favorite—"Shortenin' Bread."

MONDAY, OCTOBER 21  
The life of Miss Howard Weeden, an artist noted for her portraits of Southern slaves, was given to the students by Miss Price, a well-known speaker in Nashville. She read poems that Miss Weeden had written about her slaves and also showed pictures that Miss Weeden had given her.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23  
The devotional speaker in Wednesday chapel was Dr. Thomas C. Barr. His subject was "How to Be Beautiful." The point he stressed was "not to adorn self on the outside but inside."

## TEA GIVEN

Tuesday, October 22, the teachers and mothers of the elementary and high school pupils met each other at an informal tea given at three o'clock in the Agora clubhouse. Dr. Barton welcomed the guests and Miss Allison, Principal, introduced the different instructors. The entire meeting was extremely informal and was given in order that the mothers of the girls might learn to know those who have charge of their daughters' education. Refreshments were served by the teachers.

## OCTOBER GIRLS FETED

Last Thursday night the second Birthday Dinner was held in the private dining room. This event was to honor the girls born in October.

The decorations were carried out in shades of yellow. A miniature lake in the center of the table was outlined with a lovely hedge of fire-thorn, barberry, nanthana, and bitter-sweet. Chrysanthemums were placed at either end of the long table. Candles in the chosen color filled silver compotes. Each place was marked with a Tiffany card bordered in gold, and a yellow rose. A dozen yellow candles in silver holders threw a becoming light on the charming group of October girls, who were: Emalou Florey, Mary Louise Holland, Anna Mary Pierce, Marjorie Ashcroft, Mary Beth Caton, Billie Frank Smith, Mary Frances Launius, Margaret Ellen Peebles, Minnie Woods Carroll, Betsy Jones, Barbara Leake, Sue Stickney, Virginia Battle, Margaret Barton, Elizabeth Coe, Lottie Logan, Barbara Jobson, Allie Lou Broderick, and Vicky Pierce.

Mr. Benedict was the charming host of the evening. He was ably assisted by Mrs. Benedict and Miss Sisson.

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## PARAMOUNT

BEGINS  
FRIDAY

CECIL DeMILL'S

"Crusaders"



## YOU SHOULD KNOW—



You should know Emily Hamilton, the President of the Senior-Middles. She came here from Dalton, Georgia, and was one of the most loved and most popular girls in the Dalton High School. Emily was the President of her Sophomore Class. During her Freshman year she won the Citizenship Medal. Besides being Secretary of the Dramatic Club, she also belonged to the Dancing and Journalistic Clubs. She was the Society Editor of the *D. H. S. Jacket* and Literary Editor of the *Red and White*; both are school papers. Also, she was a member of the Seventh District Champion Debating Team. This is by no means a small list of accomplishments. We all know that Emily will make herself as dear to Ward-Belmont as she did to Dalton High School.

You should know Anne Huddleston, Vice-President of the Senior-Middle Class. She has been here at Ward-Belmont only nine years, having started in the fifth grade. Last year she was President of the Anglers. Anne was also President of her Junior Class in high school. After having lived in Nashville all of her life, she plans to graduate from Ward-Belmont and then to go to an Eastern university to finish.

You should know Dorothy Martin, Secretary of the Senior-Middles. Dorothy has had splendid training for secretaryship, having held that office for her Freshman, Junior and Senior classes in the K. L. Pascal High School, of Fort Worth, Texas. She was Sponsor of the R.O.T.C., being Captain for two years and Major for the third. During her Junior and Senior years Dorothy was cheer leader. Outside of her high school activities she was President of the D.O.S. Club and Secretary of the Delta Beta Sigma Sorority. Here at Ward-Belmont she is the Secretary of the Osiron Club. We are confident that Dorothy will not only be successful as a secretary, but also be successful with anything she attempts.

You should know Margaret Giles, Day Student Treasurer of the Senior-Middles. Last spring she graduated from the Hume-Fogg High School. Margaret served as Chips Editor on the staff of the *Echo*, the monthly paper, and as Society Editor on the staff of the *Foghorn*, the weekly paper. She worked in the school library and plans to continue in librarian work if she has the opportunity. She has always wanted to attend Ward-Belmont and is very pleased with it. She has joined the Eccowasin Club.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Louise Mathews, Boarding Student Treasurer, has appeared in a previous *You Should Know*.)

## CHAPEL PROGRAMS

October 28 - November 1

Oct. 28—Speaker, Miss Theodora Scruggs. Subject, "Carl Sandburg."

Oct. 30—Devotional. Speaker, Dr. Roger T. Nooe, Vine Street Christian Church.

Nov. 1-11 A.M.—Speaker, Carl Sandburg, poet.

## EXPRESSION NOTES

Two plays by the Expression department were given in chapel, Friday, and both were received by the audience with great approval. The students can see by these performances that the girls are really enjoying their work. Both the certificate and diploma students are giving their best work, and the plays and charac-

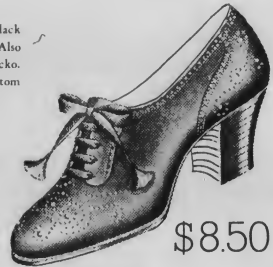
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## MUSIC NOTES

Tuesday afternoon some of the Ward-Belmont music students furnished the program for the Women's Division of the West End Church. Mary Sudoff sang "In the Garden of My Heart" and "Giammo Mio." John Howard Wise played two violin solos, "Meditation" from Massenet's "Thais," and "Serenade." Two piano numbers were given by Helen Tibbets. They were the "First Arabesque," by Debussy, and "Etude de Concert," by MacDowell.

terizations are looked forward to with eagerness.

One of the plays was from *Present Day Advertisement*, written by Lord Dunsany, the great Irish playwright. In the cast of *Fame and the Past* was Martha Craig, the poet; Rebecca Rice as Protile, his friend, and Mary Norman West, as Fame.

This play was followed by a skit, *Rip Business*. The characters were as follows: Uford, a very young lawyer, Frances Bratton; his typist, Annie Lou Wall; and the Electrician, Emma Lou Florey.

## SENIOR-MIDDLE PICNIC

The Senior-Middles held their first social even of this year Friday. The class, as a whole, sponsored a picnic at Mr. and Mrs. Benedict's country home on Curtis Woods Lane.

The following guests attended the picnic: Dr. and Mrs. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, Dr. and Mrs. Burk, Miss Sisson, Mrs. Tate, Mrs. Weedon, Mrs. Jeter, Miss Casebier, Miss Clark, and Dr. Rhea.

The committees were headed by the following: Food, Mary Hamilton Bracken; Transportation, Charlotte Fogg; Entertainment, Jane Merriek.

The Science Society of China was founded 21 years ago by Chinese undergraduates at Cornell University.

## THE PHANTOM OF THE TOWER

(Continued from page 1)

come prowling on October 31st, they'll probably join the *Phantom of the Tower*. And whether they'll be in the eerie Singing Tower or the Underground Bowers is for you to find out.

Don't think for a moment, however, that the Mystic Spirit leaves with Halloween. You'll continue to hear these faint strains of music floating from the tower.

## CARL SANDBURG IN LECTURE FRIDAY

(Continued from page 1)

In this manner or not remains to be seen, but they are assured of an hour under the fascinating influence of a world renowned and some say eccentric genius.

## WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of  
Ward-Belmont.

For advertising information, address: Emmett Russell, Sr., Advertising Manager, 152 4th Avenue, North, Presbyterian Building, Phone 6-1171.



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## TYPISTS

BEVERLY LACK, JEAN McEWAN

## EDITORIAL

## ATTENTION, SENIOR-MIDDLES!

We are entering upon the sixth week of school; our class has been organized, its sponsor and officers elected, and in a general way we are all more settled and familiar with the things about us. It is time now for each member of the Senior-Middle class to leave her seat on the side-lines, and "get in the game" by finding a definite place in the various activities of Ward-Belmont. It is time that we as a class showed signs of enthusiasm, and real school spirit. We are mighty in number—we should strive to be just as mighty in achievements. But if a group such as our own is to accomplish, there must be an undivided willingness to cooperate. Our leaders are the most capable among us, but if cooperation is lacking, their hands are tied. So the cry is for cooperation—loyalty—and a sense of individual responsibility.

May we carry our purple and white banners high, and with it our hopes for making the Senior-Middle class of '36 all that it should be!

## READ BEFORE JUDGING

From the day we enter Ward-Belmont to the day we graduate we are making new opinions or remarking old ones. At first we judge the girls with whom we come in contact by their conversation, manners, and dress. Later we are apt to find that these first opinions were wrong. Perhaps we may have a chance to remedy our error; perhaps not. Sometimes this mistaken opinion results in the hurting of someone's feelings and the loss of one who might have been a good friend. Even after five weeks of school we are still coming in contact with new people, judging them and those we already know. When doing this, we should stop to consider the many different backgrounds from which Ward-Belmont girls come. Here not only East and West meet but also North and South. Each girl brings with her customs and manners which have become a part of her personality. It is hardly fair to judge her by your standards and customs which, though basically the same, may be outwardly different. Remembering that people in different sections of our country have different attitudes towards things, we will be able to understand our schoolmates better. If we really make a sincere effort to see another person from her own point of view, we will probably be surprised to find how much we do like everyone. After all, there are so few totally unlikeable people in the world that I might say they are extinct.

## TO HOCKEY "SHIRKERS"

You can shout school spirit, class spirit, club spirit until you drop, but it doesn't mean much to some people. All right, let's put it in plainer, everyday words. Having any kind of "spirit" merely means putting your human selfishness in a hole and stamping it down. Nothing will strengthen your character or your popularity more than going out for hockey when you have firm conviction that it is the height of inanities. The funny thing is you'll probably learn to love it. But to get back to this co-operative spirit. If you've gone through life this far as a mere individual with no thought of the group, you've got a changing future here at Ward-Belmont. Every time you refuse to do something you affect the condition, mental or physical, of ten other girls who want to play hockey, or 125 girls who would like some certain reward for work well done.

Take the hockey problem, now such a sore point in some of the clubs. Ten girls are eager to play. All the club members are anxious for those extra athletic points but because one or two girls will not "plow under" selfish interests for the good and enjoyment of others, the club goes without a team and ten hockey lovers go without their chance.

That's all right—Just wait! The time will come when you will want something. What will you expect? You'll get it.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

Although Thursday was an extremely rainy and dreary day for most of us, it was the top for Webbie—her mother and father finally arrived.

The laughs on Corinne Pierce. Corinne received a special delivery letter Saturday night. It was from Nebraska. Imagine her surprise when she found nothing in it but a three-cent stamp. Laugh? We thought we'd die. But that's what she gets for writing to her room-mate's friends.

Correction: Last week it was stated that Jean Roland's father flew from Dayton to pay her a visit. However, it was Mr. Ashley who flew from Louisville to pay Sarah a visit.

The Pikes have been here twice to see Virginia. Lucky Lady!

Mary Elizabeth Brown says that the height of her ambition is to be able to write Gerald a letter in French. She can't just at present because about all she can write is, "I have a pencil and am pointing to the ceiling."

The alumnae just can't seem to forget W.B. Only last week-end Leora Hill's sister and Gilbertine Moore spent Saturday and Sunday with us. Gilly says it just isn't the same without Marion, Mary Eleanor, "Teta," and Mary Lalla. We all miss 'em, Gilly.

We're all very much excited over the new rule, and we can't wait until our parents arrive so we can try it out.

Nell Jane could hardly sit still long enough to take her Art History exam. She had just received a telegram which read: "Mr. and Mrs. Rank arriving for week-end."

Were Barb Moore and Lois Whitman lucky? You know it—a buffet supper and dates in town last Friday. Even though Mrs. Nichols has been a grand substitute, we are happy that our Mrs. Weedon is able to be with us again.

Nancy Hovis was struggling to explain some chemical equation. Dr. Hollinshead became a bit impatient and came forth with "If you can't express yourself, send it by freight." Of course, poor Nancy became so convulsed that she never did finish.

It seems that Moselle, Libby, Edwine, and Patty couldn't afford to see Ethel Barrymore, and yet they paid \$2.00 apiece for circus seats. My, what taste!

## Hymns for Ward-Belmont

"Lest We Forget"—Cramming for exams.  
"Flying Out the Banner"—Seniors, Senior-Mids, and Y.W.  
"Now the Day is Over"—Dressing bell.  
"O Come, All Ye Faithful"—Chapel bell.  
"Work, for the Night is Coming"—7:30 study hour.  
"Silent Night"—Try and find one.  
"March on, Ye Pure of Heart"—Commencement.

## WARD-BELMONT TO OBSERVE HOLIDAY

(Continued from page 1)

well-known "horror." Conventional Halloween entertainment such as bobbing for apples and telling fortunes will be provided in addition to some unusual thrills. This is not a class party in that funds are taken from the treasury, but is planned for girls who are willing to "pay their way."

Prizes may be offered for the scarcest or most original costume. At any rate, the campus next Friday night will be infested with eighty inhabitants of the lower regions. If some demon leers in your window and interrupts your study, think nothing of it. It's those Seniors "just playing."

According to an announcement from the University of Illinois, plant molecules have been brought within man's microscope vision.

## EAGLE FEATHER

BY HELEN TIBBETS

EDITOR'S NOTE—In appreciation of the coming appearance of Mr. Carl Sandburg, poet, on the Ward-Belmont stage, the poem this week is composed of his poetry.

Fog is probably the most famous and most quoted of all Carl Sandburg's poetry.

## FOG

The fog comes  
On little cat feet.

It sits looking  
Over harbor and city  
On silent haunches  
And then moves on.

The following poem is among the many poetic tributes to the coin:

## IN A BACK ALLEY

Remembrance for a great man is this:  
The newbies are pitching pennies,  
And on the copper disk is the man's face.  
Dead lover of boys, what do you ask for now?

As a companion poem to the above, this one uses money as symbol of fate:

## FATE

Fate comes with pennies or dollars.  
An Indian head or the Goddess of Liberty: it is all the same to Fate.

One day copper, one day silver, and these are sample  
The cry held back  
The kiss kept under  
The song choked down  
The wish never spoken.

They are pennies and dollars these.  
The girl at the sink washing dishes knows them.  
The girl who has breakfast in bed knows them.

The scene of the following poem is laid during the World War. Mr. Sandburg himself was not in the last war, but the picture was probably reinforced by memories of his experience as a soldier during the Spanish-American War:

## BUTTONS

I have been watching the war map slammed up for  
vertising in front of the newspaper office.  
Buttons—red and yellow buttons—blue and black buttons—are shoved back and forth across the map.

A laughing young man, sunny with freckles,  
Climbs a ladder, yells a joke to somebody in the crowd  
And then fixes a yellow button one inch west  
And follows the yellow button with a black button one inch west.

(Ten thousand men and boys twist on their bodies in  
red soak along a river edge,  
Gaspings of wounds, calling for water, some rattling dead  
in their throats.)

Who would guess what it cost to move two buttons  
inch on the war map here in front of the newspaper  
office where the cheeked-faced young man is laughing at us?

This poem shows the healing power of nature over war. Five battles mentioned were those involving the greatest loss of human life in the Napoleonic, the Civil, and World Wars.

## GRASS

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.  
Shovel them under and let me work—  
I am the grass; I cover all.

And pile them high at Gettysburg  
And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.  
Shovel them under and let me work.  
Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the conductor  
What place is this?

Where are we now?  
I am the grass.  
Let me work.

## VARIED CELEBRITIES OFFERED NASHVILLE AUDIENCES

year brings to Nashville fa-  
people who have reached their  
many varied routes. Surely  
as a secret ambition or dream  
carefully away in some for-  
book of your brain. Take time  
it off and wonder how it has  
alized by some one who at one  
two had a dream of success,  
list of famous per-  
sund pick out the one you will  
enjoy. So, save your pennies,  
comes culture.

**War Memorial Building**  
Oct. —Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Min-  
ister  
Oct. —Richard Haliburton, Adven-  
turer  
Nov. —Admiral Richard E. Byrd,  
Explorer  
Dec. —Senator Robert LaFollette,  
Jr.  
Dec. —Emil Ludwig, Author

Jan. 21—Amelia Earhart, Aviatix  
Jan. 23—Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Lec-  
turer  
Jan. 25—H. V. Kaltenborn, Radio  
Commentator

### Ryman Auditorium

Oct. 28—The Vanities  
Nov. 9—"Three Men on a Horse"  
Nov. 12—"Life Begins at 8:40"  
Nov. 21—"Student Prince"  
Dec. 5—"Blossom Time"  
Dec. 16—Katherine Cornell in "Romeo  
and Juliet"  
Jan. 1—"Thumbs Up"  
Feb. 21—"Rose Marie"  
Feb. 22—Walter Huston in "Dods-  
worth"  
Mar. 2—Monte Carlo Russe Ballet  
Apr. 7—Eva La Galliene  
Date not set—Philip Merivale and  
Gladys Cooper in "Mac-  
beth" or "Othello"

## DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Monday—  
In the middle of a test, Betty Dun-  
lops up and asks Mrs. Pratt if  
you are to be in the infirmary to get  
oil. What on earth would she  
with castor oil? That's what  
I wondered too, but I hear it's good  
for hair. More power to these  
blondes!

Every club either had a pic-  
nec down to the club for din-  
ner. We rated a chicken dinner—a  
chicken dinner at that.

There was a big commotion in Sen-  
ior tonight about 9:30. Someone  
hurling up to Teddie Kraus'  
a long-distance call. Teddie,  
hurling down three flights of  
only to find it wasn't her boy  
from Mich. U. calling her, but  
Kiger's. Just a little mixup.  
Teddie slowly retraced her steps,  
a little laker, Marty did—red  
on each cheek, a little choked,  
a little excited—but the same

Monday—  
Now we have practical jokers—  
Burns found her name on the  
for a telegram, only after a  
investigation to find that there  
such telegram for her, but  
she was just another victim of  
practical joker. Such humor as  
people do have!

Whole campus will be empty  
keeps up. Frances Prince and  
eth Barrett go to Louisville to-  
and Fran is just as excited as  
was yesterday, for she's gone  
meet her Doctor there.

Half Galt's father came—and  
nally of Pembroke is benefited  
or he acted as a Papa to most  
in this week-end.

To make matters worse, let me  
tell you that Anne Turney and Gene-  
Mullins left for St. Louis to-  
I'm going to cut out writing  
are of this—it's making me sick.  
We did have fudge cake, girls.  
The topic of conversation on the  
ack was "How many did you  
let, and you, and you?" They're  
and let's have as many as we can  
seemed to be the main census of

Monday—  
Now a whole suite is empty, for  
Frank and Elsie Sante left, too.  
If it makes you happy, forget it.  
You want to get a look at some

fantastic hands, cast your eyes on  
Jean Fagerberg's. Sorry to disap-  
point you, but they're artificial—the  
nails, I mean. But you'll have to wait  
for a week-end, for that's the only  
time that they are donned.

Miss Ross has started her annual  
procession to the Parthenon. I joined  
the ranks today, and came back con-  
siderably enlightened.

A typical Saturday for me—town  
for lunch and a show. If you want  
to see gorgeous clothes, and a figure  
that can wear them, just take a peep  
at Joan Crawford in her latest hit.  
Adrian, quite outdone himself. Had  
a nice, greasy hamburger. Seemed  
just like home!

Sunday—  
A nice, typical fall Sunday. Day  
students are so nice about taking us  
boarders out. It makes us feel like  
we're part of the world other than  
Ward-Belmont. The only time I even  
realize that there's an Ethiopian War  
is when I go to the show and see it in  
the news.

Our friend, Dr. Hill, at vespers.  
We've grown to love that deep boom-  
ing voice of his.

Back to the hall to listen to the  
tender notes of our old standby—  
Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard.  
They enliven many a Sunday night  
before study hour for us.

Monday—

And Monday's the day that every-  
one starts out to diet, which usually  
lasts about two days. But we all have  
such nice intentions. It's going to  
last this time, I always say. I'm even  
going to put down everything I eat,  
and try to make it a mighty small list.  
It might be an incentive, and on the  
other hand, maybe it'll be the same  
old story. What's the use!

Winnie Coffee was a happy child  
today. For two days she's been tell-  
ing everyone that her lunch was going  
to be today. And it was—frankfur-  
ters and sauerkraut. Did you see the  
grin on her face?

Tuesday—  
And now starts Peanut Week! A  
right cute chapel initiated the new  
girls to our famous week. Evelyn  
Norton can really cut aspers with her  
feet. And now I'm expecting a sur-  
prise every day. Nothing like sur-  
prises from an incognito friend.

One hundred and forty-eight girls  
went to hear Ethel Barrymore to-  
night. But something was different—  
oh yes, you didn't see knitting needles  
flashing to and fro between acts as  
formerly. The bans were put on that  
today, so now you who have the knit-  
ting bug are going to do it in place  
of studying. Am I sleepy! Maybe  
it's studying, maybe it's exercise—  
maybe it's laziness. Nevertheless,  
goodnight.

PIANO RECITAL BY DEPARTMENT HEAD  
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(Continued from page 1)  
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last number, made up of fifteen  
Brahms Waltzes (Op. 39), shows the  
contrast between the works of the  
early and later periods. The Waltzes  
show also the versatility of the com-  
poser. Some are light, gay, and more  
brilliant, while others are of a more  
sentimental nature.

The second group of Chopin was  
rather unusual in that it was made  
up of some of Chopin's longer and  
grandier works rather than the short  
Etudes which are expected. The  
"Ballade in G Minor" reflected a me-  
dieval and military spirit and was  
more dramatic than the following  
"Etude Op. 25, No. 1," which was of  
a harp-like character. The "Fantasie,  
Op. 49" has been pronounced Chopin's  
grandest work. It has a certain no-  
bility which reaches brilliant but not  
too violent climaxes.

The last group was more modern.  
The "Dance of the Naniogs," with its  
weird, unusual harmonies, was espe-  
cially popular with the audience. The  
more brilliant and lively "Dance of  
Olaf," by Pék-Mangialli, the ultra-  
modern "Berceuse," by Tanaman, and  
the lovely "Viennese Dance, No. 2,"  
by Friedman-Gartner, concluded a  
most enjoyable program. The ap-  
plause of the audience called for en-  
cores which included the beautiful  
Chopin "Butterfly Etude" and the ex-  
pressive "The Cat and the Mouse."

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## NEW BOOKS

The library has put on display, from time to time, on the loan desk, all of the new books which have been added to the collection since the beginning of the school term. The following titles were selected as representative of the many interests evidenced among the new acquisitions.

Table Service—L. G. Allen.  
The Child From One to Twelve—A. H. Art.  
The Psychology of Personality—E. Bagby.  
Psychology and Health—H. Banister.  
Life of Milton—H. Belloc.  
Charlotte Bronte—E. F. Benson.  
Queen Victoria—E. F. Benson.  
Mary of Nazareth—Mary Borden.  
Musical Taste and How to Form It—M. D. Calvocoressi.  
Sociology of City Life—Niles Carpenter.  
Cultural Change—F. S. Chapin.  
Your Money's Worth—S. Chase.  
Expressionism in Art—S. Cheney.  
Jesus: Told By the Wandering Jew—E. Flug.  
The Secret of Victorious Living—H. E. Fosdick.  
Vision and Design—R. Fry.  
The Bookman's Manual—B. Graham.  
Carolina Folk-Plays—F. H. Kock.  
The Story of the Theatre—G. Hughes.  
Genghis Khan—H. Lamb.  
The Chinese; Their History and Culture—K. S. Latourette.  
The Novel Prize Winners in Literature—A. R. Marble.  
A History of American Magazines 1741-1850—F. L. Mott.  
A Manual of Drawing for Science Students—J. F. Mueller.  
Three Plays—C. Odets.  
The Story of American Furniture—T. H. Ormsbee.  
Anatomy of the Cat—J. Reighard.  
The Puritans and Music—P. A. Scholes.  
Youth in Conflict—M. Van Waters.  
Some Newspapers and Newspapermen—O. G. Villard.  
Curiosities of Popular Customs—W. S. Walsh.

## GUARDIANS OF OUR GATES

Who is it that says, "Young lady, have you permission to walk up here with that young man?" For whom do we call lustily when we discover the club house is locked? Who is it who promises us magnolias at the end of the year?

For the benefit of the new girls, let us inform them that Mr. Puckett and his cohort of four faithful watchmen make up one of the most valuable institutions in the life of Ward-Belmont. Together the five of them protect us from various dangers: fire, prowlers, Vanderbilt pledges, etc.; they instruct and direct visitors around the school; they help us find lost articles about the campus; they come flying at the whistle of a hostess and are always to be found when in demand.

Mr. J. B. Puckett is distinguished by a likeness to Bing Crosby and by a pipe. We often see him upon the roof of "Ac" waving to the tower when to start and stop the chimes during an outdoor ceremony.

Mr. O. D. Stamper is a very large, tall gentleman with glasses. He used to be called "Mr. Derby," because he always wore one, but in the last year or so, he has given up that habit, and is to be recognized primarily by his size.

Mr. M. T. Nanie is the small, kindly gentleman, who never forgets a face, and remembers remarkably well every girl whom he happens to see during the year.

Mr. J. O. Howell is another tall watchman, but he does not wear

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Scalp treatment . . . \$2.00  
Bleach and Shampoo . . . \$3.00

## TINSLEY'S

Church Street at Seventh Ave.

glasses. He is very fond of pets and last year kept watch over one of day student's dogs while she was in the library.

Mr. D. C. Bratten is the fifth of our careful vigilantes. He is the one who is almost daily called upon to open up the library for a couple of the Senior day students who invariably leave their books there until it closes.

Thus you now have been introduced to an invaluable part of our life at Ward-Belmont. These men hold their hands a good deal of our attention and guard it faithfully. As the year unravels, you will come to see they take an important part in the community that is Ward-Belmont.



# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIV

Nashville, Tenn., November 2, 1935

Number 7

## SOCIAL CLUBS TO SPONSOR CAMPAIGN FOR GOOD MANNERS

Students Join in Effort by Presenting Feature Each Week

For the sponsorship of the Social Committee, which is made up of five residents and the sponsors of their five clubs, a campaign for campus manners opens this week. As their part in this concerted effort to impress the girls of Ward-Belmont with the importance of thoughtful and ladylike conduct, the Domestic Science Department has planned a program in this paper on Wednesday night in place of the regular meetings. It will take place in the dining hall and the cooking classes will take part. The HYPHEN, too, wishes to cooperate with the other campus organizations in this project. Our contribution is to present a feature covering some phase of good manners that is demanded both in the cultured outside world and in the cultured outside world.

This week's feature is pretty general and is only an indication of the things to be covered. Ward-Belmont has been recognized as not only a fine school in which to present a young girl scholastically but an institution in which its students are imbued with charm, tact, and an innate sense of the correct. The argument that the HYPHEN will print this and the following will be written above in mind. They are, of course, with the girls in mind but it is hoped they will be of help and instruction to all others.

## MODERN COMEDY

### TO BE PRESENTED

Three Men on a Horse," which was presented at the Ryman Auditorium on November 9th, is a modern play. This play includes in its cast the two celebrated actors, John Cecil and George Abbot.

A very domestic scene in a suburban home introduces Erwin, who is hustling off to work. When his sister comes for his suit, Erwin finds a book with girl names and telephone numbers in it. She and her mother, combining their efforts in aiding an explanation, make Erwin very unhappy. Sticking to his story, he insists that the girls are race-horse winners. Although he has never bet, he possesses a remarkable faculty for nearly al- picking the winner. This is his source of amusement while riding on the bus each day. Being highly miserable and angry, Erwin rushes out but not to his work in greeting card business; no, he goes to a bar in a cheap hotel. After getting him half drunk, three horse men get the information of the race and win on their bets. With the success, they back (Continued on page 2)

## HYPHEN BIOGRAPHIES

Miss Olive Carter Ross

Beginning with this issue the HYPHEN staff is planning to run in each weekly edition of the paper short biographies of familiar campus figures. A great many of our faculty and administrative members have established records in the years of service in their fields. Some are themselves graduates of either Ward-Belmont or its predecessors. A few are acknowledged leaders in their lines or have been connected with notables of the past or present. This week we have chosen Miss Olive Carter Ross who is a great traveler with a gift of bringing back to the school (and thereby enriching her classes) her experiences in other places.

These two semesters round out Miss Ross' thirtieth consecutive year at Ward-Belmont or Ward Seminary. Before that she was a teacher at Dr. Price's School for Girls. Born in Fairmont, West Virginia, around the close of the Civil War (she says we're safe in saying that) she received her first formal education in the District School. From there she went to the State Teachers' College founded just in time for her to be one of its first students. Her teaching career began at sixteen before she had finished her own schooling. She has been a teacher without a break ever since then. In

later life she attended Peabody, Vanderbilt, and Columbia Universities.

Miss Ross for years has been teaching History of Art. She has made eighteen trips abroad either alone or as chaperone for Ward-Belmont girls. From 1908 to 1914 and from 1920 to 1923 she took groups of girls to all points of interest in Europe, guiding them through the art and historic centers of the old world. She herself is more at home in London, Paris, or Rome than in any large American city. Only Egypt and Greece are left for her to see. She has seen or met the crowned heads and high church dignitaries. In the hectic summer of 1914 she and her party of girls were caught in Rome. Money could scarcely buy safe passage home, and the events of that time were among the most exciting of Miss Ross' long, full life. Next to that summer she counts as most thrilling the months she spent hiking, knapsack and all, through Germany. Those were the days before Hitler and Nazism, and during the time of fat and jolly beer-garden owners.

Miss Ross sums herself up when she says with the deepest sincerity that in all her travels she has never found anything more interesting than the school girl of today, yesterday, and tomorrow.

## A. K.'S ENTERTAIN

### SISTER CLUB

On Friday afternoon, November 1st, the A. K.'s entertained their sister club, the Agora, at a tea dance in the club house. The receiving line included Mary Ann Foley, Miss Rhea, Bettie Jayne Reed, and Miss Casabier. Fall flowers decorated the room in which Johnny Miller's orchestra played for dancing. At the tea table pouring were Betsy Jones and Jane Ludwig. Those dining were Martha Morrison, Norvell Calkins, Virginia Robertson, Virginia Pike and Mary Virginia Wren.

Other guests were Dr. and Mrs. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, Dr. and Mrs. Burk, Miss Allison, Miss Sisson, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Bryan, and Miss Phillips.

The committees in charge were: Ida Phillips, invitations; and June Vernon, refreshments.

## ESSAY WINS PRIZE

### IN MAGAZINE

Cornelia Fort, a senior in high school, won first prize in an essay contest on "A Trip I Want to Remember," in *Modern Literature*, a magazine used in high school English classes. Her essay was an account of a trip to Boston, called "One If by Land, and Two If by Sea." It was entered in a group to write of "A Trip I Want to Remember" and won over a large number of submitted manuscripts.

Cornelia is a pupil of Miss Martha Ordway and this is her sixth year at Ward-Belmont. In other high school years she has been taught by Mrs. Souby, another member of the English department.

Twelve American and five Canadian colleges have organized the Intercollegiate Ski Union to further competition in ski jumping and racing.

## ON BECOMING MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

When Mother and Daddy insist that Daughter raise her nose from a book to speak to their visitors, they are profuse with excuses. Indeed, they'd have you know that Daughter has the proper training—she's just a tiny bit thoughtless, and, oh, so very absorbed in her books.

But suddenly Daughter realizes she's at "that age." And in a hectic moment, she becomes intensely aware of her manners and is the perfect little lady.

Then with college in mind, she pores through school literature and selects Ward-Belmont as the perfect background for her newly-acquired poise.

As soon as she reaches school, she is impressed by the Seniors, but especially by her hostess. Hers is such a charming personality, that it is a privilege to rise when she enters the room. And, at odd moments it's fun to run in and tell her a few secrets.

The hostesses are really worth knowing well. Daughter has found out that they're a great deal "like Mother"; not the usual awe-inspiring officials. She directs a great deal of conversation to her hostess, and hears many interesting little stories in return.

Occasionally, however, the hostess may be late. Then one girl, the one on the right, is sufficient to represent the group in rising. When dinner is finished, no one ever pops up from the table just as soon as the bells ring; with some little casual remark and an "Excuse me, please," Daughter slips out.

And on her way, she doesn't go through regular football tactics. After all, that big fat letter waiting for her may be from Mother, saying, "Now, Daughter, don't forget to respect your elders. Remember, 'Politeness is like an air cushion, there may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts.'" And so, by accepting Mother's advice, Daughter becomes Mistress Belle-Ward.

## CHATTANOOGA TRIP OFFERED STUDENTS ON NEXT TUESDAY

Southern Tennessee City Very Attractive at This Time of Year

Throughout the school year Ward-Belmont offers to its students the opportunity to take trips to points of interest and beauty. In past years such trips have been made to the Magnolia Gardens at Charleston, South Carolina; to Niagara Falls, when the falls have been frozen over; to Natchez, Mississippi, at the time of the Garden Pilgrimage; to Mammoth Cave; to My Old Kentucky Home at Bardonia, Kentucky, and to Washington, D. C., when the cherry trees are in full bloom.

The first of these trips this year will be taken this coming Tuesday, November 5th, at which time the school is sponsoring an all-day excursion to Chattanooga, Tennessee. No trip could be more timely, as Chattanooga surrounded with heavily wooded mountains is in the height of its glory at this time of the year when the leaves have turned.

The entire trip, including meals, will cost only \$7.50 per person. The party will leave Ward-Belmont by bus at 8:30 o'clock Tuesday morning after having breakfast at the school. It will have dinner in Chattanooga and a box supper in the bus on the way home. The main points of interest around Chattanooga will be visited, such as Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Signal Mountain, (Continued on page 3)

## CLUB TEAMS DRAW

### HOCKEY GAMES

The managers of each club hockey team met with Jeanne Cookson in the gym, October 30th, and drew for the schedule of the games which will start a week from Monday. The day student clubs are well represented and the boarders are urged to get down to business if they have a game with them. The draws are as follows: First round: Angkor and X. L.; Agora and Del Vers; Anti Pan and F. F.; Triad and Osiron; T. C. and Tri K.; Penta Tau and Ecocwasin. Second round: Angkor and Osiron; Ecocwasin and Del Vers; Penta Tau and T. C.; Triad and X. L.; F. F. and Tri K.; Anti Pan and Agoy. Third round: Angkor and T. C.; X. L. and Del Vers; F. F. and Osiron; Triad and Ecocwasin; Penta Tau and Tri K.; Agora and Anti Pan.

This means that each club has a pretty stiff schedule and the play-offs should be interesting. The girls that show up well in the club play make themselves eligible for hockey first and second varsities as well as class teams to compete in the Senior-Senior-Middle hockey game. The varsity teams are merely honorary but the lucky girls who receive this honor get Ward-Belmont letters. This also gives the various clubs points.

## VANDERBILT FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Nov. 2—Vanderbilt vs. Georgia Tech, at Tech.  
Nov. 9—Vanderbilt vs. Sewanee, here.  
Nov. 16—Vanderbilt vs. University of Tennessee, at Knoxville.  
Nov. 23—Vanderbilt vs. University of Alabama, here.

## PENSTAFF CONTEST

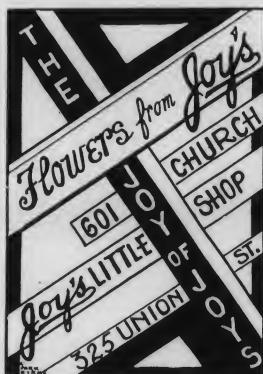
The Penstaff met on Tuesday, November 29, to discuss plans for the campaign for members. The final contest will open Monday, November 4. The rules will be set out in the bulletin board in the hall basement. All themes to be submitted by Monday, November 11th, the closing day. School students interested in active writing are urged to try.

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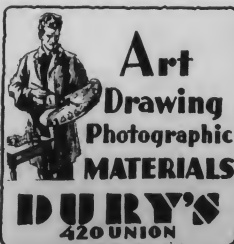


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## WORK OF THE "Y"

On Friday, October 25, Martha Merryday, chairman of the committee on public affairs, and Marjorie Crume, chairman of the membership committee attended the first meeting of the Student-Industrial Commission, held at the city Y.W.C.A. This commission is composed of eight factory girls and two from each of the four Nashville colleges, Ward-Belmont, Scarritt, Vanderbilt and Peabody. The sixteen girls had dinner together and spent the evening in organizing for the year, and in becoming acquainted. They spoke informally of their own particular fields of work, which ranged from student activities at Ward-Belmont, to clerking in the five and ten-cent store. The exchange of anecdotes was found so fascinating that the commission chose one of their own group to speak at their next meeting, which will be held at Scarritt College.

Leora Hill and Jane Ludwig attended the Student Volunteer Conference which was held at Scarritt on Saturday and Sunday, October 26th and 27th. Martha Snell, head of the Student Volunteer Association in Nashville, discussed the ways, means, and purpose of the Indianapolis Student Volunteer Conference, which will be held in December. The idea of this conference is to bring out the outstanding interests and problems of an international group of students. A representative from each of the nine Nashville colleges was chosen to meet and appropriate funds with which to send students to the conference. Jane Ludwig was selected to represent Ward-Belmont.

### "Y" CALENDAR

Sunday, November 3—  
8:30 A.M.—Sunday school.  
Speaker, Louise Baxter  
9:00 A.M.—Big Cabinet meeting  
2:15 P.M.—Play hour at Tennessee Children's Home  
2:30 P.M.—Visit to Junior League Hospital  
6:00 P.M.—Vespers  
Tuesday, November 5—  
7:00 P.M.—Visit to wards of Vanderbilt Hospital

## DEPARTMENTAL NOTES

### History

Last Friday and Saturday, Miss Ross discussed Greek art and architecture for the classes in *An Introduction to Western Civilization*. This discussion, which was greatly appreciated by the classes, was very interesting and instructive.

### Expression

The expression classes are hard at work once more. Eight o'clock practice hours, afternoon practice hours, and after-dinner visits to Miss Townsend have begun. There are approximately one hundred and fifty girls enrolled in the expression courses this year. Very few of these wish to make acting their profession; however, Miss Townsend hopes that all of them will realize the value of the course in helping them to create poise and grace for social rather than practical purposes, and to understand and appreciate drama.

Having worked out the technical principals in the problems of stage movement, classes I and II are now working out original dialogue and action, embodying voice, technique of voice and body, and stage relations. Everyone has been cast in a short one-act play. Among the plays in production is Christopher Morley's *Thursday Evening*. Besides being cast in a play, every girl has been given a character sketch to interpret. Invitation recitals will be held soon.

## CHAPEL CORNER

Friday, October 25

With a cigarette between her lips and one leg draped over a chair, a new Madame Fame entered chapel, impersonated by Mary Norman West. Martha Craig played the rôle of the inspired young poet who received Fame, while Rebecca Rice represented the cynical man of the world.

Someone clipped the wires, but the chewing-gum secretary, Annie Lou Wall, and her big executive, Mary Bracken, continued with "Big Business"; Emma Lou Florey represented the telephone company and proved that the wires were really clipped.

These one-act plays show the ability of the Seniors. With only one week for preparation, they gave these successful skits which were really memory tests.

Monday, October 28

Carl Sandburg was just another book-lover looking for bargains when Miss Scruggs saw him at Marshall-Fields, several years ago. And he, in turn, is one whose books make us ardent book-lovers for the reasons that Miss Scruggs enumerated in chapel.

Perhaps he will sing of poetry to us Friday. At least, his subject, whether sung or told, will be "Poetry Is the Achievement of the Synthesis of Hyacinths and Biscuits."

Wednesday, October 30

Dr. Roger T. Nooe, of the Vine Street Christian Church, spoke on the "Value of Loneliness." He pointed out that to be truly great, one must separate from, as well as mingle with, the crowd; for no truly great person has reached his goal without loneliness. Therefore, Dr. Nooe advised every girl to be alone in order that she might know her studies, herself, and God.

### MODERN COMEDY TO BE PRESENTED

(Continued from page 1)

Erwin up. Whenever he becomes sober, he attempts to write verses for Mother's Day cards, a certain number of which he must have by the next day. This scene is quite humorous. The men are very proud of their find and refuse to sell an interest in him to a friend.

Such is the situation—Erwin, a prisoner, suffers from domestic disturbances and lack of verses for Mother's Day cards. With snappy lines and fast-moving action, his problems are solved.

There are several companies on the road presenting "Three Men on a Horse." It is of interest to Nashville people to learn that Shirley Booth, of the Orpheum Stock Company, here two years ago, played the rôle of Mabel, the wife of one of the men.

"Three Men on a Horse," with its clever farcical qualities, will afford a great deal of entertainment to the audience.

### TOURNAMENT WINNERS

The elimination tennis tournament is well under way and the results of the first two rounds have been recorded. In the first round the results were as follows: Grace Benedict beat Jane Davis; Dorothy Evans beat Jane Vance; Betty Rye beat Martha Greene; Margaret Greene beat Jane Allison by default; Winnie Coffee beat Sarah Ashley; Marguerite Wallace beat Evelyn Braden; Mildred Sartor beat Virginia Graves; Ruth Hewitt beat Elizabeth Cornelius. The second-round results were as follows: Ruth Hewitt beat Mildred Sartor; Betty Rye beat Margaret Greene; Winnie Coffee beat Marguerite Wallace, and Grace Benedict beat Dorothy Evans. There should be, according to all reports, some very good matches in the semi-finals and finals of the tournament.

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FRIDAY

NINO MARTINI

IN

"HERE'S TO ROMANCE"

## KNICKERBOCKER

—Beginning Friday—

GENE STRATTON PORTER'S

★

"FRECKLES"

★

## THE OLD STAND-BYS

If you ever stopped to consider how many have you read? If you have been fortunate enough to have read all of them, or if you liked some particularly well, let the librarians at the other titles equally good.

Some fifty books, listed in order, are the ones most often recommended in the reading lists of fifty-five colleges. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—Austen; *Rebecca*—Hardy; *The Scarlet Letter*—Hawthorne; *Henry Esmond*—Thackeray; *Vanity Fair*—Dickens; *Ordeal of Richard Feverel*—Guthrie; *Moby Dick*—Melville; *Anna Karenina*—Tolstoy; *The Old Maid*—Bennett; *Lord Jim*—Conrad; *The Rise of Silas Lapham*—Hawthorne; *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*—Hardy; *The Cloister and the Hearth*—Lodge; *Jane Eyre*—Bronte; *The War of all Flesh*—Butler; *David Copperfield*—Dickens; *The Forsyte Saga*—Galsworthy; *Ethan Frome*—Wharton; *Adam Bede*—Eliot; *Green Mountains*—Hudson; *Kim*—Kipling; *My Antonia*—Cather; *Huckleberry Finn*—Twain; *The Rivals*—Sheridan; *Excellent Victorians*—Strachey; *Life of Samuel Johnson*—Boswell; *Far*

*Away and Long Ago*—Hudson; *School for Scandal*—Sheridan; *Kidnapped*—Stevenson; *The Age of Innocence*—Wharton; *Lorna Doone*—Blackmore; *The Pickwick Papers*—Dickens; *The Mill on the Floss*—Eliot; *Tom Jones*—Fielding; *Far From the Madding Crowd*—Hardy; *Westward Ho!*—Kingsley; *Arrowsmith*—Lewis; *Babbalanza*—Lewis; *Cyrano de Bergerac*—Rostand; *Walden*—Thoreau; *Bartholomew Towers*—Trollope; *The Little Minister*—Barrie; *Romola*—Eliot; *A Son of the Middle Border*—Garland; *She Stoops to Conquer*—Goldsmith; *Vicar of Wakefield*—Goldsmith; *A Doll's House*—Ibsen; *Essays of Elia*—Lamb; *Kenilworth*—Scott; *Tom Sawyer*—Twain.

## SENIOR-MIDDLES MEET

The Senior-Middle class met October 31st. At this time the class officers were installed. Edwina Schmid, president of the Senior class, placed Emily Hamilton formally in office, and presented her with the Senior-Middle Banner as a symbol of the continuation of the classes. Edwina also explained some of the traditions of the class. Emily accepted the banner and her responsibilities as president of the class. She spoke to the class, stating her appreciation for their having chosen her as leader and then installed the other officers: Anne Huddleston, vice-president; Dorothy Martin, secretary; Louise Mathews, treasurer, and Margaret Giles, day-student treasurer, informing each girl of her duties and obligations as an officer. Each girl took the pledge of office. The class was reminded of its responsibilities as a group and was requested to pledge its support

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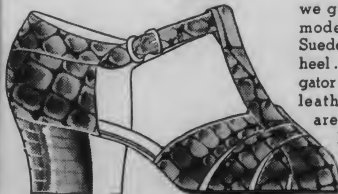
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# Greater MANGEL'S

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to the officers and to the work that the class expects to do this year.

The regular business meeting followed the presentation of officers. The president announced that the class had been asked to take charge of the Wednesday Chapel service on November 20th. She also stated that a song contest would be conducted with the hope of collecting many songs from which a permanent Senior-Middle song may be selected.

Emily announced that the Senior class had given the Senior-Middle class some money with which to buy purple shorts for the girls on the teams to wear at the inter-class athletic contests. She expressed her gratitude to the Senior class for this gift in behalf of the entire Senior-Middle class.

### CHATTANOOGA TRIP

(Continued from page 1)  
and Chickamauga Battlefield. The party will return around nine or ten o'clock the same evening.

Saturday was at first set as the deadline for signing up for the trip. However, the time has been extended until Monday and all students who desire to take the trip are urged to sign up in the Bookroom immediately.

Chattanooga is picturesquely situated on Moccasin Bend, a sharp turn of the Tennessee River, with Signal

Mountain to the northwest, Missionary Ridge on the east, and to the south Lookout Mountain, which commands a view of seven states. It is one of the most important manufacturing centers of the South because of the hydro-electric development of the Tennessee River.

Chattanooga and the surrounding country was the scene of important engagements in the Civil War, notably the battles of Chickamauga and of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain ("the battle above the clouds"), both in the fall of 1863. The Chickamauga battlefield, ten miles south of Chattanooga in Georgia, has been a national military park since 1895. Its 5,563 acres are dotted with over 2,000 monuments, and many others are scattered over Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, and other historic spots.

Chattanooga is truly a spot of historical significance and scenic beauty.

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Associated Collegiate Press

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Beverly Lack, Jean McEwan

## EDITORIAL

## A TRIBUTE TO JUNIOR-MIDDLES!

Two weeks from yesterday the Junior-Middles will hold their formal recognition exercises in chapel. We think, however, that as a class they are worth your noticing before they appear, all dressed in white, on the stage. These girls represent the attainment of a four-year goal and are as important as Seniors of the high school division, as the so-called Seniors of the College department.

Some of them may not return to Ward-Belmont next year. They may choose a four-year college or this may mark the end of their formal education. To these, this year is of special significance. Even to those who return, they return in a different rôle. High school ends for all in May. In the eyes of the world they are well-educated young citizens. In the eyes of Ward-Belmont they are her Junior-Middles—sister class of the Seniors and leaders in their groups.

So before Friday, November the fifteenth, meet and know these girls. Some of the best and most outstanding students in school are among their number and some of the most popular. A good per cent have been in Ward-Belmont eight years or longer. Some are experiencing their first year here. So you see it's a class whose members are varied in activities and personalities and one you will profit in knowing.

## TEST YOURSELF!

There are certain fundamental rules of living that, if followed, can only bring you to one place—that of a true gentle-woman. It is something that money cannot buy and position cannot acquire. You must have a real kindness of manner which draws no visible line of distinction with those with whom you come in contact, rich and poor alike; a regard for other's feelings that makes it impossible to say or to do things that hurt; a straightforwardness and truthfulness that will take you out of the class of tale-bearers and gossipers, and place you in a position beyond impeachment; a sincerity of purpose and action that convinces people that you are real and not just a show and camouflage; a control of one's feelings so that at least to all outward appearances you are serene and in full possession of all your faculties.

Most of you have these characteristics. Perhaps they are latent or waiting to be pushed forward; but, if you can be broad-minded enough to observe yourself and thereby know your faults, you cannot help attaining the goal of a perfect gentle-woman.

Work—for perfection, wait—for speed.

The hours of today will be in the moments of tomorrow.

Truth, like the sun, would brighten the whole earth with its rays, were it not for the clouds of ignorance.

To try to do what you know how to do, is good. To attempt what you do not know how to do, is better; but to keep on until you learn how to do what you do not know how to do, is best of all.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

The barn dance Saturday evening was exceedingly unique, to say the least. We can't, as yet, decide if "farm hands" really wear clothes like the "get-ups" we saw running around during the evening, but I know that we all had good intentions. Those college songs that the orchestra played sorta got in our hair, didn't they girls? The chorus which provided the singing entertainment consisted of Dot Jaeger, Sis Baxter, Barbara Moore, Lou Mathews, Laura Mae Carpenter and Marguerite Graves; they really shined, too—especially when they sang "Shine on Harvest Moon." The talent in this school is simply bursting forth.

Ye Olde Campus didn't look the same Sunday afternoon—what with all the girls parading their dates hither and yon—they really hit some of us less fortunate young ladies in the face. But then, I always say that we are victims of circumstance, and can't always play lucky with fate! Helen Aycock has 'em coming all the way from Atlanta.

Marjorie Morris and Margaret Thrower went to Knoxville over the week-end, and while a dance and a reception were being given in their honor, they were in their rooms feeling "greenish around the gills." They say they had a perfect time, however, even though they weren't feeling exactly up to par all day Saturday.

Founders has its claim to fame, and a rightful one, too! You should hear Marge Hall and Elizabeth Ann Hoffman imitate a Scotch bagpipe. At present, their repertoire is a bit limited, but by next week they're expected to come forth with most anything. Nancy Uhl really wasn't sleeping the other night. The "why" of her rather dazed facial expression was Donald's 'phone call—he called her from Daytona Beach—such devotion!

Glee Calloway, Joan Butterfield, and Bobbie Reniger seemed to have had quite a nice time last week-end in Cincinnati. We know Elaine Ostergard did, because she came back flaunting a Sigma Chi sweetheart pin!

And why hadn't we heard Cherry (Frances Langford) Pittman before? She did a mighty good job of "Sweet and Slow" the other night at the dance.

Here and there; Dotty Lehrer has the most adorable clothes—Little Yvonne is writing to thirteen boys (count 'em). Look out, Yvonne—thirteen is an unlucky number. . . . Bobbie Williams is in love, girls— isn't it thrilling? . . . Wonder why all the girls seem to prefer the Vanderbilt church? Isn't it a coincidence?

Ask Woopa Cornelius what happened to the car when she took Miss Ruef around the circle.

Mae Cude's aesthetic impulse seems to get her in ditch—and poison oak. She roams the woods picking pretty leaves and comes home with an armful of poison oak.

Girls, what's been going on around here? We saw three policemen just outside the library Tuesday morning.

## ERROR

Through an error last week the name of Ellen Bowers was omitted from the article announcing the members of the *Milestones* staff. Ellen was one of the first members chosen and holds the responsible position of Day Student Editor.

CHAPEL SCHEDULE  
November 4-8

Nov. 4—Speaker, Dr. Barton.  
Nov. 6—Devotional. Speaker, Dr. Costen J. Harrell, pastor West End Methodist Church.  
Nov. 8—Play by high school students.

## EAGLE FEATHER

By HELEN TIBBETS

## EXALTATION

Darkness except for the dancer and her setting. Shimmering turquoise, and black that ever-moving flitting figure. Slowly those around me, the audience, melted away and I sat there surrounded by darkness my very soul alone. Timidly I wandered; then, with a sudden sense of determination which I seemed to feel only as a deep somewhere within the region of my heart, it floated downward to the edge of the stage. I was no longer a figure engulfed in darkness but a glamorous figure glowing with breath-taking ease the intricate steps of a dancer. Up and up soared the dancer, up and up went my spirits, my body remaining motionless. Turns, arabesques, tourjettes, leaps, a gradual declining of the rhythm, the dancer's arms became heavier; her head which had been lifted, dropped; her body became limp as if very thought of finishing hurt her.

In the moment of the dancer's bow my spirit returned to the figure in the darkness, eyes filled with misery, the trembling with happiness.

Fascination—the sharp intake of breath by an audience struck audience. In pity my heart went out to them. I had not only seen—I had danced with that ever-moving flitting figure in turquoise, silver, and black.

GENEVIEVE MARSH, JR.

## ELEGY OF A POOR STREET URCHIN

How are the birds so blithe and gay?  
How smells so sweet the new-mown hay?  
How is the moon so bright and fair,  
Without her laughter in the air?

The tower clock strikes off the hours;  
The fat old gardener weeds his flowers;  
The tired workmen hurry by;  
The smoke of factories fills the sky.

The rushing world moves ever on,  
It doesn't even know she's gone,  
And no one ever seems to care,  
Or miss her laughter in the air.

The little waif wore tattered clothes  
With one foot bare and one in hose,  
Yet ever she would laugh and smile,  
And sell bad pencils all the while.

Poor thing! she'd dreamed of future fame;  
No headlines ever bore her name—  
For she was killed when only ten,  
And died—unloved, unmissed by men.

WINNIE COFFEY, '36

## YOU SHOULD KNOW—

The Junior-Middle Class has become fully organized now. They have elected all of their officers and are looking forward to a very successful and eventful year. Do you think you should know who is at the helm of it all?

You should know Grace Benedict, the charming president. She lives in Nashville and has been a day-student here Ward-Belmont since the fourth grade—nine years! No doubt you all know Grace because of the beautiful dancing that she did for us at the very first of the year. She has had lessons ever since she has been old enough to move about. Moreover, all her talent comes from what she has learned here at school, for she has never had any instruction from outside. Grace loves tennis, and that matter, all sports. Her marks are as good as everything she does, and the Junior-Middles certainly did a good judgment when they chose her for their president.

You should know Barbara Leake, the Vice-President who is the only one of the officers who is not a day-student. She has been coming to Ward-Belmont from Tacoma, Washington, for three and a half years and each year she seems to be happier with the school. Barbara is popular and well-liked by everyone. No doubt, her marvelous sense of humor and her quick wit add much to her striking personality, and all together go to make up grand girl.

You should know the secretary, Betty Rye. She is a girl with the naturally curly brown hair whom you will see hurrying about the campus. She loves all sports and is just naturally interested in everything.

You should know, last but not least, Shirley Lee. Shirley holds all the money, so you know for yourself that she is greatly trusted by all of her classmates. She has been coming to Ward-Belmont since fifth grade. She loves poetry and loves to read. Everybody is Shirley's friend, and Shirley is everybody's friend.

We go on fancying that each man is thinking of us, but he is not; he is like us—he is thinking of himself—Ruef.



## SEVENTEEN MAJOR FOOTBALL TEAMS FIGHT FOR VICTORY TODAY

Today on the gridiron some of the seventeen major football teams who have remained undefeated will spoil their perfect records. Out the remainder of the season, eight of them must fall with a defeat or a tie against a team which is certain that each team will battle before it, and the winner comes out on top will defeat the title. Perhaps no one will have a perfect record. Only the outcome of the games played by the teams against their strong opponents as listed below will tell the tale.

Syracuse and N.Y.U. are the two teams which don't face teams in the select circle. Both, however, have rugged schedules. Syracuse plays Penn State, Columbia, Colgate and Maryland. N. Y. U. has games going until its last game of the season—Fordham. Army must appear in the Mississippi State, Pittsburgh, Notre Dame, which is still undefeated, and Navy. Temple plays Lehigh, State and then Marquette, a member of the Midwest exchange. Dartmouth and Princeton must meet robust opponents, and, if

they prevail over them all, will settle the issue November 30th.

**Midwest**—The best of the Midwest can do is to have three teams with perfect records. Ohio State and Notre Dame play each other this Saturday. The winner still will have tough sailing toward a perfect year. Minnesota and Iowa face each other November 9th, in a potential battle of undefeated teams—that is, if they win over Purdue and Indiana, respectively, this Saturday.

**South**—The only undefeated team below the Mason-Dixon Line is North Carolina. It has four games left—North Carolina State, Virginia Military, Duke, and Virginia. The Duke game should tell the story.

**Southwest**—Chances are great that the Southwest, which now has three, won't have a single undefeated, untied team at the end of the season. Texas Christian and Baylor clash this week in a game which should reduce the field to two. Southern Methodist, the other candidate, must play both Baylor and Texas Christian before the year is out. It also must dispose of U. C. L. A. and Texas Christian.



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**Pacific Coast**—The issue will be settled on the Coast this Saturday with the only two undefeated elevens on the Western slope—U. C. L. A. must play S.M.U. and St. Mary's among others and California is down for engagements with Washington and Stanford, its traditional "big game" opponent. (Reprint, *Nashville Banner*, Tuesday evening, October 29.)

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## DIARY OF MISTRESS

### BELLE - WARD

**Wednesday**—Went to my mailbox and found a letter from the Friday saying that they'd be down Friday. Five minutes later I came out of the chapel almost in a state of temporary insanity due to extreme shock. Because on top of the letter, Miss Sisson announced the happy news that we weren't under jurisdiction of the school. So—in a daze all day I stumbled through classes. I think we owe Student Council and Governing Board a vote of thanks, for after all, when your parents are here, you hate to stop and think of pesky rules.

So, to celebrate I went to the circus. And some celebration it was, too—fed the elephants peanuts, and me, too; broke my neck watching the trapeze performers; strained a muscle being so tense watching the tight-rope walkers. And then, to top it off, we had to see the world's smallest couple, the proverbial bearded lady, the fat lady and the tallest man. And you should have seen Miss Nance, Miss O'Donnell, and Miss Morrison on the second row on the fifty-yard line—no, no, I mean the center ring. And were they ever enjoying it, too!

**Thursday**—Physical exams still going on, and now it's my turn. A little away-back, a little turned-in-to, a little this and a little that, and I'm a healthy girl. Everyone in W-B. should be, I'd say.

Mr. Underwood gave us the dope on piano playing tonight, and we really took it in with open ears. He's getting to be quite an idol around here—good-looking men teachers usually are, and anyway, he charms us with his music.

Went to town on the street car today. The poor things are sadly empty these days without us to occupy them. This time last year we were all riding them; had to, in fact. You see, taxis were too much of temptation then. But we've resisted the temptations and can ride in them now, and are we glad.

**Friday**—And are the peanuts ever doing well by me! Such a conscientious bunch of peanuts never did I see. Every evening at six some nice, enticing bit is in my mail box waiting for me. The Golden Rule is the rule to use if you want Peanut Week to be a success.

And now they're here, my parents, and while this is just another day to the rest of you, it is a red-letter day for me. And with them came food—apples, pears, fur coat for the game—well, the school's just not big enough to hold me. So, with my little week-end bag neatly packed, I go out for the week-end. Night all—and life goes on without me at Ward-Belmont.

**Saturday**—And the chief topic of conversation today was the big football game. The largest group of Ward-Belmont girls attended to date, and the nice warm weather, combined with the good old rivalry of L. S. U. Vandy made it a festive day. And did one section in the stadium eat—I wonder which—the way hot dogs, peanuts, popcorn and candy disappeared down "the little red lanes" was a sight to behold.

And after such a hilarious afternoon, we had a more hilarious one, if possible, in the evening when we went on a good old-fashioned hayride in our old clothes and everything. Typical country wench was we, and we love it! Nothing like the feeling of straw down the back! And then we made for the barn dance to find out the identity of our little savior in disguise. It was all pecks of fun. But now Peanut Week's over, and we'll buy our own food for another year. Curse!

And did you know that some of the girls had dates with L. S. U. football players? Yes, the honest-to-goodness real stuff. They aren't down to earth yet.

**Sunday**—Three cheers for Sleep Sunday! How we do love to see the last Sunday of every month roll

around—because that means sleep, and more sleep. You can bells and ignore them; hear going to breakfast subconscious still sleep on; see the clock pass to time to dress for church, and leisurely lounge around in pajamas. I really think something should be done about it. It's a shame some as nice as that doesn't come for us overworked girls.

Down to the club for our first side vesper and tea. Some girls declined the tea, for I can saw some at the Toddler House evening. (Yes, I was there, should talk.)

Told my parents good-bye. It's to keep back a tear when you them go out the driveway and realize that your week-end of fun is over, that you're once again in the hustle and bustle of scholasticity, and that you won't see familiar faces for seven weeks interlude, I'll call it. So we Nell Jane, and some of the rest got together and talked over week-end with our parents.

**Monday**—For three straight now we've had blue Mondays; that's what my diary says. I got up this morning to see my pig dates on the window sill, pig pumpkin my Peanut gave me, neatly and thoroughly soaked—nothing of the chair and floor to about. But as usual, it was nasty until time for hockey—the came the sun. And did you see rainbow that it produced? No like it to put sentimental ideas one's head about the grandeur of nature and so on.

**Fire drill!** Does that bring fond recollections? After many alarms, tonight we actually did to don stockings, wet a towel, windows, and wordlessly and less creep downstairs and at "1" to our room number. Of after being here a year now, I make mistakes and go out the door. Another few years and I'll hang to the intricate business.

The F. F.'s are going in for life among the girls in a big Every week they seem to have down Nice for the my, but what about the purse!

**Tuesday**—And now Mamie J. starting on her fourth knitted I guess she's still "the top" ever-increasing knitters. If this up, I'll be in the ranks out of proportion. But everyone else is still going with the first.

Miss Sisson saw the necessity of telling us about our manners, well did some of us deserve it. More than once we find ourselves ing careless, sneaking a crack at fore grace, limiting our conversation to our pal next to us, and such as that. But we really know yes, we do, although we can act hyenas.

**Doughnuts!** And the first of the year, too. Ruth Jones, after siege of spasmodic dieting, came back her ears and went to town them, at least those were her intentions. I saw Marty Kiger, with smile of triumph, get up from table and walk out. "Satan, behind me and push!"—says Kathy Hays.

So long until next time—Luego, Adios, et Hasta Manana. I right?

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# WARD-BELMONT HYPPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

ime XXIV

Nashville, Tenn., November 9, 1935

Number 8

## ION TO OBSERVE TUAL BOOK WEEK VEMBER 17 - 23

### Makes Interesting Plans for Event

ember the 17th to the 23rd has been designated as National Book Week. Ward-Belmont, in accordance with an established custom, is this year making plans for the observance of this annual project. The theme or subject to be carried out here as in the past is, "Reading for Fun." This year's book week originated more than a year ago under the auspices of Miss M. Matthews, chief librarian of the Ward-Belmont. Event librarians of other institutions are interested and the idea of the first step was to include children, girls and boys, in its efforts to promote more interest in reading. It is recognized by national, state and local governments and individuals in its plans. No longer is it a distinction of age or sex, but rather an expression of tribute to literature and the enjoyment of it from knowing it.

The chapel program for Monday, November 18, is the official beginning of Book Week activities at Ward-Belmont. Mr. Pat C. Beale, manager of the Cokesbury Press, will discuss from the publishers' viewpoint. (Continued on page 2)

## CELEBRITY CLOSE-UPS

Here at Ward-Belmont each of us from day to day make friends and acquaintances; we learn their likes, their ideals, their ambitions; we come to share their dreams. So it is with Miss Townsend; as she has studied through the years, she has met and known fellow students of her art. From her reminiscences one learns to know the famous people of today as students working with her toward the same goal.

Miss Townsend first began her study at a conservatory of music in Boston. On afternoons and evenings she would go down to the Maine Coast to a small village where she visited in the home of Thomas Watson and his wife. Mr. Watson, too, was interested in the voice; he was studying at Harvard with Mr. Alexander Bell. Together they were working on a means whereby the voice could be transferred by wire from place to place; and so it was that hour after hour Mr. Watson, a quiet, reserved scientist, would tell this young girl of fourteen, the fascinations that lay in the study of the human voice as an agent of communication.

At the same time Miss Townsend met Mrs. Julia Ward Howe who believed strongly that a well-trained voice would mean defeat or victory for her cause, that of suffrage. Mrs. Howe believed in Miss Townsend's ability as a public speaker and sent her throughout the state to speak on

suffrage. It was this opportunity in expression that made Miss Townsend question the advisability of continuing her study in music rather than beginning a study of drama.

To solve this problem she consulted her friend, Bishop Phillips Brooks, who later became known as the greatest Bishop in the Episcopal Church. He advised her to do that thing which would enable her to do the most for humanity.

And so Miss Townsend went to New York and enrolled at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts as a student under Franklin Sargent, and while she was enrolled there she became acquainted with John Drew, Richard Mansfield and Maude Adams. She became a close friend of Maude Adams and one afternoon in the Old Empire State Theatre she saw Maude Adams, as she held spellbound 1,500 little crippled children while she gave her enchanting presentation of "Peter Pan."

Miss Townsend continued to study, going one summer to New York University. There she studied under Dr. Curry who was instrumental in the change in drama from mechanical to expressive action from the days of the Dramer to the day of the drama; and while there, she became his assistant and helped him to write many of his theories. And thus another friend was added and yet another dream was shared. Each year brought (Continued on page 4)

## WAR THREATENS AS WORLD MARKS DATE OF THE ARMISTICE

### W-B. Girls Active Sixteen Years Ago in War Work

Monday marks the sixteenth year since the signing of the Armistice that brought to an end the great World War. In commemoration or celebration, the nations of today, fired by Italy, are scrambling again into the precarious positions they held in the months immediately preceding the outbreak of 1914. Italy is making determined and successful advances into Ethiopian territory. Britain has called out her navy to back up the sanctions of the League of Nations of which Ethiopia is a member. France is on the fence with her face turned toward England. Other powers including the United States are making a valiant effort to remain neutral and out of the whole affair. Students of events leading to the World War are of one accord. They agree in their observance of the striking similarities between the economic and political conditions of today and then.

Ward-Belmont girls sixteen years ago could not help but be affected by the war. School activities were affected to some extent by the prevailing conditions. Aid from the school came in many varied ways. A fund for Y. W. C. C. and Y. M. C. C. was raised amounting to \$3,397.00 was raised. Red Cross membership drives and classes were conducted. Benefits bringing in \$500.00 for this organization were given by the different clubs. Knitting because of great importance, (Continued on page 5)

## NIS FINALS

### TAKE PLACE

#### Winnie Coffee. Winner

tennis tournament is over. Winnie Coffee emerged the victor over Rye by a score of 6-4, 6-4. The finals were played Wednesday, November 7. Despite the chilly weather, quite a sizable crowd gathered on the sidelines to watch the action. Perhaps they turned out to see their pictures taken by that veteran photographer, Moselle Worsley. Late, shortly after three, the sun was in their place, making the game warm and the Ward-Belmont finals began.

After her first stroke, Coffee demonstrated her capability as a tennis player. Her next placement shots were especially admired by the spectators. She played with ease and grace. Exceptionally outstanding her serves and forehand shots. Coffee's entire game was to be well worth imitating.

Y. Rye, however, exhibited exceptionally good recovery and backshots. All in all, both girls are congratulated on their respective games. The finals climaxed a tournament which will long be remembered.

## GRADUATES WIN HONORS

Edwards, who graduated Ward-Belmont High School in 1934, has been elected president of the Women's Honor Council at Vanderbilt University. She is a Senior year, having made up an extra year in summer school at the University of Wisconsin. Last year she was chosen as "Miss Vanderbilt" and her president of her sorority, Delta Delta.

Colton, high school graduate, who graduated in 1932, was given a place of honor on Vanderbilt campus. She was elected Phi Beta Kappa and received the Key Tuesday evening, November 6th. She is also president of her sorority, Kappa Alpha Theta.

## SENIOR-MIDS SPONSOR SONG CONTEST

The Senior-Middle Class is sponsoring a song contest in order to obtain a permanent class song. All members are urged to support their class by submitting one or more songs. They may write original words and place them to a well-known tune, or they may compose both the music and the words. The committee will select the most promising songs from those submitted and a group of girls will sing them to the class at a call meeting. The class will then vote upon the songs. The writer of the song chosen will receive a valuable and desirable prize as well as the honor of having given the class a song. The contest ends on November 18th.

The committee in charge is: Chairman, Edrie Oliver; Virginia Bonnet, Martha Browning; and Dorothy Carver. Virginia Bonnet is making posters to be placed in Middlemarch and in all of the halls.

## THE NIGHTMARE OF CHAPERONING

Daughter fairly popped up in her bed and breathed a sigh of relief to find that she's only been dreaming. Was it possible that she really had suffered those agonies that had befallen her as chaperon!

It was all so very vivid. In the first place, she had been inveigled into seeing a second-rate picture for the third time, because the girls had waited until Thursday night to go. Within a few moments, she was rushed into her usual seat in the taxi, the one to the right of the driver.

Then the girls announced that they just must stop at Candyland. All goes fairly well, until they group at the cash register, that most formidable of all objects that greets the Ward-Belmont student. "Well, I paid for her coming down. And you pay for her now; or I tell you, we'll just sit down and divide hers out among us. She ordered a twenty-five cent almond sundae, didn't she?" But then when finances are settled there, the question of theater tickets arises—"We'll ask her if she minds sitting in the balcony, etc."

And about this time Daughter wakes up from the role of chaperon in the balcony. Never before has she felt such sympathy for the proverbial kill-joy. She resolves that in order to avoid embarrassment hereafter she'll work out a little scheme each time that a chaperon is kind enough to take her downtown. In advance, plans can be made for one girl to manage all the finances for the chaperon; then the group can settle matters after they get home.

Nevertheless, Daughter knows that from now on she will always be considered, because in all probability she will be chaperon someday, and one who will want to avoid coming under the classification of her.

## ADMIRAL BYRD HERE NEXT WEDNESDAY

Admiral Richard E. Byrd, famous explorer, will appear in Nashville at the War Memorial Building on Wednesday, November 13th. He is being brought to Nashville under the auspices of the University Club and will give two lectures on that day, one at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and one at 8 o'clock at night. The proceeds of the lectures, which will be illustrated, will be used for the University Club's annual scholarship.

Admiral Byrd believes that the time he spent at the "bottom of the world" during his last expedition into the Antarctic was one of the most important achievements of his career. It is of this expedition that he will speak on Wednesday.

Byrd used 9,000 feet of motion picture film, which he brought back from the rebuilding of Little America where fifty-six men lived for two winters.

## PROGRAM GIVEN BY CLUBS

### Fifty Girls Take Part

Continuing their campaign for good manners on the campus, the presidents of the social clubs gave a program in Chapel Wednesday evening in place of the regular club meetings. The program, lasting for an hour, proved to be quite instructive, as well as interesting to all the students.

Edwine Schmid, acting as commentator, explained each of the four pantomime scenes that were presented. Incidents from daily occurrences in Middlemarch, the dining room, concerts, and Candyland were depicted first incorrectly and then correctly. The object of each scene was, of course, to show the proper dress and conduct for each particular time.

The program was in charge of the social club presidents. They worked up the scenes themselves, and chose the theme of each from their own personal observations. About fifty girls took part in the program. Miss West and Mrs. Pratt, members of the Home Economics Department, directed the skits.

## FIRST OPEN HOUSE HELD

This year the Anti-Pandora club had the first open house of the season, which was held Friday night, November 8th, at the clubhouse. Many guests from Vanderbilt attended and enjoyed the dancing from 7:30 to 10:00 to the music of an exceptionally good local orchestra. Sherbet was served.

Marjorie Crume was general chairman of the affair and was assisted by Betty Galt, Mamie Jones, and Virginia Koelker.

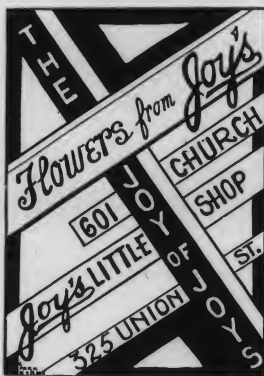
Dr. and Mrs. Barton, Miss Looft, and Miss Sisson were the chaperones of the evening.

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## WORK OF THE "Y"

### Girls' Every-day Books Introduced

On Sunday night, November 3, the girls who attended chapel were given little blue books containing suggestions for thought and prayer, and a brief Bible selection, written by the girls themselves, for each day of the year. Dr. Barton spoke of the need we have for quiet meditation, and for knowing ourselves, in this busy scheduled world. After he had finished speaking, Evelyn McCall explained the purpose of the books more explicitly, expressing the hope that each girl would make use of her book each day in a period of quiet reflection, preferably in the morning. Succeeding sheets to fit into the folders will be given out at future vesper services. Those who were not present at vespers received their books through house mail.

### Group Visits Old Ladies' Home

On Tuesday night, October 29, Elizabeth Tipton's committee made their first visit to the Old Ladies' Home where they presented a varied program which the ladies found very entertaining. The committee was glad to have with them Mrs. Benedict, and Grace Benedict, who danced the two numbers which she presented at the "Y" jamboree at the opening of school. Corinne Pierce gave two amusing readings which brought forth unusual response from the audience. Helen Tibbets, Leora Hill, Charlotte Howard, and Louise Matthews sang to the accompaniment of Lou's guitar. After the entertainment was over, the old ladies asked the girls to dance together as they do at school, and needless to say, they were glad to oblige. The evening ended with the singing of the "Bells of Ward-Belmont."

### "Y" CALENDAR

Sunday, November 10—  
8:30 A.M.—Sunday school.  
Speaker, Laura Mae Carpenter.  
2:15 P.M.—Play hour, Tennessee Children's Home.  
2:30 P.M.—Visit to Junior League Hospital.  
6:00 P.M.—Vespers.  
Monday, November 11—  
7:00 P.M.—Visit to the Florence Crittenton Home  
Tuesday, November 12—  
7:00 P.M.—Visit to the wards of Vanderbilt Hospital.

### CHAPEL CORNER

#### Friday, November 1

Carl Sandburg, noted modern poet, came to Ward-Belmont to entertain with his poems and guitar. He spoke on freedom, and then read some of his newest poems that had not yet been published. Everyone especially enjoyed his story of "Pink Peony and Spuds."

#### Monday, November 4

A talk on current events was given by Dr. Barton. He gave the latest information on the war between Italy and Ethiopia, the election in Greece, and election day in the United States. This was the second talk Dr. Barton has given on the news of the day.

#### Wednesday, November 6

The speaker was Dr. Costen J. Harrell. His subject was "The 400th anniversary of the printing of the English Bible." He had a copy of a Hebrew Bible from which our Bible was translated. Part of the Hebrew Bible was written and accepted by the people of that day in 440 B.C., and it was completed in about 58 A.D.

## DEPARTMENTAL NOTES

### Art

The Art Club, with Miss Shackelford as sponsor, announce that they will hold their meetings the second Thursday in every month. The plan and program will be announced later.

### French

The French Club held its first meeting Thursday evening at 7:30 in the Penta Tau Club House. A very interesting program on the Cathedrals of France was held, and four talks were given as follows: "Amiens," Louise Douglas; "Chartres," Phyllis Carr; "Notre Dame de Paris," Elizabeth Cornelius; "Rheims," Ruth Jones.

Eleanor Whitson was elected president by the French classes previously, but the other officers will be chosen next month.

### Expression

The high school expression department put on a very enjoyable play in chapel Friday, called "The Dicky Bird." The cast was as follows:

Mr. Richard Bowen      Esther Helen Azarch  
Mrs. Richard Bowen      Katherine Edwards

Mrs. Griffith      Mary Morel  
Hedwig, the maid      Betsy Proctor

The plot, a humorous one, showed that a man "once henpecked will always be in that same sad condition."

### Music

Last week, two Ward-Belmont girls entertained the Vanderbilt Women's Aid Society in the home of Mrs. Houston, in Belle Meade. Lady Corinne Myers, pupil of Mr. Sidney Dalton, sang two groups of songs which included "Si Mes Vers," "Iris," "Lullaby" from Jocelyn; "The Answer," and "Giannino Mio." Miss Myers was accompanied by Helen Tibbets, pupil of Mr. Roy Underwood. She also played the "First Arabesque," by Debussy, and the "Etude de Concert," by MacDowell.

Miss Blythe's Theory and Harmony classes have enjoyed special features this week. By special request of a number of the girls, Mr. Underwood very kindly played the Brahms "Ballade," which was substituted on his concert program by the Scarlatti number. Mr. Henkel has been explaining the structure and different parts of the organ. This has proved unusually interesting to the class.

### NATION TO OBSERVE ANNUAL BOOK WEEK NOVEMBER 17-23

(Continued from page 1)

point. One volume will be followed in all of its stages from the time it leaves the author's hands until it finds its place on the bookseller's shelves. Illustrations in connection with the talk will not only add to the students' enjoyment but should add much to the educational value of the program. During the week, all of the girls will be given opportunities to visit, at scheduled times under the direction of Dr. Barton and Miss Church, the publishing house operated in connection with the Cokesbury Press.

Though here at school most "reading for fun" has been done in dormitory rooms, at home and on the campus, there is a place provided for this very purpose. The Alumnae Association has donated the furnishings for the room, with the Class of 1933 selecting and buying the books. It is located to the back and left of the library on the other side of Miss Church's office and is open during all the library hours. During Book Week at Ward-Belmont, special emphasis is going to be placed on the use and enjoyment of this room. An effort has been made on the part of the alumnae and faculty to provide it, and it is up to the students to make it worth while.

Sophomores at Haverford take a comprehensive examination containing 2,725 questions. It requires 12 hours to complete.

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## ES OF HOCKEY GAMES RELEASED

club managers of the hockey recently met in the gymnasium and drew for the games which start next Monday. The dates and draws are as follows:

November 11, Angkor vs. X. L., and vs. Osiron; November 12, Penta vs. EcCowasin, and Agora vs. ers; November 13, Anti-Pan F., and T. C. vs. Tri K; November 14, Angkor vs. Osiron, and vs. Del Vers; November 15, Tau vs. T. C., and F. F. vs. November 18, Agora vs. Anti-Triad vs. EcCowasin; November 19, Angkor vs. T. C., and Penta vs. Tri K; November 20, EcCowasin vs. Del Vers, and Anti Pan vs. November 21, Triad vs. X. L., Agora vs. F. F.

This last week the girls that been taking hockey have been exams; they are all ready for the next games which are full of excitement. Any girls that are asked by the gym office to help in the games are expected to cooperate to the fullest extent in order to make the hockey season a success.

## YOU SHOULD KNOW—

You should know Miss Frances Freidy, better known to all as "Freidy," comes to Ward-Belmont from Easton, Illinois. She is sixteen and is in high school. And have you heard such whistling! It seems "Freidy" acquired the gift after she had fallen down and lost a tooth.

She was only two then, and when her first tooth grew in, since she could whistle, she began taking lessons. This all happened in California.

For the next five years she studied whistling earnestly. Sometimes she would take two or three lessons every week. "Freidy" can imitate birds as well as she can whistle tunes.

You should know Dorothy Gardner, who is a real golf champion. She is from Steubenville, Ohio, and has won more golf prizes and championships than could be mentioned.

Her first major tournament was the State Tournament which she won in 1934. Although she did not win in 1935 she entered it and was the semi-finalist. More-over she was runner-up in the Flag Tournament in Florida and has won championships at the Steuben-Country Club. Last winter she won a good share of her time in golf practicing, and one reason she came to Ward-Belmont was so that she could play almost all the year around. Not only does Dorothy play a remarkable game of golf, but she is good at all other sports as well. She is a member of the Honor Society and was elected to the upper third of her class.

## CHAPEL SCHEDULE

November 11-15

Nov. 11—Speaker, Will Manier, Jr. Subject, Armistice Day.

Nov. 13—Devotional. Speaker, Rev. J. F. McClood, Pastor, First Memorial Presbyterian Church.

Nov. 15—Recognition of Junior-Senior Class.

## DATE OF PLAY CHANGED

The modern comedy, "Three Men in a Cradle," which was reviewed in the week's HYPHEN, and which was announced at that time as appearing on November 9th, will not appear at the Ryman Auditorium until Saturday, November 23rd.

In the work of John Cecil and George Abbott, features two stars, Muriel Campbell and Leonard, and is the only attraction to receive the unanimous endorsement of the critics.

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## HYPHEN BIOGRAPHIES

### DR. HENRY HOLLINSHEAD

Dr. Hollinshead, the head of the chemistry department, has been teaching at Ward-Belmont since 1919 when he came from Vanderbilt, where he had begun to teach, unofficially at first, at the age of sixteen. He had studied medicine at Vanderbilt, but had decided to change his vocation after he had his degree. Altogether, Dr. Hollinshead has been teaching for over fifty years.

He laughs when he thinks how amazing it is for him to be teaching girls. As a youth, and long after he had become a grown man, he had a great fear of girls. He used to cross to the other side of the street in order to avoid meeting them; he even used to hide at parties so that he would not have to be around them. However, he has had, for some time, no fear of them, and when we sit listening in class to him, to his patient, sympathetic discussions, we find it hard to believe that he used to have such a phobia against our sex.

Dr. Hollinshead has had many interesting experiences in his life in many different fields. He had the distinction in 1918 to be appointed to a commission of three by the War Department in Washington to investigate the purity of our nation's water.

Dr. Hollinshead sums himself up with the statement that his joy of teaching, and therefore his joy of living, comes from taking a mind of a student and helping it to train itself in the right ways. He teaches seven days out of the week, for he also teaches Sunday school, and he says that his whole life is centered about

helping his students on to higher things and to greater knowledge. We feel sure that his life has certainly meant much in many, many lives, because out of the thousands of students that he has taught, there are only three to whom he could not teach chemistry. Such a record surely deserves praise!

### MISS MARY VENABLE BLYTHE

Miss Mary Venable Blythe has been a member of the Ward-Belmont music department faculty for a great many years. She was here during the last two years of Belmont College before it became a part of Ward-Belmont.

She has spent most of her life in Texas and Louisiana and says that the difference in the people of these states has been particularly interesting to her. She has spent many summers in Colorado and last year attended summer school in Los Angeles studying with Mr. Schoenberg who is one of the most outstanding figures of the modern musical world.

Miss Blythe says, too; that one of the greatest privileges of her life was that of knowing Dr. Blanton. From him she learned what he practiced himself and what he taught all those who knew him, that is: "A part of education is to be able to meet any emergency when it arises."

In teaching, her greatest interest is in watching the development of the individual girl rather than the group as a whole. Her aim is to make a rounded musician of each of her students rather than to have them learn her subjects as individual subjects.

Besides teaching musical sciences,

Miss Blythe has been sponsor of the Texas Club, and was sponsor of North Front for several years. She enjoys her work here and after studying each summer, returns with renewed vigor for the year to follow.

(Editor's Note: This is the second of a series of features on faculty members to be run each week in the HYPHEN.)

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1935 Member 1936

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## TYPISTS

Beverly Lack, Jean McEwan

## EDITORIAL

## PREPAREDNESS—EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO

In Ex-President Taft's speech, on March 25th, the theme was, "Let us have peace even if we must fight for it." And it seems that we must fight for it. We are involved in a war for which we are not responsible and into which we would not enter. Without any cause for offense we have been drawn into it, against our will and better judgment.

This is not a case of "In time of peace prepare for war," but "In time of war prepare for peace," and surely if we are to prepare for peace by entering into this world war, we must literally be prepared. Aren't we in danger of treating the issue that is now upon us lightly? Mr. Taft, in his address said "Do not let us go into this war in a happy-go-lucky way, with the feeling that God protects children, drunkards, and the United States." It seems so far away and unreal that we may actually be called upon to volunteer our services, but will it not soon be upon us? So, then, we must be prepared, even though the inevitable aim is "World Peace." To this end we should have universal, compulsory training for youth between 18 and 21. Not that they alone should fight our battles, and they alone should suffer, but that they be made to realize just what it is they owe to their country and may be ready to give this aid when it may be needed.

A world peace would mean every nation of the world at peace and kept at peace by the signing of a treaty. Even this is preparedness to a certain extent. The issue is now, it would seem, a world war, but a war which, when it has finally reached an end, will, we fervently hope, mean a world peace.

"For the many blessings with which God has showered us we owe a debt to humanity. Let us be men and do our part in the world, and then look back to the time when we were willing to do our share in helping out the cause of Christian civilization." (Reprint HYPHEN, March 30, 1917.)

## PRIVATE MANNERS

Chapel, concert, and dining room manners have been discussed and explained to us, but two places where good manners are also essential are our own rooms and our classrooms. A girl may have perfect manners when in society, but if her private manners are poor she is hardly a lady. If a girl fills up her room with her own pictures and knick-knacks leaving no place for her roommate's possessions, that girl has poor manners. If she constantly has her room filled with her friends so that the girl with whom she rooms feels ill at ease, or if she refuses to keep her belongings put away, she is inconsiderate as well as impolite.

How often girls say, "Oh, Miss So and So is awfully nice, but she just can't teach!" Have they ever thought what an effect a listless, uninterested class can have on even the most inspired teacher? A class of girls who slump in their seats, talk behind their hands, and otherwise show their boredom hardly encourages a teacher's best efforts and is apt to make her wish that some one would teach them some manners.

So, girls, let's remember that our room and classroom manners are important as well as our manners in social life.

## AMERICA BELIEVES IN YOUTH

Amid the existing turmoil and struggle of today, Americans have been prone to lose faith in institutions as well as in leaders. But they have yet to lose faith in the American boy and girl. America believes in youth. This belief is not without reason, for young Americans have proved that they will not falter. Generally speaking, they are not discouraged over circumstances but still are bright of eye, ambitious, alert, and eager to accomplish. Billions of dollars are being spent by our government to bring about relief, and the youth who wishes to continue his education has not been forgotten in the various acts of Congress. We still have young men with the admirable

(Continued last column of this page)

## CAMPUS COLUMN

It seems that the moon has had an almost fatal attraction for some of our girls. At least, it proved to be extremely fatal for Lou Mathews. She was so overcome with the beauty of it that, in spite of the fact that it was almost 11:00, she ran into Dot Gardner's room to be sure she had seen it, too. Now they are both a little out of sorts with the moon.

Minnie Maud May, Margaret Mitcham, and Felicia Mongone spent another week-end off campus. They drove to Chattanooga with Mrs. May. Girls, this is your second week-end in succession of the campus—you're really working the one week-end-a-month rule. There's nothing like the last one in October and the first in November.

Artist injured! Evelyn Norton has sprained her hand; if it from dancing, where's that grace?

Monday morning brought the usual round of blues, sleepy girls, and unprepared lessons. Connie Chase, Elizabeth Rogers and Katherine Hays were among the Seniors who had the good fortune of a week-end at home. While Marjorie Crume and Jeanne Brigham didn't get home, they had their parents with them all week-end—guess that's the next best thing. Laura Mae Carpenter isn't complaining of being neglected—her father was here, too.

Have you seen Webbie lately? I'm afraid that she's decided not to go in for lipstick this season. Wait till Jimmy sees you!

Glad to see Grace Willis is back with us. Her mother was here for a week, and we'd begun to think that she'd carried Grace off with her.

We wonder how it feels to be able to trot home one week-end a month. What about it, Margaret Peebles?

Atlanta seems to have been the rendezvous for Ward-Belmont last week-end. Jeanne Roland, Sue Elliott, Sara Kimmel, Margaret Pidcock, Beverly Lack, Jeanne Cookson, Rozelle Emery and Mary Frances Lanuis were among the spectators at the Vanderbilt-Georgia Tech game Saturday afternoon.

And then there are the two unidentified girls who, tired of the monotony of the same coiffure, have changed their every day for the past week!

## HIGH SCHOOL

## Do You Know—

Why Nelle E. has double trouble?  
Why one Henrietta R. is particularly interested in M. B. A. games?  
Why Mme. Fountain thinks Evelyn F. is so cute?  
Why Lew G. won't tell us what the palmitist said?  
Why one Junior class jumped out of the windows in a classroom in Little Ac?  
Why Betty W. was so concerned about the departure of a Methodist minister for Texas? (The last word gives it all away.)  
Why we've all caught colds at the beginning of the hockey games?

## CELEBRITY CLOSE-UPS

(Continued from page 1)

new experiences, and one summer Miss Townsend went to Oberammergau and stayed in the home of Anton Lang. There in the quiet village nestled in the Alps she watched this great producer work to give the greatest production in the world and famous to all people, that of the "Passion Play"; through him she learned the meaning of religious simplicity in drama.

Thus as through the years, Miss Townsend in her studies has met and known many famous people; so every student in her classmates meets the future names of history.

## EAGLE FEATHER

By HELEN TIBBETS

EDITOR'S NOTE: All of the material for this week's Eagle was chosen in observance of Armistice Day. The following reprint from the Reader's Digest of November, 1935:

## LET US PREY

When Mark Twain wrote this "War Prayer," 30 years ago, he said, "It can be published after I am dead, only dead men can tell the truth in this world and I told the whole truth in that prayer." Here it is:

O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling faces with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended through the desolation of their land in rags and hunger and the sport of the sun flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it—for aches, who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, hallow their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make bare their steps, wear their way with their tears, stain white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! O One who is the spirit of love and who is the faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset, seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Grant prayer, O Lord, and Thine shall be the praise and the glory, now and ever, Amen.

—N. Y. World-Telegram

## BATTLE: HIT

Out of the sparkling sea  
I drew my tingling body clear, and lay  
On a low ledge the livelong summer day,  
Basking, and watching lazily  
White sails in Falmouth Bay.

My body seemed to burn  
Salt in the sun that drenched it through and through  
Till every particle glowed clean and new  
And slowly seemed to turn  
To lucent amber in a world of blue.

I felt a sudden wrench—  
A trickle of warm blood—  
And found that I was sprawling in the mud  
Among the dead men in the trench.  
WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

## IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark the place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

JOHN MCCRAE

## I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

I have a rendezvous with Death  
At some disputed barricade  
When Spring comes round with rustling shade  
And apple blossoms fill the air—  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand  
And lead me into his dark land  
And close my eyes and quench my breath—  
It may be I shall pass him still.  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
On some scarred slope of battered hill,  
When Spring comes round again this year  
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep  
Pillowed in silk and scented down,  
Where Love thins out in blissful sleep,  
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,  
Where hushed awakenings are dear. . . .  
But I've a rendezvous with Death  
At midnight in some flaming town,  
When Spring trips north again this year,  
And I to my pledged word am true,  
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

ALAN SEAGER

(Continued from first column of this page)  
qualities of Lindbergh and young women with patriotic souls like Clara Barton. Scarcely a day goes by but one is brought to our attention. More will be as opportunities increase. We will never hear of more, though they continue living honorable American boys. Indeed, America believes in youth, for in them is the future and a living picture of the future.

## FOOTBALL VICTORIES PREDICTED AS GRIDIRON SEASON NEARS END

the benefit of those who are and in keeping football scores, giving important games of to listed; the name of the home given first and the probable in capital letters.

### SOUTH

ERBILT vs. Sewanee  
ESSEE vs. Mississippi  
AMA vs. Clemson  
vs. TEXAS U.  
ENARY vs. Tulsa U.  
on vs. DUKE  
Tech vs. AUBURN  
LUCKY vs. Florida  
SIANA vs. Mississippi State  
and vs. INDIANA  
H CAROLINA vs. Va. Mil.  
vs. Arkansas  
S A-M. vs. Kingsville  
vs. GEORGIA  
H. & LEE vs. Virginia

### EAST

ERST vs. Swarthmore  
MBIA vs. Syracuse  
MOUTH vs. Wm. & Mary  
am vs. ST. MARY'S  
Y-CROSS vs. Carnegie Tech  
GH vs. Muhlenburg  
U. vs. Co. C. New York

Pennsylvania vs. NAVY  
Penn State vs. ILLANOVA  
PITTSBURG vs. Army  
PRINCETON vs. Harvard  
MIDWEST  
BUTLER vs. Franklin  
Chicago vs. OHIO STATE  
DE PAUW vs. Earlham  
Iowa vs. MINNESOTA  
Iowa State vs. KANSAS STATE  
Louisville vs. TOLEDO U.  
Michigan State vs. MARQUETTE  
Missouri vs. OKLAHOMA  
NEBRASKA vs. Kansas  
NOTRE DAME vs. Northwestern  
Wisconsin vs. PURDUE

### FAR WEST

California vs. WASHINGTON  
OREGON vs. Oregon State  
So. Calif. vs. STANFORD

Professor R. H. Sherill of the University of North Carolina school of Commerce took on fine New York thugs recently when one of them took 30 cents from him. Although three radio patrol cars finished the thugs after Professor Sherill had knocked out one of them, he is credited with moral victory.

## JUNIOR-MIDDLES WIN IN HOCKEY

On Thursday afternoon the Junior-Middles met the Juniors in their annual hockey game defeating them six to one. The field was wet due to a mist that had been falling all afternoon, but neither team seemed to mind this. Llewellyna Granbery made the first goal in the game, thus putting the Juniors in the lead; however at the end of the first half the score was one to one. Marjorie Latta having scored the first goal for the Junior-Middles.

In the second half the game seemed to be all for the Junior-Middles. In spite of the excellent defense game played by Jean Bateman and Virginia McClellan, Jane Davis and Grace Benedict, the main stars of the Junior-Middle forward line, carried the ball down the field time after time, and passed it to Virginia Barrett who made four goals while Grace Benedict made the fifth.

The game was a hard-fought one but the Junior-Middles' experience and co-operation won for them the game.

## STATE CLUBS FORM

During the past two weeks several state clubs have been formed and have begun to make plans. Every year the girls from the various states organize themselves into their respective groups; in this way, girls whose backgrounds are much the same come together through a mutual interest.

The students from Michigan are ahead of the others in the respect that they have already had one party. Glee Calloway was elected president last week. On Saturday, November 2nd, thirteen Michigan girls with their sponsor, Miss Goodrich, had dinner at the Andrew Jackson Hotel, and attended a picture show afterwards.

At about the same time, the girls from Texas who make up one of the largest state groups in school held two meetings to elect officers. The outcome of the election was as follows: Helen Tibbets, President; Marjorie Ashcroft, Vice-President; Mattie Palmer, Secretary and Treasurer. Plans were discussed to give a program at school in commemoration of The Texas Centennial. This would be given in Chapel on the Monday or Friday nearest to March 2, 1936, the date of the admittance of Texas into the United States. It was also suggested at this time, that a Christmas Basket be prepared for the poor before the Holidays.

## WAR THREATENS AS WORLD MARKS DATE OF THE ARMISTICE (Continued from page 1)

the girls' work yielding 400 sweaters in addition to scarfs, wristlets, helmets, and socks. Surgical dressings were made under the direction of Mrs. Blanton and the support of thirty-five war orphans was undertaken by the girls. Armenian refugees were aided by a fund amounting to \$334.00. Clothing, books, and field glasses were collected from home and from here at school. Flour was saved in the kitchen, while the sale of Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps combined with War Savings amounted to \$42,000.

All of this constant work in direct contact with the war impressed upon the minds of Ward-Belmont girls the questions and problems of war and peace. This year on this Armistice, only the chapel program emphasizes the day. The speaker will choose some topic related to the significance of the date, but the real issue lies in the newspaper columns devoted to the Ethiopian conflict. With the advancing Italians, the defiant British, and the retreating Ethiopians, it remains to be seen whether so-called modern civilization can combat the most primitive of emotions—warfare. More than any other November the 11th since the original holiday, this one has special significance. It may mark the end of our peace cycle. Public sentiment says it shall not.



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## DIARY OF MISTRESS

BELLE - WARD

**Wednesday**—Jean Harlow bites her fingernails when nervous, girls! For all ye fond admirers of the platinum blonde, here's a good idea for publicity. And if THE HYPHEN gets low on news, just spread across the page —President of Student Council chews fingernails when taking a test—and see if you don't have some ardent followers chewing religiously their fingernails. What brought this on? I guess I thought that little news item should go down in the annals of history. It's really a feat.

Club tonight, and most of the girls came back to the halls crunching on apples, munching on doughnuts, and smelling of sweet cider. Who says we can outgrow the Halloween spirit? The whole town of Nashville is literally being torn up by "Halloween pranks." Some brave adventurers even invaded the Ward-Belmont campus. That's where night-watchmen come in handy, I guess. I've often wondered about that, for none of us have received threatening letters from kidnapers up-to-date, but we're still got hopes of a thrill.

And now Gracie Willis has gone into the ranks of a day student for the week, for her mother came today, accompanied by the smoothest, snarliest male that's been on the campus for many a day. Yes, 'twas her little nephew, aged three.

**Thursday**—Halloween, which brings along another good old Ward-Belmont custom, the formal dinner, and they use the best plates for us and everything. And there were ghosts who got in your hair, and witches who got on your nerves, and a nice program to boot. Dancing, squeezing between tables, and knocking the maid practically off her feet, kept us pretty busy between courses. And then we had dates down to the club house—not a usual occurrence with Halloween, I might add.

Even went to town today for the express purpose of getting pumpkin pie (I had an awful time deciding between that and mince meat. They're both quite "holidayish") to put the spirit in me. And was it good!

**Friday**—The main feature of the day, of the week, and of the month as far as that goes, was Carl Sandburg, spelled with capital letters, please, for that's the way he impressed me. A faint impression of a lock of white hair down his forehead, of white hair plastered down on each side, but a vivid impression of his fascinating personality and character. One could hear a pin drop while he was talking—to say nothing of the multitude of street cars that fairly burst our eardrums as they squeaked around the corner. The poem "Maybe" seemed to be the most popular with us all. I wonder why? Anyway one thing I am sure of—He was popular with all.

The school is rapidly being deserted by fortunate week-enders. Forty-five are gone from our midst. Such popularity must be deserved. Jane Flannigan is off to Fayetteville to "make time" with the young undertaker. Some are down to the game at Atlanta, some are up to Louisville.

**Saturday**—And now all the other friends are being benefited by fond parents, for each family took about 8 or 10 girls out to dinner, too. And if the adults enjoy the company of lithering girls as much as we enjoy being guests of mother and father—well, a good time was had by all.

And were you all listening to the radio last night? Out at the Palms the orchestra leader announced "Star Dust," and hoped that Miss Meyer was listening in. And it was no other than Jane herself! And was the third floor in commotion! Heads stuck out from all doors looking down Jane's way. And was Jane thrilled!

And now state clubs are starting their social life. The Michigan club went to the hotel for dinner, and had a gay whirl.

After eating a hefty dinner, sat down to eat a portion of W.C. cake, which she brought from today. You'd think they didn't us out here at W.B.

**Sunday**—The weather takes us by the twist on us. We wake up muddy, foggy day—put on our coats—and come out of church blinded by a scorching sun. It melted. Maybe it'll make up its soon.

Went out this afternoon, a very lovely time in the private home (?)

Got *Girl's Every-Day Book* at Vespers. And roomie and I solemnly promised to go through little ritual every morning, for such a nice book. Girls here, though in the whirl of school life, hard to express it often.

**Monday**—I've seen tired, worn looking girls, but I think this Monday morning surpasses all when the girls dragged themselves around, holding their eyes open, main force, and too tired to even And why? Because about five came back on the campus at hilarious week-end. After getting bed at eleven for so long, it's hard to take when you go away stay out later. Katherine Hayes seen forcibly dragging herself in, and then one whole suite—Cook, Jones, and Wall—came bedraggled, too, but did they have good time! All I can say is, good thing we can only go away a month, for it takes us fully a to recuperate.

Dr. Barton told us more about Italy-Ethiopia mix-up. Seeing all the whirlwind campus activities, we too engrossed to pay much attention to minor things like wars, good thing he does talk to us that we don't love it, too.

**Tuesday**—At last the expected! The bad weather we've wondering what happened to come at last. And now we go and forth to classes, teeth chattering making the campus glow with yellow and blue raincoats. The fall weather couldn't last forever, guess.

Manners have certainly been emphasized these last few weeks. All coming to the conclusion that all have atrocious manners and "larkin" at all. But after all the elts, talks, and criticisms, we ought to be model Ward-Belmont dies soon.

Hockey tests started—and I, unawares, had forgotten the very important difference between a port and a corner hit. But I reel off some fouls, for haven't I bruises all over my body where I have been waved around a little violently?

No classes this afternoon. But I get to take a much-needed rest. No, I had to learn all about babies, but I can retain that knowledge for several years.

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# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

the XXIV

Nashville, Tenn., November 16, 1935

Number 9

## BOOK WEEK PLANS COMPLETED

### DING RECITAL BE PRESENTED DAY EVENING

by Critics America's Great-  
est Violinist

Spalding will be presented  
Belmont next Tuesday eve-  
ning is America's greatest vio-  
linist has disproved the American



ALBERT SPALDING

that none of our artists can  
with foreign ones.  
ing was born in Chicago. Be-  
his father was a man of com-  
means, Spalding was able to  
liberal education, musically  
erwise. He studied in Flor-  
New York, and at the Paris  
(Continued on page 2)

### E MORE STATE CLUBS FORM

more state clubs have been  
since the announcement in  
YPHEN of last week. As yet  
we made no definite plans, but  
have a definite object in view,  
we better acquainted with girls  
the home state through social  
ings. Officers of these three  
clubs to announce their forma-  
e as follows:

oma Club—President, Betty  
club-president, Katherine Butts;  
y, Elizabeth Coe.

ucky Club—President, Beverly  
secretary-treasurer, Virginia

Club — President, Audrey

### ADUATE WINS HONOR

Overton, former Ward-Bel-  
student, has been elected to  
ship in a National Literary  
Society, Chi Delta Phi, at the  
city of Alabama. She was one  
t chosen out of eighteen hun-  
dred students who submitted  
writing.

Overton graduated last year  
the high school department, and  
ere she won first place in the  
sophomore Division of a contest  
sponsored by *Scholastic Magazine*; she is  
freshman at Alabama Univer-

### LIBRARY LAMENTATIONS

Clinkety-clank, clinkety-clank, all the way to the library desk! Then Daughter elbows her way into the group, shouting, "Oh, I must have Shinn; my psychology term paper is due tomorrow, and I haven't done a bit of reading."

Then suddenly spying the girl who has it, she squeezes her way between chairs, disregarding the victims who are shoved against the tables. (At least, this exercise may prove beneficial for reducing.) Anything is permissible in order that Daughter may gain her coveted book!

But on the way she just must stop for club news, a tiny bit of gossip, and practically all of her assignments. (It never enters her mind that she can go outside to talk, or that she may write notes.) Even a volley of paper wads isn't as bad as the constant buzz of conversation.

Poor Daughter can't get Shinn's book, so she resorts to studying her Library Methods. And anyone will tell you that all she needs is a pair of skates. First one corner of the library, then the other—her maneuvers should qualify her for a marathon rather than a seat in the library.

And the noise is equal to that of a tin-pan band. Apparently Library Methods consists in physical exertion. To qualify, Daughter must pull down the heaviest volumes and sling them the farthest.

But 'tis so much fun. Daughter has already learned the answer concerning any disturbance in the library: "Oh, I'm getting my Library Methods; they're due tomorrow."

But we surmise that Library Methods won't be ready by tomorrow. Daughter sees a group of her friends stumbling out, so out she stumbles too, chatting all the way, "mid giggles and guffaws."

### JUNIOR-MIDDLES RECOGNIZED F. F.'S ENTERTAIN AT OPEN HOUSE

Friday, November 15th, was the Junior-Middle class recognition day. The class was recognized at the regular chapel time.

The class marched in by twos and were received on the chapel stage by Dr. Barton, Mr. Benedict, and Miss Helen Grizzard, the class sponsor. Each member of the class wore a white carnation tied with a royal blue ribbon.

The class platform, loyalty, was the basis of the recognition day program. Grace Benedict, president of the class, spoke on loyalty to the class; Barbara Leake, vice-president, spoke on loyalty to self; and Betty Rye, secretary, spoke on loyalty to friends. Shirley Leake, treasurer spoke on loyalty to (Continued on page 5)

The F. F.'s held their first open house at the club house Wednesday evening, November 13th. Johnny Miller and his six-piece orchestra furnished the music, and the club house was decorated with flowers. Dancing was from eight until ten o'clock. The floor committee was as follows: Beverly Barton, Marjorie Aston, Elaine Ostergard, Katherine Hays, Eulalie Halliburton, and June Erickson.

The guests were Dr. and Mrs. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, Dean and Mrs. Burk, Miss Sisson, Mrs. Charleston, and Miss Reuf. One hundred and twenty-five invitations were issued. Iced punch was served throughout the evening. This is the second open house of the season. The Anti-Pan's entertained in a similar manner last week.

### FOUND—RECREATIONAL READING ROOM

I played Sherlock Holmes the other day and followed my roommate, who seemed bent on a very particular errand. She entered Big "Ac," turned to the left and after she passed the stairs, she made another turn, but this time she went right and headed straight for Room 111. She eagerly opened the door and disappeared within.

Not to be outdone I, too, opened the door of the mystery room and was practically overcome with surprise. The most astounding thing had happened! Suddenly, by merely opening the door of Room 111, I had left the busy, work-a-day world of school life behind. I found myself in almost a different world. All around me were deep, comfy chairs, and softly glowing lamps that cast shadows over the room. As I gradually overcame my surprise I looked about. There were bookcases simply teeming with the grandest books you could imagine. One case, I found, was filled with books of poems instead of fiction. And just then I spied my roommate who was so engrossed in a book of poems that she didn't even notice me.

So I continued my observation, and found something besides books that appealed to me. It was the most adorable little picture of two wire-haired pups with woeful expressions on their faces. It was named, "Sympathy." Just then my roomie looked up and said, "How long have you been here?" she asked, stretching luxuriously.

"Oh, hello, how long have you been here?" she asked, stretching luxuriously.

"I followed you," I replied bluntly and then proceeded to bombard her with such questions that she frantically begged me to stop.

"I'll tell you all about it," she said, "if you'll give me a chance."

After much thought I finally decided upon one of the green love seats to settle myself in. Then I told her, "I won't even interrupt, but for goodness' sakes tell me how this scrumptious room happens to be here in Big 'Ac.'"

"This, you dummy, is the Recreational Reading Room, and we ought to thank our loyal alums for making it possible. The Class of 1935 presented the school with one hundred and sixty-five books which they hoped would be used to begin a Recreational Reading Room separate from the big library. Then 'th' alums advanced enough money to furnish this darling room like you see it."

"Well," I replied, "this is one little Senior-Mid that's going to take advantage of this addition to our library."

"Me, too," agreed the roommate, "but right now I'm due for hockey practice." We left our comfortable chairs, turned out the lamps and regretfully took leave of the Reading Room. But it was with a firm resolve to return often that we emerged once more upon the friendly hustle that is school life in Big Ac.

### ALUMNAE TO SPEAK AT INFORMAL TEAS THROUGHOUT WEEK

Students Given Opportunity to  
Visit Publishing House

Special observances here at Ward-Belmont of the National Book Week from the 17th to the 23rd of November will be the book-teas to be given in the Recreational Reading Room on next Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from four until six o'clock. The principal speakers of these teas will be Alumnae of Ward-Belmont.

On Tuesday Mrs. Thomas Stewart, the former Miss Peggy O'Conner, will speak on "Recent Fiction," giving trends and specific examples, with a review or two of the latest publications. Mrs. Stewart graduated from the high school department of Ward-Belmont in 1926. She attended Goucher College and later obtained her A.B. degree from Vanderbilt in 1931. Recently she has been doing social service work in Davidson County Relief Agency and in FERA.

Miss Virginia Doss will make a talk at the Wednesday tea on "Poetry." The speaker is a graduate of 1933. Last spring she obtained her B.S. at Peabody College. Miss Doss has written poetry herself and has had her work accepted in several magazines including *Driftwood*, *Bozart* and *Contemporary Verse*, *Forum*, *Challenge*, and *Epothea Highroad*.

Thursday, Miss Anne Loftin will take as her subject the value of reading a play before seeing it. Miss Loftin graduated from the college department in 1934 and later attended Peabody. At present she is doing case work under the FERA.

Representatives from the clubs will serve as the official hostesses at these teas to which the entire student body and faculty are cordially invited.

As has been previously announced Mr. Pat C. Beard of the Cokesbury Press will speak in chapel Monday (Continued on page 3)

### MR. UNDERWOOD AT VESPERS

On Sunday night, Mr. Roy Underwood presented an unusual program of meditation through music, which those present found most impressive. From the deep harmonies of the piano came a spirit of quiet reflection which could not have been induced by words. At the period usually set aside for a speaker, Mr. Underwood seated himself at the piano and played: *Prelude in G* by Bach; *Worthy Us By Thy Grace* by Bach-Rummel; *Prelude in G* by Rachmaninoff; *Etude in E* by Chopin; and *Andante in B flat* by Chopin.

Elsie Sante assisted in the service with an organ prelude, while Virginia Piper sang "The Lord Is My Strength."

### CHAPEL SCHEDULE

November 18-22

Nov. 18—Speaker: Mr. Pat C. Beard, manager of the Cokesbury Press.

Nov. 20—Devotionals in charge of Senior-Middle Class. Speaker: Louise Baxter.

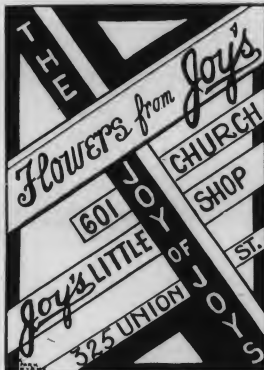
Nov. 22—Announcement of Honor Roll by Dr. Barton.

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## IDEAS ON PEACE PRESENTED

In Sunday school, on November 10th, Laura Mae Carpenter spoke on the building of peace in the world, and the meaning of war today. She illustrated her talk with the life of Kagawa, a Christian Japanese social worker. Kagawa believes that world peace may be achieved through the destruction of the causes of combat and strife between the groups and classes of the individual countries themselves. In following this theory he has lived amongst the lowest of his people, striving to better their living conditions. It is largely through his efforts that laws have been passed in such cities as Tokio for the annihilation of loathsome slums. The talk was ended impressively with the reading of two poems: "Mariana" (written by a Ward-Belmont girl) and "Youth Prays for Peace," which brought out the idea of the pitiful sacrifice of youth in war.

Minnie Maud May presided over the service, and was assisted by Margaret Mitcham and Catherine Cheatham who read Armistice meditations, and Marjorie Gunn and Virginia Piper who accompanied a quartet in musical selections.

## CHAPEL CORNER

Friday, November 8

The high school expression department gave a one-act play in chapel Friday, called "Dickey Bird." The parts were played by Esther Azarch, Katherine Edwards, Mary Morel and Betsy Proctor. The play was about a man who, after deserting his wife, found himself in her clutches once more. The plot was very humorous and the play very well acted.

Monday, November 11

The Armistice Day program was given by Mr. Will J. Manier, Jr., who gave a talk on his experiences in the World War, and told about the day that the Armistice was signed. He stressed the barbarism of the World War, and talked against another war.

Wednesday, November 13

The devotional speaker this week was Rev. W. Murdock McLeod of the Moore Memorial Church. His subject was "Our Attitude Towards Religion." Christ's teachings did not necessitate a so-called "long-face" attitude but on the contrary, involved a happy nature.

## CLASS NEWS

### SENIOR-MIDDLE

The Senior-Middle class met Thursday, November 14th. Edrie Oliver, chairman of the committee which has charge of the class song contest, announced that many songs have been submitted. The committee desires that many more be added to those already collected. The chairman requested the class members to participate even more fully in the contest so that the competition will be greater. The prize for the selected song will be decided on at the next class meeting. The contest closes Monday, November 18.

Laura Mae Carpenter, the chairman of the committee which is planning the Senior-Middle devotional exercises for Wednesday, November 20th, announced that special harp music will be given by Celeste Jane Throckmorton. Louise Baxter will be the speaker for the service.

The president of the class announced the approach of the Senior-Middle hockey game, and she urged all the members of the class to work hard for this game. The game will probably be played Thanksgiving morning. Mary Griswold was appointed Hockey Manager; Janet Collins was appointed Manager of the Uniforms for the entire year. Rachel Brauer will be the chairman of songs and yells; she will be assisted by Clara Helbing, Virginia White, and Mabel Blackman. Rachel asks the girls to

turn in to her as soon as possible adaptations of songs and yells that have been used in high school or in camps, as well as original ones.

The members of the class discussed several social topics in which the class will take part in December. There will be further announcement of these events.

The President announced a class meeting to be held Thursday, November 21st, at 11:30 in the gym as the chapel will be used for other purposes at that time. Everyone must be present. Important class business will be taken up then.

## "Y" CALENDAR

Sunday, November 17:  
8:30 A.M.—Sunday school. Speaker, Barbara Moore.  
2:15 P.M.—Play hour, Tennessee Children's Home.  
2:30 P.M.—Visit to Junior League Hospital.  
6:00 P.M.—Vespers. Speaker, Dr. A. O. Wasson of Korea.  
Monday, November 18:  
7:00 P.M.—Forum.  
Thursday, November 21:  
7:00 P.M.—Visit to wards of Vanderbilt Hospital.

## YOU SHOULD KNOW—

You should know Charlotte Wanek, more commonly called "Wan," of Chicago, Ill. She graduated last June from Morgan Park High School in Chicago. There, she was a member of the Tau Epsilon Honor Society. She earned 500 points in sports, thus entitling her to her major letter of which she is the proud owner. She has always been especially interested in dramatics, taking private lessons along with her lessons in school. Her favorite subject is languages. In her leisure moments she loves to read.

You should know Virginia Collins of Ponca City, Oklahoma. Virginia graduated from Ponca City High School. In her last year there she was elected "Queen" of her class. A little later, by a city-wide vote, she was chosen "Queen" of the entire school. She loves to swim and read. She has knit some and says she really enjoys it.

## SPALDING RECITAL TO BE PRESENTED TUESDAY EVENING

(Continued from page 1)

Conservatory. He passed the examination for professor of the conservatory at Bologna when he was but fourteen, the youngest on record since Mozart.

At twenty he made his debut in Paris with Adelina Patti. His performances include tours of Russia and Sweden, and many other parts of the world, playing hundreds of concerts each season. One of these great concert tours was sacrificed when he enlisted as a private in the World War. Soon after, he became an officer in the aviation corps. He was decorated with the Cross of the Crown of Italy by the Italian Government, and has also been given the Cross of the Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French Government.

Spalding returned to the concert stage and has won fame, playing alternately on his two beautiful instruments, a Guarnerius del Gesu (1735), and a Montegnana (1721). Songs he hummed to himself as a boy have been transformed into compositions which will live on after him.

His program on next Tuesday is as follows:

Sonata E Major ..... Handel  
Sonata Op. 30 No. 3 ..... Beethoven  
Poeme ..... Chausson

INTERMISSION  
La Fontaine d'Arethuse

Tarentelle ..... Szymanowski  
Piece in the form of a Habenera ..... Szymanowski

Caprice No. 24 ..... Paganini-Spalding  
Andre Benoit will accompany Mr. Spalding.



While in Nashville, Rich Halliburton autographed sheets to be placed in his new book "Seven League Boots" published by Bobbs-Merrill Co. for \$3.50 on Nov. 15.

If you wish an autograph copy of this entertaining travel book by one of the most popular young writers in America, order it now from

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Are Shown

## HOCKEY GAMES PLAYED

### Del Vers Win Initial Contest of Season

A postponement of three days, hockey games of the season finally played off last Thursday. In spite of the chilly, bleak and muddy field, a fair-sized number of spectators were on hand to cheer their favorites to victory. In the first two games, the Del Vers defeated the X. L.'s by a score of 3 to 2, and the Angkors tied with a score of 2 to 2.

Bailey, Jean Yantes, and June made the three goals for the team with Sarah Ashley and Krauss playing excellent defense games. The Del Vers might have won by a larger score if they been more careful about

Osiron goals were made by Jones and Ruth Hewitt. Elizabeth Cornelius made both scores for the Angkor team, and played an outstanding game with Margaret Greene and Grace Benedict backing her all the while. Helen Jones, Osiron center forward, was outstanding on her team.

### HOW DO YOU PRONOUNCE?

Very odd, but the persons with unusual names seem to be the ones to achieve literary fame. How often we include them in our daily conversation, if—we only knew how to pronounce the names! Here are a few of the authors of recent books and the pronunciation most often

Benet—ben-AY.  
Buchan—BUCK-an.  
Cather—Cather rhymes with mother.  
Broun—Broom.  
Maurois—Ondray More-sh.  
Hough—Huff.  
Cowper Powys—Pois.  
Maugham—Mawm.  
Orsz—Ort'sy.  
Van Loon—Rhymes with moon.  
Besier—Be zier.  
Heyward—Doo-Boze Hay-ward.  
Belloc—Hilary Bellock.  
Hergesheimer — Hergesheimer (hard "g").  
Mickle—San Mick-ay-le.  
Galsworthy—First syllable rhymes with haul.  
said that the prevailing Continental pronunciation is Gazz-wuzzo which Galsworthy is said to have responded with benignity and grace. Yet we continue to take pains at our pronunciation!

### WEEK AT THE THEATRES

The Knickerbocker, a romance of a man who wrote "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Harmony Lane," the Paramount will be shown. "The Rose," with a real Dixie flavor, some of whom are direct descendants of Robert E. Lee.

### GRESS MADE IN "Y" WORK

Girls who have been doing community service in the Y.W.C.A. lately have been thrilled at the actual contact with living problems, and at the movement noted in the cases with which they have come in contact. For example, Mary Hamilton Bracken's League Group learned on Monday that Edward, a little boy who has been lying on a wooden cot for five years, suffering with tuberculosis of the spine, was to walk for the first time on Monday morning.

Edy Krauss' group are beginning to feel that they really know the children at the Tennessee Children's

Home. Last Sunday Genevieve Marsh did a tap dance, Frances Reidy whistled, and Teddy Krauss drew pictures of Humpty Dumpty, and helped the children, who seemed delighted with all the entertainment, to write letters to Santa Claus. Marjorie Lotz, Virginia Bonnot, Edrie Oliver, and Margaret Rhodes also made this trip.

The Vanderbilt Hospital group has a singular opportunity of seeing people of all ages, who are facing life bravely in spite of tremendous odds against them. Little girls of nine years smile cheerfully at their Ward-Belmont visitors, in spite of the knowledge of the hopelessness of their cases. Jane Curfman, Mary Pollard, Mary Byrne, and Bess McNamee went with Mary Norman West, chairman, and Miss Small, who accompanied the girls in the absence

of Miss Van Hooser. The girls distributed a large number of old magazines amongst the appreciative members of the ward. They hope that any Ward-Belmont girls who are through with their magazines will give them to Mary Norman West, so that they may be taken to the hospital on the next visit, Thursday night, November 14th.

For the workingest college student in the world we nominate a certain junior at Miami University. This man is carrying 20 study hours a week and auditing one course. To support himself he works 50 hours a month on the NYA, is an assistant in the physics department, grades papers for the mathematics department and works from seven to midnight every day in the office of a taxi company!

### ALUMNAE TO SPEAK AT INFORMAL TEAS THROUGHOUT WEEK

(Continued from page 1)

on the making of a book. Through the courtesy of his organization Ward-Belmont girls will be shown through a printing house and may learn how a book comes to be. Students must sign up in the library for these trips.

Posters throughout the halls have been made in an effort to awaken interest in Book Week by Sally Paine, Dorothy Jaeger, Beverly Lack, Elizabeth Cornelius, Barbara Jobson, Nell Jane Rank, and Beulah Pittman. Miss Frances Church, the school librarian, is the instigator of all of the various plans, and a renewed interest in "Reading for Fun!", the national theme, should follow from her and her assistants' efforts.

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For advertising information, address Emmett Russell, Sr., Advertising Manager, 182 4th Avenue, North, Presbyterian Building, Phone 6-1171.

1935 Member 1936

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## TYPISTS

Beverly Lack, Jean McEwan

## EDITORIAL

## BOOK WAYS

Books,—how true is the statement that "Books are the world's storehouse of knowledge!" To some they are much more than that; they are life itself. They open up avenues of escape from the drudgery and monotony of life around us. No matter what the personality of the reader, there is always some subject in the realm of literature that offers just such an outlet for his emotions. One can transport oneself into the wondrous unrealities of the past ages, or into the mystical and ever alluring atmosphere of the Orient.

If one has been born and reared in an urban atmosphere, he can get something of the peace and quietness of country life, and life on the great plains of the West. And vice-versa, a country-bred person can almost live himself the breath-taking experiences that the hurrying amalgamation of humanity have in the city. If one be a dreamer, what glorious avenues are opened up through books! If one be more studiously inclined, what stores of knowledge, both scientific and classic, are indelibly printed on the pages of our many books!

People who have never had the opportunity to travel can learn of the vastness and complicity of this remarkable world about us by reading.

What a richer place the world is today, and how ages and cultures have progressed since the art of writing was discovered! How fortunate we are to have the chance to read these treasures—one of man's greatest gifts—books!

## DO YOU LISTEN?

Eleven-thirty every morning is chapel time here at Ward-Belmont, and it is a requirement that every girl attend. Chapel programs are planned with our interest in mind, and there is always something definitely worthwhile to be gained—some idea, thought, or opinion that could well be made our own, if we would but give our individual attention to the speaker. We are not asked to agree with everything that might be said, but the least we can do is to listen and to consider. It is the attitude of some girls, however, that chapel time is not a listening time but a convenient half-hour to day-dream, or to observe a mental recess; consequently they enter chapel with a closed mind. Ask yourselves these questions: Do I resort to conversation upon what is being said in chapel, thus making it a half-hour well spent? Or am I present in body only—permitting myself to be among those who "never hear a word the speaker says"? This article is meant to be a hint. Check up on yourself, for it is to your advantage to attend chapel in a receptive mood.

## QUIET, PLEASE!

Liberty tempered with consideration should be the key to personality. The word *should* probably give us the reason for the disturbances which occur so often in our library. The extra thought that consideration takes is not worth the effort required, and each forgets her obligation of citizenship.

The scholar is one who loses himself completely in his work and forgets the trivial noises which take the attention of one less skilled; but the scholar has attained the goal which we are seeking. To reach that goal, long hours of uninterrupted concentration that bring interest as well as education are required, and the provision of such an atmosphere is the requisite for a library.

In college the success or failure of a library as a place to study depends on the college students. It is they who yell outside library doors, rustle paper, walk noisily, talk in hissing whispers, and throw textbooks upon the tables; and so it becomes their duty, selfishly and for their own sake, to maintain the quiet they expect and require when they are wanting to study.

(Continued last column of this page)

## CAMPUS COLUMN

Emily Hamilton and Elizabeth Rauschenberg had the good fortune of a week-end. These two went home—all the way to Georgia!

Poor Corinne Pierce is cheering herself hoarse for the good of the hockey team. That's true spirit for you girls! Especially with all these colds going around to make you hoarse anyway.

"Fe" Coe ran down the steps in Pembroke in five seconds flat the other night when some one informed her that a certain someone was on the phone. What did you talk about, "Fe"?

"Dot" Martin and a couple of her friends came back from the club house with some of the best looking fudge one day, but somehow the girls didn't look as if they wanted to eat any more. Could it be that they'd had too much fudge?

Kay Phillips has been making everyone jealous all week by relating in great detail the lovely hamburgers she had on a picnic in Percy Warner Park. She just has no heart at all. And oh! All the beaming Antipans returned to their halls Friday night after a most successful Open-house. We hear that Virginia Bonnot and Charlotte Fogg were quite the belles.

Someone in the Del Vers club has that "housewife" instinct. They've taken it upon themselves to redecorate the entire club. If they carry out their present plans, it should be very lovely.

When most of us are trying our best to keep down the weight and still eat three meals a day, Betty Burns is compelled to eat six and she still loses weight. Some people have all the luck!

Mrs. Tate is being kept busy delivering telegrams to Sara Kimmel. Some devoted swain has sent her three in one week. Kim insists that he's just a friend.

Mullins, Morris, and Moore aren't the only Tri K's who are knitting these days; Webbie has been knitting her brows over how to cut 250 names for the Open House, down to 125.

Ask "Deed" Cooper about her terrific five-point landing last Sunday night in her abode 234 Fidelity, and all on account of Baxter's big feet. Some say the girls in the room below are suing for bruises received from falling plaster.

Another Tri K rates a "swelligan" week-end away with her mother and sister. We certainly put the stamp of approval on Bess and hope she will be a future W.-B. girl.

## HIGH SCHOOL

Why do all the freshmen stam pede out of their third-period class? We get trampled on practically every day. That hall in Big Ac. is a nice place to commit suicide.

Wonder whose letter Letitia has been expecting for eight weeks? It arrived the other day, and Letty hasn't been the same since.

Did you know Grace B. was an experienced lecturer? She nearly convulsed her audience one recent Sunday night.

We welcome back with open arms our own Peggy Dickinson. What would her hockey team do without her?

The other day in chapel, Cayce told the Day Students that there was to be no running to lunch. She even added that one poor girl, Corinne to be exact, had fallen and broken TWO teeth. So your Scribe honored the afore-mentioned teeth with a visit, and were we disappointed? There was only a wee chip gone, and from only one tooth! Who would have thought that Cayce would fool us so?

Do you remember—when all our grade school teachers forbade us to say anything to the High School girls about our holiday after Thanksgiving? This was because the latter would turn green with envy. Whereupon we crept about, dropping broad hints to one and all (mostly H. S. girls).

## EAGLE FEATHER

By HELEN TIBBETS

EDITOR'S NOTE: The selections in this column are used in observance of Book Week.

## THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,  
Around the fire my parents sit;  
They sit at home and talk and sing,  
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl  
All in the dark around the wall,  
And follow 'round the forest track  
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,  
All in my hunter's camp I lie,  
And play at books that I have read  
'Til it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,  
These are my starry solitudes;  
And there the river by whose brink  
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away  
As if in firelit camp they lay,  
And I, like to an Indian scout,  
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,  
Home I return across the sea,  
And go to bed with backward looks  
At my dear land of Story-books.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

## ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOME

Much I have travelled in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Of one of these wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

—John Keats.

## A BOOK

There is no frigate like a book

To take us lands away,  
Nor any coursers like a page  
Of prancing poetry.

This traverse may the poorest take  
Without oppress of toil;  
How frugal is the chariot  
That bears a human soul!

—Emily Dickinson.

## BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS!

I had found the secret of a garret room  
Piled high with cases in my father's name;  
Fried high; packed large,—where, creeping in and  
Among the giant fossils of my past,  
Like some small nimble mouse between the ribs  
Of a mastodon, I nibbled here and there  
At this or that box, pulling through the gap  
In beats of terror, haste, victorious joy,  
The first book first. And how I felt it beat  
Under my pillow, in the morning's dark,  
An hour before the sun would let me read!  
My books!

At last, because the time was ripe,  
I chanced upon the poets.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we say  
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;  
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

From Part III, *Personal Talk*, by William Wordsworth

Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from  
stamp and esteem of ages through which they  
passed.

—Temple

(Continued from first column this page)

If we believe that we should "Do unto others as would that they should do to us," then we must be willing to give up our "social library time" to silent construal study; thereby serving both our neighbors and ourselves. Remember that genius takes time, and liberty tempered with consideration will be our key to personality.



## HYPHEN BIOGRAPHIES

## Miss Emma I. Sisson

Miss Sisson, Dean of Residence, was born in Providence, Rhode Island. She spent the early years of her life attending schools of Providence. She continued her studies in Boston, at Bryn Mawr College, and Columbia. In 1911, Miss Sisson came to Ward-Belmont as Director of Physical Education, which position she held for many years. She has been sponsor of the fall and sponsor of the X. L. Club. In 1930 she became Dean of Residence.

Miss Sisson has traveled extensively in Europe and the United States. Her summers are spent at Camp Cochichewick in Fryeburg, Maine. Her interests are varied and widespread, but she is especially fond of outdoor sports such as horseback riding and golf. Miss Sisson also likes to drive a car and greatly enjoys camping and traveling.

## Miss Mary Norris

Miss Mary Rachel Norris hales from Torrington, Connecticut, where she spent her early youth. She attended Bryn Mawr College for women in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, where she received both her B.A. and M.A. degrees. She continued her studies

at Columbia University and Peabody College. In Germantown and Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, Miss Norris taught History. Later she became Educational Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in Providence, Rhode Island, where she organized classes and had charge of girls' clubs. In 1911, Miss Norris first saw Ward-Belmont, when she came to visit her sister, who was then Dean of Faculty. In 1919, Miss Norris returned to become Dean of Faculty herself, living with her sister who had married and was a resident of Nashville. She held this position until 1923. Since 1925, she has been teaching Psychology at Ward-Belmont. Now, she makes her home with her brother-in-law and nephew in town. She is especially fond of flowers and loves to walk, but her chief love is teaching.

Miss Norris has traveled in Europe, Canada, and the United States. She has written some poetry, and one poem, which was published later, came out in two poetic anthologies.

In Nashville, Miss Norris has also been active. She was associated with the Y.W.C.A., helping to organize and conduct classes, and was a member of the Board for a short time. She is a member of the Christ Church where she sings in the choir. Also, Miss

Norris is a member of the Centennial Club and the American Association of University Women in Nashville. She is past president of the latter organization and has represented the Association as delegate in Washington and New Orleans.

## LIBRARY OFFERS WIDE VARIETY OF READING YEAR ROUND

Although the object of Book Week is to stimulate the desire for reading, Ward-Belmont offers to her students an opportunity for becoming acquainted with books throughout the whole school year.

The main library and reading room is at present composed of about 13,000 volumes on all subjects and available at all times to the students. Here are to be found the books assigned for outside reading, reference books such as encyclopedias and dictionaries, and supplementary reading books. Here also is a rental section consisting of the best in contemporary literature, drama, poetry, biography, and fiction. Along with the classics and standard works there are 1,200 bound periodicals.

The library binds all the magazines in the following list with the exception of those which are starred. A complete list of the periodicals follows: *American Home*, *American Historical Review*, *American Magazine of Art*, *Art Bulletin*, *American Journal of Public Health*, *Arts and Decoration*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *American Journal of Sociology*, *Asia*, *Books* (N. Y. Herald Tribune), *Booklist*, *Bird Lore*, *Classical Journal*, *Cathedral Age*, *Christian Century*, *Commercial Art*, *Congressional Digest*, *Current History*, *Design*, *Education*, *English Journal*, *Etude*, *Forum*, *Forum*, *The Golden Book*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Harpers*, *Harpers Bazaar*, *High School Quarterly*, *House Beautiful*, *Hygeia*, *Inland Printer*, *L'Illustration*, *International Journal of Religion*, *Journal of the National Education Association*, *Journal of Health and Physical Education*, *Journal of Home Economics*, *Library Journal*, *Literary Digest*, *The Living Age*, *Musical America*, *Mind and Body*, *Monthly Labor Review*, *Musical Quarterly*, *National Altruism*, *The Nation*, *National Geographic*, *North Central Association Quarterly*, *Nature Magazine*, *The New Republic*, *North American Review*, *Psychological Review*, *The Publishers' Weekly*, *Parnassus*, *Pencil Points*, *La Petite Illustration*, *Poetry*, *Readers' Digest*, *Recreation*, *Religious Education*, *Review of Reviews*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *School-Arts-Magazine*, *School Review*, *Scientific American Monthly*, *Saturday Review of Literature*, *Survey*, *Stage*, *Survey Graphic*, *Science News Letter*, *Scribners*, *School and Society*, *Science*, *Time*, *Travel*, *Theatre Arts Monthly*, *Vanity Fair*, *Yale Review*.

The current newspapers to be found in the library are the Sunday edition of the *New York Times*, and the daily and Sunday editions of the *Washington Post*, the *Nashville Banner*, and the *Knoxville News-Sentinel*. The latter is placed in the library by one of the students here at school.

## MUSIC NOTES

Last week Miss Mary Douthit played Saint-Saens' G minor Concerto at a meeting of the Vendredi Music Club. Miss Douthit will play the Concerto on a program broadcast over station WSM at 3:30 o'clock next Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Underwood will play a group of numbers and also the second piano part to the Concerto. The program will be especially interesting to all music students.

## JUNIOR-MIDDLES RECOGNIZED

(Continued from page 1)  
school. Dr. Barton then recognized the class, which sang its song, and marched out in the same order as the processional.



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## DIARY OF MISTRESS

BELLE • WARD

Wednesday—Imagine Miss Sisson's embarrassment, when she asked one of the Anti-Pan girls to make out a "green slip" for one of the guests for their open house, and found out it was Dr. Barton's nephew!

Tonight we had another reminder that we surely must have atrocious manners, when they gave four skits for our benefit, showing us the right and wrong way of being ladies. It was almost as funny watching the strained attitudes of the girls as they tried to impress us with their flawless manners, as when they went to extremes to demonstrate how we have been found doing. The prize should have been given to Winnie Coffee, when she rushed back in Candyland for her neglected rum under the table. But Winnie slipped up when, after she had taken such pains to show us her bare knee, forgot and let it remain uncovered in the second scene. That about brought down the house.

Thursday—I always thought there would be nothing like slipping around the hockey field in the rain, and now I've found out about it, for didn't we have a nice, very exciting game in the drizzle? Yes, sir, and the funny part of it was that the wet ground, the wet ball, and the wet legs, just made us play all the harder, and we discovered that we played better than we had all season. Next time let's play in the snow. Maybe we can actually get a score.

Billie Frank left us today to take part in a celebration in her town (how many in the town are there, Billie Frank?). Yes, indeed, it was the seventieth anniversary of their bank, and they needed our Billie Frank right there dressed in her bustle and long dress to shake hands with all the inhabitants.

And now I've started. I've been holding off as long as I could, but I knew sooner or later, I'd have to succumb. And this morning I started, what—oh, getting up early. I swore that I'd never again go through the sensation of hearing the alarm clock go off at five o'clock, take a peek at a dark, weary world, finally manage to get my feet out of bed, try to study for fifteen minutes, but after that length of time go back to bed, because all I could think of was the bed, and not my lesson. But this morning, I did that very thing again, and wonder of wonders, I really managed to stay up. I guess I'll try it again some time.

Went out to dinner tonight, and when roomie and I heard Jimmie Gallagher play "Star Dust" we just wished that every Ward-Belmont girl could have been there with us, because that piece has been a favorite out here so long, that it's getting to be a regular national anthem.

Friday—What did I tell you—heard the fool clock go off at five again, but didn't budge. I knew that wouldn't last. Winnie got her knee all bunched up again playing hockey, and is going through another stage of the infirmity. A girl that loves sports and strenuous activity like she does would have to be bothered with a knee, and some of us can't even find an excuse.

Well, Ward-Belmont is starting with the social season. The Anti-Pan had their open house tonight, and some eight clubs are following their example with parties before Christmas. Vanderbilt is really getting a big rush all of a sudden. From all reports, though, three-fourths of the male population of Vanderbilt came over, so I guess they don't mind much being so over-worked.

Saturday—Football games seem to be the big thing around here, even though we can't have a football team. Those that didn't get to see Vandy whip Sewanee listened over the radio to their home state teams beat their opponents. I even stayed home from town to listen to my State University win their Homecoming game, but I listened to them get taken for the first time. And were some of the girls ever taken for a ride when they found

out that Notre Dame, the Army, Harvard went under! The boy at school didn't do so hot this year. And, by chance, did you happen see Roselle Emery strut off the pus when we were coming in all headed for the gym dance, all out in a spiffy corsage and thing? Did that make us feel But to see a Ward-Belmont girl out at that hour for a dance, though she was accompanied by mother, was almost more than the poor faint hearts could bear. A ring of corsages, may I say that has very good taste.

Sunday—Rain, rain, and more. Went to church in the rain, and dinner in the rain, and even vespers in the rain. Just a Nashville weather, girls. And did thing else happen? Not a singular thing as far as I could tell, but some other working girls, were at the library afternoon, trying to get caught all the work I had left for just such rainy day. So, goodness instead of writing in my diary, I'll call it a day and hit the hay. Monday—Yes, I knew very well, that I'd wake up to the same kind of day I woke up to today. Once the weather takes streak, it lasts forever, it seems.

And just seventeen years ago, the war stopped, and if I been writing in a diary seven years ago, I probably wouldn't written a thing for this date, for an event doesn't need recording, is stamped indelibly on your mind. Mr. Manier told us in chapel, quietly, of his war experiences, even though we knew very well all he said was all too true, we or at least I did, an awful stretching our imagination to the tent of imagining rats crawling them in the trenches while they It was all so realistic, that not one girl who heard him talk, even think of war as being gloom for he certainly took all the gloom and patriotism from it, if it ever have any. And, of course, that his exact purpose in talking to way he did.

Went to town, and came crumpling on a candied apple first I'd set my teeth into some outgrown my childhood Halloween parties. They were so good, I don't see why they aren't an institution instead of just something have around Thanksgiving. Of course they are a little difficult to eat such lady-like Ward-Belmont.

Tuesday—And it's still raining. Pretty soon we'll begin feeling perpetual drowned rats. And I'm cinch that there'll be no big games for the next few days. would just turn cold, though, we'd have a nice snappy game of ice hockey judging from the big pool now on the field.

And this would be the day that get no letter, and this would be day that I'd run into Libby B. and see her hurriedly scan over letters, until she could have more to read them carefully. Such a should be shot, I swear.

In a very animated discussion Psychology today, we all discovered our amusement, that we had all victims of brace-wearing. You wearing braces on your teeth during the adolescent period, so when we big college girls we'd be all braces, so we all demonstrated, how, and where, we had been so reformed, and consequently benefited for me, there was plenty of room improvement.

And so, 'bye now, let's go to and listen to the gentle tapping of rain on the roof. I guess I must have a poetic instinct.

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# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIV

Nashville, Tenn., November 23, 1935

Number 10

## MR. HENKEL IN AN RECITAL ON TWENTY-SIXTH

Student Head Began Musical Career at Early Age

Monday, November 26th, Mr. F. Henkel, Director of Organ of Belmont Conservatory of Music, gave his annual concert. Mr. Henkel has been prominent in musical life for over twenty years. At an early age, he began his musical studies with his father, Christian Henkel, a Cincinnati musician. He studied under Steinbrecher, a pupil of, and also with the famous Percy Grainger. His first teacher, however, was Henri of New York. At the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Mr. Henkel is a graduate of the College of Music. He is now living in Cincinnati. Mr. Henkel played the great Music Hall symphony concerts directed by Gustav Mahler. He also served as an organist in leading churches of Cincinnati for over ten years. He directed the Nashville Symphony Orchestra, now disbanded, and he has been organist and director of the choir at St. Church in Nashville since Mr. Henkel came to Belmont in 1909 and has been here ever since. He has been the director of his pupils are holding post-graduate and concert organizations. (Continued on page 3)

## HORSE SHOW WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

Program Announced

The annual fall horse show is to be held on November 26th and it promises to be one of the big athletic events of the season as ribbons and prizes will be given to the winners and their teams. The program will be divided into two parts and each team will have its own individual drawing card. The girl who has ridden this fall will be given a definite part in the show and will be given an equal chance to win honor. The program will be as follows: Demonstration by the Certificate Students. Tandem riding. Driving. Western saddle. Side saddle. Five-gaited riding. (Continued on page 3)

## WOMEN'S CLUB MEETS

Members of the Ward-Belmont faculty, household, and office and wives of faculty members met for their monthly meeting on Wednesday afternoon, November 15th. The X.L. Club House for the purpose of continuing the organization of the Women's Club on the campus. Miss L. Sisson presided over the meeting until the election of officers. The new President, Miss Frances Ewing; First Vice-President, Miss Henry Clark; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Kenneth Rose; Secretary, Frances Ewing; and Treasurer, Miss Hibernia Seay. The meeting of the constitution of the organization was read by Mrs. Sisson and accepted by the group. The purpose of the Women's Club is to afford an opportunity for contacts between its members. Meetings will be planned with this in view. It will also attempt to sponsor worth-while activities on the campus. The planning of club activities is in charge of (Continued on page 5)

## INTRODUCING INTRODUCTIONS

Daughter pauses outside the office door. Someone's family is here, and someone's family is being introduced by such phrases as "Dr. Barton, my mother. Mother, meet Dr. Barton. And this is little brother. And daddy—and—"

In a moment, Daughter dashes to the desk in the library, picks up Emily Post's big new Blue Book, and thumbs the contents to introductions. Of course, she's so proud of her family that she wants everyone to meet them. But her introductions must be graceful.

She insists on trying to avoid embarrassing her teachers. Of course, they all know her, but it's so much nicer to mention Mother's and Daddy's name: "This is my mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Blank, Dr. Barton."

Then when they are all on the campus, she wants to introduce as many of her friends as possible. It's true that family resemblance may be a sufficient clue to identity. But Daughter doesn't want to overhear her roommate saying to her roommate, "That must have been her mother; they looked so much alike."

According to her authority, the Blue Book: "When introducing those whom she herself calls by their first names to her mother, a young girl omits the 'Miss.' And," the introduction of a member of your family to such an intimate friend as might almost equally be considered 'family' is naturally spontaneous and informal."

Then there's that old rule: "A gentleman is always presented to a lady, even though he is an old gentleman of great distinction and the lady 'a mere slip of a girl.'"

Daughter smiles, thinking that after all introductions won't be such an ordeal. She agrees with Miss Post that they should be "naturally spontaneous and informal," almost to the point of saying, "Girls, meet the family."

## STAFF SETS DEADLINE

It is absolutely necessary that all appointments for Milestones pictures be kept. Mr. Schumacher plans to finish taking the pictures of the boarding students on December 2nd, one week from Monday. This allows only four more days for the taking of almost one-hundred pictures. Any student who has not had her picture taken, and who does not have an appointment, should see Martha Kiger immediately. Day students are urged to go to the Schumacher Studio for their sittings as soon as possible. Any day student desiring to have her picture taken here at school, instead of at the studio, is asked to make arrangements with Ellen Bowers.

## DRAMATIC CLUB FORMS

Announcement was made in chapel Tuesday concerning the reorganization of the "Sock and Buskin Club" of last year. This is a dramatic society and offers the girls opportunities in the various fields of play producing, costuming, make-up, stage setting, and scenery as well as acting. The first meeting of all interested will be held Monday evening at seven o'clock in the Agora Clubhouse. Sponsors of the club are Miss Ordway, English teacher in the High School Department, and Mrs. Millring, Miss Townsend's assistant in the Expression Department.

## THANKSGIVING REVERIE

Our Thanksgiving Day here at Ward-Belmont is being anticipated by every one of us. Even if some of us don't have our families coming, we are looking forward to—well, just Thanksgiving. It promises to be the same old day here that it will be at home. In the morning we'll go to chapel. In the afternoon some of us will see the Vandy-Alabama game, some of us will show our families around a bit, and some of us will watch the hockey games. Then in the evening we'll dress and go down to

our Thanksgiving dinner. November 28th will be a typical Ward-Belmont Thanksgiving.

With all these Thanksgiving thoughts chasing around I found myself wondering what Thanksgiving Day was like in the days before the Civil War, when there was no Ward-Belmont, but the Acklen plantation instead. I tried just ever so little and was able to see "Rec." Hall as it may have been one Thanksgiving Day.

It was simply bursting with joyous— (Continued on page 5)

## FORMAL DINNER TO CLIMAX SCHOOL'S THANKSGIVING DAY

Hockey Game Between Classes Feature of Morning

Thursday, November 28th, will be celebrated here at school as it is all over the country, as a day set aside by tradition for the rendering of nationwide thanks. Plans for the celebration of the holiday at Ward-Belmont have gone forward to a rather definite end.

Since the students are not allowed to go home over the week-end, a great many families and friends will spend Thanksgiving and the days following here in Nashville. As THE HYPHEN went to press, names of 110 guests had already been filed in the Home Office for Thanksgiving dinner.

As this is the only holiday that is actually celebrated here at school, much is made of it. Devotional services led by Dr. Hill will be held at 8:45 in the morning under the direction of the Y.W.C.A. At this time, donations to charity in the form of money or clothes will be made by the girls.

At 10:45, the hockey game between the Senior and Senior-Middle classes will be played. The afternoon is left free and trips off the campus may be made about the hours counting. Formal dinner will be served at 6 o'clock. The dining room will be decorated in keeping with Thanksgiving. The evening will be taken up with dancing.

(Continued on page 3)

## SPALDING CONCERT WELL RECEIVED

Four Encores Given

Albert Spalding's concert given Tuesday evening met with outstanding enthusiasm. An unusually large crowd heartily applauded one of the most popular artists who has been at Ward-Belmont. This was Mr. Spalding's third appearance in the school's auditorium.

The ease and poise shown by the violinist in his stage manner immediately held the attention of the audience. The beautiful tone quality, brilliant technique, and good interpretation proved Spalding's position as one of the greatest of America's violinists. Quietness and entire freedom from mannerisms contributed to natural and unaffected playing which almost reached perfection.

Rather an unusual feature was the opening of the program with two Sopranos. (Continued on page 6)

## BIRTHDAY DINNER HELD

Thanksgiving was the theme carried out in the decorations of the November birthday dinner held last Tuesday evening November 19. Red candles and vases of red roses carried out the color scheme, while in the center of the table was a great mound of assorted fruits. White horns of plenty trailed fruit from the four corners of the table. Each guest received a red rose for a favor.

Mr. and Mrs. Benedict and Miss Sisson were the host and hostesses for the twenty girls who were: Mary Rose Boston, Helen Aycock, Jeanne Brigham, Ruth Carr, Polly Du Vernet, Harriet Rosenblum, Mattie Palmer, Nancy Uhl, Jane Coyle, Margaret Baker, Laura Mae Carpenter, Elloise Jeter, Yvonne Woodworth, Jane Ludwig, Edwina Schmid, Barbara Smith, Margaret Colper, Betty Lou Dailey, and Jane Elliott.

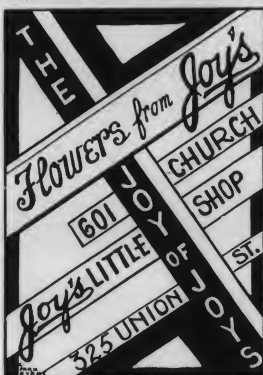


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## HYPHEN BIOGRAPHIES

Miss Annie Allison

Miss Annie C. Allison, principal of the High School and Elementary departments of Ward-Belmont, has ten years of association with this school to her credit. Her entire life has been spent in a great part either to being taught or to teaching others.

Her mother was her only instructor until she was eleven years old. Reared in the country, simple outdoor activities vied with reading, in place of movies and parties, for entertainment. At twelve, she was taken to her first theatre performance, "Pinafore" and to this day it remains a favorite. From the time she was eleven until she was fourteen she attended a real old-fashioned "District School." "It was an exciting, rather terrifying time," says Miss Allison, "for whipping was done right on the spot." Though corporal punishment was given only to boys, she was never sure that girls mightn't get their share and consequently lived in a constant state of terror. From the District School she went to Nashville to what was then Fogg High School, now Hume-Fogg, for her last two years. She graduated from there at sixteen. The following year she spent in college and obtained her A.B. degree from Peabody Normal.

Miss Allison has since done graduate work at the University of Chicago and in a great many different "summer schools." She has traveled as much as her busy life has allowed. Three of her summers have been spent in Europe, and she was caught in Genoa, Italy, in 1914 when the war broke out. Under extreme difficulties she, like an earlier traveler, was finally enabled to "set sail" for America.

The first years of her long teaching career were spent in Asheville, North Carolina. She next taught in a private school in New Orleans and then came back to Nashville where she opened her own school in 1910. It was called *Girls' Preparatory School* and was in existence until 1923 when Miss Allison was forced to give it up on account of her illness. In 1924, however, she became connected with Ward-Belmont and has been head of the High School since 1927.

A lady in the very sense of the word herself, "Miss Annie," as she is affectionately called by the many girls she has taught, is as anxious for "her girls" to be ladies as for them to be good students. A teacher of every subject except geometry, according to her, she never loses interest in any girl with whom she has ever come in contact. "Miss Annie" and her ever-present hand-bag are as much Ward-Belmont as the eight-column "big Ac."

## LOUISE BAXTER LEADS CHAPEL

Wednesday, November 20, the Senior-Middle Class held their annual chapel. The program was begun with devotional exercises, after which Celesta Jane Throckmorton played a hard solo, "Povane," by Carlos Sulzarda. Emily Hamilton, president of the class, presented the speaker, Louise Baxter, who used as her subject the "Value of Courage."

She first cited examples of various courage such as military, social, and student. The soldier must have the courage to face death and mutilation, the man in the street to rise again, and the student to face the experiences of college life. This student courage should include the will to strive on unnoticed and unpraised, although high school days brought leadership and recognition; also it should include the will to be cultured, refined, and intellectual, though it may not be the vogue.

She warned against the danger of growing lax in ideas and ideals, and set a goal of courage to stand for the higher things among the crowd.

## BELMONT GARDENS OPEN FRIDAY

Attractive green and silver invitations summoned a large number of guests to see the tea-room transformed into the Belmont Gardens with lattices, vines, and even a fountain to create the effect. At the time of this transformation, Friday, November 22, Johnny Miller and his orchestra played from 7:30 until 10:00 for the guests, who were boarders, day students, and faculty members.

Celebrities such as Kay Francis (Josephine Neil), Mae West (Marion Latta), Ann Harding (Jean Ann Allen), Sylvia Sidney (Juliette Craig), Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson (Margaret Giles and Jean Wettreanu), Franchot Tone (Mary Alice Herbert), Katherine Hepburn (Marguerite Wallace), and many other stars brightened up the garden.

A highlight of the party was the floor show. Ann Figgins made a very fine toastmistress. Jane Bagley and Sara Goodastone did two dances to "Orchids in the Moonlight" in a black-and-white costume. Frances Bratton did a tap number to "Shipmates Forever." As an unusual feature of entertainment, Marguerite Wallace whistled. Jeanne Cookson, a boarder, kindly consented to sing at the party.

For refreshments, Coca-Colas, butterfingers and peanuts were served on big trays by girls wearing black evening dresses and little white aprons.

With their party the Triads and Eccewasons scored a definite success.

## DEPARTMENTAL NOTES

### Expression

For the past seven years, excluding last year, Miss Catherine Winnia has been the assistant in the Speech department of Ward-Belmont. Last year she attended Columbia University, and did some excellent work under Milton Smith. Just this week she returned to Ward-Belmont.

Miss Winnia will take up immediately with the Seniors and certificate students, the study of stagecraft and make-up. After this semester, the course will be offered to the Expression classes over two. All of Miss Winnia's former students rejoice at her return.

Work has begun on the Christmas play. This has always been looked forward to as one of the most beautiful events of the year.

The high school department will present, on Monday, a one-act play by the name of "Better Days." These girls have done very interesting work this year and Mrs. Milling feels that there is much talent among them. Students of the college department are working hard on one-act plays to be given during Thanksgiving week.

### Art Club

An interesting and enthusiastic meeting of the Art Club was held Thursday, November 14, in the Art Studio in the Academic Building. The Program Committee had secured Mrs. Pratt to speak on the "Art in Home Economics Courses." Unfortunately, due to illness, Mrs. Pratt was not able to be present.

A survey of Italian painting was shown and discussed. The Club is indebted to Miss Ross for the loan of these pictures which had been arranged around the walls of the big studio, Room 303A, by Miss Gordon. Miss Ross was present and led in the discussions.

The president of the club, Emma Lou Florey, read a letter she had received from the American Federation of Arts welcoming the club to the organization. She also read the constitution of the club and explained several of the rules. The members then discussed future exhibits that they are planning.

Mt. Holyoke girls like ham, it seems. The college chef prepares it 660 pounds at a time.



While in Nashville, Richard Halliburton autographed sheets to be placed in his new book "Seven League Boots" published by Bobbs-Merrill Co. for \$3.50 on Nov. 15.

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## ADDITIONAL RIVALRIES RESUMED THROUGH HOCKEY GAMES

### Tri K's Remain Undefeated

The second week of club hockey was started Friday, November 15. A brief summary of these games follows:

**Tri K's vs. F. F.**—The Tri K's came victorious with a score of 8-0. F. F. at a disadvantage because almost completely new team, good showing against the Tri K's which was made up mostly of new players. Frankie Patrick, center half, kept her team alert throughout the game, while Katherine was an excellent goal keeper. The two Tri K wings, Cookson and Genevieve Mulder left fullback, Margaret, was outstanding. The Tri K's had the best of all teams seen on Monday, the Anti-Pans.

**Tri K's vs. The Agora's** with a score of 5-1. The Agora's were placed at a disadvantage due to the fact that they were unable to participate in the game offered no outstanding players or playing.

**Triad-Ecoveasin** game ended in a tie—3-3. At the end of the game the score was 2-1, favor of Ecoveasin. However, the Ecoveasin players were unable to participate in the game offered no outstanding players or playing. The Ecoveasin goal was the time, made a heavy part of the game in their defense. Percy Wrenn, center forward, played a good game as for the Triads, and Lucille Davis played an excellent defense.

**Angkor's vs. T.C.**—The game went to the Angkor's with a score of 5-0. The Angkor's played in their usual form, with every member covering her position. Grace Benedict played an exceptionally good game. The T.C.'s defense was not experienced; their forward line did not have sufficient organization to carry the ball to the goal.

**Penta Tau vs. Tri K's**—6-0, favor of the Tri K's. The superior experience of the Tri K's made them the victors. The Tri K's forwards held themselves in readiness for scoring throughout the game, while the defense players didn't allow the Penta Tau's to get near their goal.

**Ecoveasin vs. Del Vets**—The Ecoveasin's playing a fast game won with a score of 5-0. The Ecoveasin right wing was their outstanding player, but all the players showed a good game of hockey. The Del Vets felt the absence of Sara Ashery, their center-half, who had up to this time played an excellent game. However, the team as a whole put up a good fight. Rachael Brauer, left half, was the mainstay of their defense.

**Anti Pandora vs. Osiron**—This game was one of the best games that has been witnessed on the Ward-Belmont field for a long time. The Osiron's had to fight hard to come out as they did—3-0; their defense players were exceptionally good, and Helen Jones, center-forward, as usual, played a fast game. Audrey Jones, center-forward for the Anti-Pans, showed up very well.

## WASSON SPEAKS IN VESPERS

Sunday night, at Vespers, W. Wasson spoke on mission-work in Korea. At present Dr. Wasson is executive secretary of the missions of the Southern Baptist Church. In former years, he founded a boys' school in Korea where he entered into extensive work. In his talk, Dr. Wasson traced the changes in religion during the last quarter century in Korea. With the coming of Western civilization to the Korean youth in particular the need of some stabilizing factor such as that given them by Christianity. Far from being a religion of the East, Christianity is the enrichment added to the native through Confucian and Shinto interpretation. Margaret Dunn, accompanied by her sister, sang "Oh, Rest in the Lord."

## CLASS TEAMS STRESSED

Junior-Middle Class President issued a tentative challenge to the next major sports. The number of candidates for the basketball is rather small; however, many girls out for bowling. This is the first year of rivalry between Junior and Junior-Middle, thereby making the interest in sports even greater. It is that this friendly rivalry between the classes will continue as a tradition.

To solve the small school's problem of missing enough football material, the high schools of small enrollment have held a conference and to develop teams of six rather than eleven players.

## CHAPEL SCHEDULE

November 25-29

25—Play by students of High School Expression Department.  
27—Special music.  
29—Talk to students by Dr. Horton.

## YOU SHOULD KNOW—

You should know Dorothy Colmery, who is president of the Day Student Council. Dorothy came to Ward-Belmont last year from Peabody Demonstration School, where she was very active in school organizations. She held several minor offices, and was in the school operetta. After she came here her outside activities increased. Last year she was the Day Student Proctor for the second semester, and secured a W-B. letter in archery. Dorothy is not only capable, but she is very likeable and has a very sympathetic nature.

You should know Helen Jones, the Boarding Student Council President, who is from Abilene, Texas. She graduated from high school there; and was, in her senior year, secretary of her class. In addition she was elected Queen of both the Road Show and of the Flash Light, the class annual. After she came to Ward-Belmont she was appointed Chapel Proctor the second semester last year and is now President of Student Council. Helen loves hockey, basketball, and tennis. She is taking piano lessons, and has always been interested in dramatics. Surely such a girl should not only be considered a credit to the Student Council, but more especially to Ward-Belmont.

## WINTER SPORTS LISTED

The winter term of sports will begin Monday, December 1st, with a variety of electives is being offered this season. Students are required to take at least three hours and not more than five hours a week. This year basketball and bowling are open only to members of the Athletic Association. Non-members may take apparatus and swimming meet practice, but they will not be eligible for competition.

The two-hour electives are fencing, beginning tap, modern dance, and folk dance. The athletic fee for fencing will cost the individual around \$10.50.

All swimming and diving classes will be one-hour electives. The classes will be elementary strokes, elementary dives, advanced strokes, and advanced dives.

All club sports are two or three-hour electives; they are basketball, bowling, water polo, and swimming.

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## ARTHUR HENKEL IN ORGAN RECITAL ON NOV. TWENTY-SIXTH

(Continued from page 1)

So thorough is his instruction in relation to church and concert work, that the work of his students in many places has brought him acclaim.

The program Tuesday will be in three groups. The first group on the program will be in the classic period, including compositions of Corelli and Bach. The second group will be transcriptions and will include those of Dvorak, Wagner, and Rimsky-Korsakov. An important feature of this group is Mr. Henkel's own transcriptions of Mozart's *Minuet* originally written for clarinet and string quartet. This composition has never been transcribed before. These transcriptions lend themselves easily to the organ. The last group will consist of compositions of modern composers such as Bonnet, Bingham, Lemare, and Widor. Music lovers of Ward-Belmont and Nashville are eagerly anticipating Mr. Henkel's concert.

## AMUSEMENTS

Paramount

Friday-Saturday-Monday, "Mary Burns, Fugitive."  
Beginning Tuesday, Will Rogers, in "In Old Kentucky."

Knickerbocker

Beginning Friday, Paul Muni, in "Dr. Socrates."

## FALL HORSE SHOW TUESDAY AFTERNOON

(Continued from page 1)

- II. Management of horse. Elementary School.
- III. Drill, routine by intermediates.
- IV. Beginners walk, trot and canter (two groups).
- V. Novice class.
- VI. Pair class.
- VII. Ring Contest.

With the above program and much more that is included in each of the topics, the show should be a great success as Miss Nance has been working for it since the beginning of the season.

## FORMAL DINNER TO CLIMAX SCHOOL'S THANKSGIVING DAY

(Continued from page 1)

Thus will one of the most famous dates of history be celebrated in a delightful manner here at Ward-Belmont with school and national traditions easily combining to form an unusual whole.

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1935 Member 1936  
Associated Collegiate Press

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## EDITORIAL

## THANKS GIVING

From midnight, November 27th to midnight, November 28th is a holiday set aside by American tradition for Thanksgiving. What actual thanks is rendered during those twenty-four hours by anyone is for the most part done by the housewife to the effect that the turkey isn't tough. But day in and day out through the year, hardly an hour passes that someone is not thankful for the filling of some individual need. Whether the need was spiritual or material, a deed well-done or a fear allayed, the truest type of unbreathed thanks is rendered to an invisible ruling hand. Sometimes the sight of another less fortunate brings as well as pity a rather selfish thanks for a well body, a good home, and a busy life.

Here at school our thanks may be more of the moment and of a shallower, less thoughtful nature. We're thankful we passed one test and made "B" in another. We're thankful one quarter's safely passed and that we're surer of the next one. We get a letter and give thanks that the "folks" are coming.

These are of importance to us individually, but even a group as large as the people of a nation can be thankful together. Americans might at this time well give thanks for the policy carried through so far of neutrality in any international conflicts. Then, too, our nation, as well as others, has weathered at least weathered a five-year economic depression. Materially and morally we are on a higher level than just one year ago.

So, November 28th is not and should not be the only day of humble gratitude on the part of one person or one country. A year or a lifetime is not too long to give up to the acknowledgment of gifts received.

## YOUR THERMOMETER

News was made Friday in chapel when Dr. Barton read the Honor Roll. That is, it was news for everyone but the girls whose names were on it. They could tell in all but the most unusual cases that they had at least a "B" average in every subject. So did the others know that they didn't have a "B" average in some or all subjects. Test papers had all been handed back marked, daily quizzes and reports graded daily so anyone of average intelligence could come pretty close to her monthly or quarterly grade. But there was an even better way that every girl could have checked up on herself before any formal announcement was made. Certain searching questions, as the saying is, "would reveal all." "Have I really studied on every assignment?" "Have I contributed to class discussions?" "Have I done only the minimum outside reading?" "Have I shown interest in the course?" "Have I learned something and do I yet know 'what it's all about'?"

True, the majority of us would probably grade ourselves lower than any teacher would if she honestly answered the above. Fortunately for some of us, teachers are extremely patient. They make allowances for previous experience and grade high (as is just) for effort. They know the standard. Our summary is based on the one individual, ourself.

But for no one are these grades either fatal or final. To the "B" girl they do not mean that she can take a vacation. Her work may come easier because she has acquired a good foundation during the first two months, but she'll soon find it's a daily job—keeping up those "B's." To the "D" or "E" girl these marks do not mean failure. Only a fourth of the year has gone. Something's wrong when every subject yields a "D" or any subject yields an "E," and now's the time to weed that something out. First Quarter grades are only the thermometer that tells you that you have malaria or that you're entirely normal.

The thing is really nothing, but the idea for which it stands.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

One must be in vogue these days—so am dashing this off, stretched out, pale and haggard upon an infirm bed. A full house tonight, folks, just standing room remains. Ah, the nurse approaches! She diagnoses my case! Just a case of exhaustion! Must be all these tests. Bye the bye, pet peeve: People who learn their chemistry formulas by greeting you with "KClO<sub>4</sub> plus Fe<sub>2</sub>O<sub>3</sub> equal . . ." Just makes you feel all nice and warm inside.

The height of something or other—in a catching little game of "Gogang-hvner" at the Tri K House, Allison, Merriek, and Armistead pulled the prize gags. For colors starting with the letters in PEACE, the following was evolved: Peagreen, egg-blue, azure blue, and canary yellow.

Ask Carlisle what Cupid shot through the mail from a male—just adds more "sparkle" to her eyes! What are you tellin' the girls, Betty?

Moselle Worsley certainly is setting a new and astounding record. It is quite shocking that up and coming Ward-Belmontites have not yet heard about it—a merry throng choked with laughter over Colmery's latest joke. "If all the coeds in the world were put in a room, what would we do with her?" Every one was rolling about the room—tears of laughter streaming down their faces—latest reports—Worsley is beginning to catch on. Watch this, it may be a world record!

Evidently having her locks shortened has made Miss "Donnell a trifle light-headed. The other day she asked the girls in her swimming class to kick their arms and stroke their legs.

Oh, Annie Lou Wall! We've been hearin' things—that the latest is an embalmer—what are you "undertaking"?

Notice all the dieting? Certainly can't be training—must be preparing for Thanksgiving!

Jean Bailey's latest gem of wisdom (included in her book, "How To Be Popular") goes like this, "to be the life of the party at the Thanksgiving dinner, rise at the proper moment, and call forth in an eloquent manner to all within hearing, 'So Red the Cranberry Sauce'."

Well, well and well—what should we have at breakfast—none other than our old fran' Coffee—not the beverage, but our own Winnie—Welcome back.

## High School

News from Harriet Orr in London: "The school I picked is Queen's College. Her Majesty the Queen is patron of it, and sometimes comes to visit the school. . . . We have lots of holidays. Next Monday and Tuesday are holidays because we have come to the half of the first term. . . . The king has said that there will be no schools open on Wednesday to celebrate the Royal wedding. . . . Right now we are staying at the Clifton Hotel. The next street to us is Wimpole; ever heard of it? I may go to Switzerland for the winter sports at Christmas. . . . Mother passed the Queen of Norway on the street the other day. . . ."

Wouldn't it be nice if we all: Had eyes like Anne Huddleston's? Were as smart as A. C. G.?

Could tap like Grace? Had a vocabulary like Frankie's? Could swat the tennis balls as effectively as Betty Rye?

Had a complexion like Martha Wade's or hair like Peggy Wright's? Could play the piano as well as Emily?

Could sing like Jeanne Cookson? Could perform on the railing as well as Nellie?

Had a personality like Peggy Smith?

Have you heard about Portia's latest boner? While listening to the Note Dame-Army game last Saturday, one boarder remarked that it would be nice to meet Will Shakespeare, after hearing so much about him. Portia innocently inquired, "He's the one who wrote so much, isn't he?"

## EAGLE FEATHER

## WE THANK THEE

For flowers that bloom about our feet;  
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;  
For song of bird, and hum of bee;  
For all things fair we hear or see,  
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;  
For pleasant shade of branches high;  
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;  
For beauty of the blooming trees,  
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

## SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR

I'm glad that I am not today

A chicken or a goose,  
Or any other sort of bird  
That is of any use.

I'd rather be a little girl,  
Although 'tis very true,  
The things I do not like at all,  
I'm often made to do.

I'd rather eat some turkey than  
To be one, thin and fat,  
And so, with all my heart, today,  
I'll thankful be for that.

—Clara J. Deming

## GIVING THANKS

For the hay and the corn and wheat that is reaped,  
For the labor well done, and the barns that are heaped,  
For the sun and the dew and the sweet honey-comb,  
For the rose and the song, and the harvest brought home,  
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the trade and the skill and the wealth in our land,  
For the cunning and strength of the working-man's hand,  
For the good that our artists and poets have taught,  
For the friendship that hope and affection have brought,  
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the homes that with purest affection are blest,  
For the season of plenty and well deserved rest,  
For our country extending from sea to sea,  
The land that is known as the "Land of the Free"—  
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

—Ann

## THANKSGIVING DAY

The year decays, November's blast

Through leafless boughs pipes shrill and drear;  
With warmer love the home clasps fast  
The hands, the hearts, the friends most dear.  
On many seas men sail the fleet

Of hopes as fruitless as the foam;  
They roam the world with restless feet,  
But find no sweeter spot than home.

Today with quickened hearts they hear

Old times, old voices, and old call;  
The dreams of many a vanished year  
Sit by them at this festival.

Though hearts that warmed them once are cold,  
Though heads are hoar with winter frost  
That once were bright with tangled gold—  
Thanks for the blessings kept or lost.

Thanks for the strong free wind of life,  
However it change or veer;

For the love of mother and sister and wife;

Clear stars that to heaven steer;

For the quenchless lamps of changeless love

That burn in the night of the dead;

For the life that is, for the hope above,

—Ann

## THANKS IN OLD AGE

Thanks in old age—thanks, ere I go,  
For health, the midday sun, the impalpable air—for  
mere life,

For precious ever-living memories (of you my dear  
dear you, father—you, brothers, friends,  
For all my days—not those of peace alone—the days  
war the same

For gentle words, caresses, gifts from foreign lands  
For shelter, wine and meat—for sweet appreciation,  
(You distant, dim unknown—or young or old—count  
unspecified readers beloved.

We never met, and ne'er shall meet—and yet our souls  
embrace, long, close and long;)

For beings, groups, love, deeds, words, books—for con-  
forms,

For all—the brave, strong men—devoted, hardy men  
who've sprung in freedom's help, all years, all  
For braver, stronger, more devoted men—a (special last  
ere I go, to life's war's chosen ones,

The cannoners of song and thought—the great artists  
—the foremost leaders, captains of the soul:)

As soldiers from an ended war return'd—  
As traveler out of myriads, to the long procession  
pective,  
Thanks—joyful thanks!—a soldier's, traveler's thanks  
—Walt Whitman

## OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

—And the girls who down South to keep their toes warm were taken unawares this morning awoke to an icy blast across the campus. Yes, my winter has set in in a big way no longer can we run across us without a coat on, or go at night without any covers

When people for the last week examining their proofs for clothes and commenting on the poses; Audrey Jones even with pose—coy, hurt, winsome, etc., but when I got my proofs, she glanced at them and threw under the bed. Not that they were good, but even a mirror can't make up like a proof can. There's a lot about them that insists on every defect, and magnifying every feature. But at least we get satisfaction of knowing that when she takes a knife and whittles a double chin, a hump in the back of a piece of hair, and makes us shudder. But our feelings remain when we think of nature in the poses.

Richard Byrd gave some of the girls a big thrill when he represented in Nashville tonight. He told him kept the audience spellbound, but also as proof of all his devil experiments, he brought out motion pictures which literally made the people, it all was as if they were in the room. Jaeger, Myers kept Senior all agog with his stories they brought back

When McLeod turned "punster" and he very frankly and very cleverly made the audience see the religion that gave him the idea that is thought to be associated with religion, but it was the Old Man Nature. Of course, he took him at his word and died, but despite his long face, all one of our favorites, and we wish that most ministers have long faces due to nature and the sobering thoughts of religion.

—Reports from the F. F. House came back today, and when it seems that they all enviously "beaucoup." I should say they should all be right proud of themselves, for with only two old fellows to invite most of the boys, it was such an easy matter.

As how the rain is giving us trouble for hockey games, we all out and watched the girls slip all across the field. They were exciting, and there was some of the spirit displayed, something never seen until a good old college game comes up to which you go to your heart's content for fun.

Now we have a prize winner in Caroline Block who has already seventeen pounds since September 19th. If anyone can beat that the word get around and I shall swell that Red Caroline stand to gain some weight, or could be in a worse fix than most here.

As to town today, my weekly and came back with enough packages to keep me in debt for the next time I splurge.

And to study for the last of these long mid-semester tests. You know what kind of tests to expect your "prof," so we're all really up in the air and I was up in the air that I couldn't get down to earth to study. So maybe now I'll be in a bad mood. We'll just refuse to neglect my sleep anything. Goodnight.

—And once again Virginia Frances goes to Louisville for the weekend. Really, something ought to be said about it. It's really a shame, should worry, for aren't I going to leave just as soon as I catch

up on my diary for the week-end, sans cares, worries, books, or regulations? It's really more than my poor heart can bear, so be prepared for anything. But before I did leave Nashville, we went to see "So Red the Rose," an epic of Southern life punctuated by the Civil War. The outcome was another long-winded argument between the Northern and Southern girls about the rights and wrongs of the war. It's a wonder we all take it so good-naturedly, for that's an awfully good topic for sectional differences. And so good-day all. Forgive me if the diary is sadly lacking. After all, what's to do about it, when I don't know what's going on at good old Ward-Belmont?

Saturday—Girls stayed home to do some last-minute catching-up on book reports, outside reading, test making up; girls went downtown to do their weekly shopping, and get all their supplies, including enough food to last them over the week-end; girls went downtown to the numerous good shops to get pleasantly relaxed from a week of tests, and to get their minds into light and pleasant channels; and girls with bags packed drove off the campus for a week-end of hilarity. In other words, a typical Ward-Belmont Saturday, and how we love them!

Saturday night, the same thing, a good bridge game in full swing, a group hastily gotten together to go in for a show, girls reading all the magazines they've lost track of during the strenuous week, some girls washing clothes, hair, and fixing fingernails—getting all ready for their Sunday outing, and other girls getting dressed to go out tonight, to their late hour of 10:45. It's all in a night's work.

Sunday—Church—walking to West End or Belmont, riding the street car downtown, taking a taxi to out-of-the-way churches—it's all in a Sunday. Back to read the much-anticipated letters until dinner—and what a disappointment that was!—the regular Halloween dinner—ham, macaroni, and Eve's temptations. Study or sleep all afternoon until tea time then to vesper. A mad rush back to the hall to hear as much as we can of Ozzie Nelson and Ripley's Believe It or Not stuff.

And in this whirl I came back after a glorious week-end of freedom, hilarity, relaxation, and fun. I'm going to say goodnight, and to bed I go to recuperate somewhat.

Monday—We got the inside dope on publishing, today in chapel, and we've all decided what a grand job that would be; me for the publishing business! Especially since they have such a nice editor, president, manager, or whatever he is.

Played my first real hockey game today, and I really thought I was going to have to leave the field. I was so worn out from trying to chase the ball up and down the field, after all, there I did it. I did it. I did it. I know what playing hockey was until I got in a game where I had to exert myself, and right now, I'm so tired I can hardly hold my pen. So I'm going to cut this account of today's activities short, too, for, after all, there isn't anything left to say, except studied, went to monitor's meeting, also a usual occurrence, and went to bed with the radio blasting in my ear all night.

Tuesday—Did I hear that Jean Fagerberg was sporting around a new pin? "It wasn't told to me; I only heard."

And now the weather has decided that it hasn't had its share of rain yet, so today we lumbered out in the rain, bemoaning the fact on every side, for yesterday was the first day that we had even glimpsed the sun for exactly eight days, 'cause I counted. And I guess it's the last time, too.

Everyone has been anxiously awaiting the concert tonight, yes, honest and truly, for we all have heard of Albert Spalding since we were just little things. And need I say that we were all thrilled to death when we did

get the opportunity of seeing and hearing him?

In honor of Book Week, Miss Church is giving teas in the cute little Reading Room back of the library, which some of the girls never find, it seems, and which is the nicest room in "Ac." Some of us had to serve, and others came to hear the very interesting talks on books given by W.-B. alumnae.

I've wracked my brain, but Ward-Belmont isn't very newsy this week, so until next week—you'll be hearing from me.

### OPEN HOUSES HELD

The past week was marked by two Open Houses, the X.L.'s entertaining on Wednesday evening and the A.K. Club on Friday evening.

The Invitation Committee for the X.L. Club, Anne Rudolph and Helen Aycock, issued over 100 invitations from the lists turned in by the members. Billie Frank Smith, Mildred Sartor, and Catherine Cheatham, members of the Floor Committee, contributed music to the enjoyment of the dance. Faculty guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Barton, Dean and Mrs. Burk, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, and Mrs. Charlton.

Murray Harmon's orchestra played for the program of dances at the A.K. House on Friday evening. Phyllis Espovitch was in charge of refreshments which were served throughout the evening. Jean Webster, Charlotte Wanek, and Mary Pauline Butler assisted Elizabeth Tipton on the Invitation Committee. Mary Ann Foley, President of the A.K. Club, and Miss Linda Rhea, Sponsor, received the guests. They were assisted in entertaining by the Floor Committee, composed of Jane Suiter, Mary Hines Jackson, Martha Morrison, Connie de Punjak, and Leora Hils. The faculty guests were Dr. and Mrs. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, Dean and Mrs. Burk, Miss Sisson, Mrs. Bryan, and Mrs. Charlton. One hundred and twenty-five invitations were issued.

### WOMEN'S CLUB MEETS

(Continued from page 1)

The First Vice-President who this year is Miss Clark.

At the end of the business meeting, a short informal period was enjoyed and tea was served. Miss Sisson and Miss Eileen Ransom presided at the tea table.

### THANKSGIVING REVEAL

(Continued from page 1)

ness. Lots of people were gathered in the big drawing room. There were quaint ladies gowned in voluminous hoop-skirted dresses. The gentlemen were attired in frock coats and were discussing the price that cotton would probably bring. Some of the children wanted to go out for a lively romp in the summer house or in the gardens. But, of course, their mothers wouldn't let them, for fear they would soil their best suits and socks. A young girl was over in the corner playing the harpsicord. Demure and a little shy, she was surrounded by a host of admirers.

After the usual Thanksgiving repeat, which centered around the turkey, some of the guests were urged by Mr. Acklen to take a carriage and go out for a drive. It was such a pleasant day that they needed no second invitation. Others walked in the gardens, admiring the many different blooms. Some even went down to inspect the tower that Mr. Acklen had built to pump water up to the mansion. The plantation was one of the show places of this part of Tennessee.

Suddenly, and with unrelenting determination, my musings were brought to an end by the ring of the dinner bell. I had to leave Thanksgiving Day at the Acklen plantation where I had found it—deep in the memories of our "Rec" Hall. But isn't it fortunate that we can't ever lose the spirit of Thanksgiving that is in our hearts? It just won't leave us, even if we don't admit that we cherish it!



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## "Y" HOLDS FORUM

On Monday night, November 18, Dr. Driver came from Vanderbilt to speak of the sanctions imposed upon Italy by the League of Nations on that date. First, he spoke for about five minutes upon the background and issues of the sanctions, discussing the need of Italy for colonies. Italy has seen Japan make severe inroads into China with no interference from the League and has simply been following Japan's flagrant example in taking what she herself has been wanting for forty years—Ethiopia. One of Italy's strongest arguments is that she is merely doing what all other great powers have done at one time or another—extending her territory. The difference is largely that of time. From the harrowing experiences of territorial wars has emerged the League, and its very existence depends upon the success of the sanctions.

Great Britain is decidedly concerned with the outcome of the Italian-Ethiopian situation for, with her wealth dependent upon her holding Egypt and India, she can hardly afford to see the rise of a great Mediterranean power according to Dr. Driver, a vast European war is imminent, which will make the World War seem like a dog fight.

The most important questions at present are: What will be the attitude of the United States? If there is a World War, can we keep out of it? Will the fifty-two nations who are imposing sanctions continue their policy when they see that it is hurting their own economic situations? What will be Germany's position? Dr. Driver said that the weakness of the League lay in the fact that it has no machinery for enforcing the sanctions. Their success will depend almost entirely upon the doubtful idealism of the nations involved. As to Germany's attitude he stated that at present Germany is astride the fence; he himself cannot see how Germany and Italy could combine on any issue, since their policies are diametrically opposed.

The forum was held under the auspices of the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

## "Y" CALENDAR

Sunday, November 24:  
5:30 P.M.—Fireside Hour in Club Houses  
Tuesday, November 26:  
7:00 P.M.—Visit to wards of Vanderbilt Hospital  
Wednesday, November 27:  
3:00 P.M.—Community Tour to Bethlehem Center  
Thursday, November 28:  
8:45 A.M.—Thanksgiving service in Chapel. Speaker, Dr. John L. Hill

## BOOK TEA HOSTESSES

Hostesses at the Book Teas, held in the Recreational Reading Room during the past week, were composed each day of one girl from each social club. The girls who served at these informal gatherings were: *Tuesday*—Margaret Giles, Eleanor Bailey, Dorothy Proctor, Jana Longnecker, Margaret Pidcock, Reba June Mersfelder, Dorothy Martin, Helen Horton, Margaret Cooper, Jane Ludwig, Joan Jobson, Elizabeth Mastin, Virginia Collins, and Lucille Johnson. *Wednesday*—Josephine Nell, Sara Wells, Ellen Bowers, Pattie Howell, Katherine Butts, Elizabeth Rauschenberg, Elizabeth Coe, Minnie Woods Carroll, Peggy Armistead, Ida Phillips, Dorothy Addison, Virginia Piper, Harriet Rosenblum, and Laura Whitson. *Thursday*—Jean Wetterau, Dorothy Evans, Jean Burk, Mary Hamilton Bracken, Virginia Hardesty, Jane Anglin, Virginia White, Ruth Jones, Laura Mae Carpenter, Virginia Roberson, Betsy Burgess, Minnie Maude May, Maxine Graham, and Lillian Shacklett.

## FIRE DRILL HELD LAST MONDAY

Halls Cleared in Six and Half Minutes

Last Monday evening at 8 o'clock the big bell in South tower began tolling the fire alarm within six and one-half minutes the first note sounded, all halls cleared and the students were in Academic Building. The time the drill was considered exceptionally good.

To an observer standing on the street at that time the six and one-half minutes were very interesting. The tolling of the bell started to sound, the bell began coming on in Heron Hall. Then out came the girls from the other four dormitories, marching in twos, towels in hand, few words changed.

However, a different picture presented on the return from the dormitories. Towels were no longer carried over arm or in hand, but were tucked over heads and shoulders; there was laughing and talking and singing took thirteen minutes for the return, but the girls were through failure to hear the bell announcing the end of the fire drill.

The following students are responsible for the clearing of the halls in case of fire: *Seniors*—Captains, Mildred Sartor, Ruth G. First Lieutenants, Betty H. First Lieutenants, Second Lieutenants, Teddy Krauss, Moselle P. Pembroke; *Captains*, Pearson, Genevieve Mullins; *Lieutenants*, Virginia White, Yantes; *Second Lieutenants*, K. Phillips, Jean Jobson. *Heron*—Captains, Virginia Barrett, Joanne First Lieutenants, Glee Yvonne Woodworth; *Second Lieutenants*, Allie Sedwitz, Marjorie Founders: *Captains*, Kathleen W. Margaret Hall; *First Lieutenants*, Betty Jane Hopewell, Whitfield; *Second Lieutenants*, Genevieve Browning; *Founders*, Captains, Jeanne Roland, Barbara M. First Lieutenants, Jane Bach Margaret Cooper; *Second Lieutenants*, Frances Laval, Lois White.

## SPALDING CONCERT WELL RECEIVED

(Continued from page 1) The first in E major by Beethoven represents the Sonata before perfection of form by Beethoven cause of the use of single and contrapuntal style of the composition. The Sonata in G, Op. No. 3, by Beethoven was one of the composer's earlier works which not have quite the form of his works. The composition, written for piano and violin, was well interpreted by Mr. Spalding and Mr. Benoist. The Chausson "Poème" was one of the most popular numbers. The melody was played with a depth of feeling. The encore piece after this selection was "Cortège" by Lili Boulanger. The mute was used to give a beautifully weird effect. "La Fontaine d'Aréthuse" by Szymanowski was especially descriptive type as was the "Téléphone," played with force and brilliancy. The Ravel "Pièce en forme de Habanera" was a more modern composition of the true Spanish type. The cluding number, Caprice No. 24 by Paganini, was originally written without accompaniment, but Mr. Spalding arranged the accompaniment for piano. The spectacular octave playing, pizzicato and use of the harmonium register are representative of Paganini's works. The encores at the end of the program were "Hark, Hark, the Lark" by Schubert-Spalding, "Spanish Song" by Chaminade-Kreisler, and "Minuet" by Mr. Benoist, Spalding pianist and an accompanist of merit.



# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Vol. XXIV

Nashville, Tenn., November 30, 1935

Number 11

## SENIORS WIN HOCKEY GAME 5-1

### HENKEL PRESENTS ORGAN CONCERT TO STUDENT BODY AND VISITORS

Hand and Finger Technique Mark Skill of Artist

Arthur Henkel gave his annual concert on Tuesday night, November 26, for Ward-Belmont students and other Nashville guests. The artist was indeed worthy of Mr. Henkel's ability as an organist. Skillful and finger technique combined to the lovely effect of mechanism to bring out the best in the instrument which was itself the highlight.

Henkel's program in F originally written for harpsichord accompanied by piano, is representative of the variety with the various dances which have its own particular individual charm. Before playing the number, the Bach Chorale "Adorn Thyself, O Flower," Henkel played the original which is used today. It is a simple tune into a greater one. The Tocatta and Fugue for organ, also by Bach, is one of the popular organ works, and is of an earlier period which is appreciated by Buxtehude.

During the second group, Mr. Henkel played the Largo "From the Fourth Symphony," by Dvorak. It is based on familiar Negro music. (Continued on page 2)



### SCHOOL RELEASES HONOR ROLL

21% of High School Represented on List

Of interest to the entire student body was the announcement of the high school and college honor rolls in chapel, Friday, November 22nd. The honor rolls in both departments are composed only of those girls who make no grade lower than a "B" in all subjects.

Dr. Barton, before reading the names of the girls who had made the honor roll in the college department, said that although there were not as many on it this year as last, there were also fewer girls who were on the deficiency list. Very few names appeared on the "D," "E," and "F" lists.

Twenty-one per cent of the high school student body made the honor roll for the past month. Of these, Jean Burk and Virginia Barrett made an "A" in each of their five subjects. The high school honor roll for the month ending November 15th follows:

#### FIRST YEAR CLASS

Davis, Jane Meriwether.  
Edwards, Mary Alene.  
Graves, Virginia Love.  
Henley, Mary Elizabeth.  
Howell, Corinne.  
Ragland, Elizabeth.

(Continued on page 3)

### FAST LINE SUBDUES SENIOR - MIDDLES

Worsley, Laval, Allison Among Stars

With a muddy field under foot and a cold breeze numbing wet feet, the Seniors overpowered the Senior-Middles in their traditional Thanksgiving hockey game by the score of 5-1.

In the first few minutes of the game, play was closer and harder fought than at any other time. The ball was concentrated in about the middle of the field. Falls from the wet field became numerous, however, and the breaks went first against the Seniors and then against the Senior-Mids. The first score of the game came when about half-way of the first half the Seniors pushed the ball over, Worsley making the goal. Three other goals followed for the Seniors before the half; the Senior-Mids put up a valiant fight but were helpless against their splendid defense. Every Senior forward was excellent, but the play of Moseley Worsley at Center Forward and Laval at Left Wing was outstanding. Sarah Ashley at Center Half Back along with the other two Halves and the two splendid Full-Backs, Tipton and Weber, made an almost impenetrable backfield.

The Senior-Mids did break through it, in the second half for their lone score. During the half the losers shook up their line-up, putting Moore and (Continued on page 5)

### BLOSSOM TIME HERE DEC. FIFTH

"Blossom Time" to be presented at the Ryman Auditorium on the night of December 5, is one of the earliest, popular operettas of the present day.

The musical score is composed of twenty of the melodies of the larger compositions of Franz Schubert, about whose romance the story is told. Concerned with the love of a girl for the daughter of the court jeweler, the narrative appeals for lovers of music and

that biographical, this episode of the life of the great composer, Schubert, is at least partly being taken from a sketch written after his death. From the life of N. M. Miller and H. Donnelly has elaborated the story to the present "Blossom Time" around Romberg, the composer of other light works, as the life of the Schubert music and numbers, compositions of H. Donnelly.

transcontinental tour, the cast includes Helen Arnold, J. Charles George Trabert, Robert Lee Warren Proctor, Marjorie Mary Cecil, Joseph Taner, O'Connor, Marion Weeks, Wyckoff, Frank Conroy, Jack Roy Romaine, Lyn Eldridge, Town, Geraldine Bork, and for singing and dancing.

### SENIOR-MIDDLE DANCE

Ward-Belmont School will entertain a dance on Tuesday evening, December 10, in honor of the Senior-Middle Class. The guests will be invited to Recreation Hall and will be in the large dining hall. The hours are from eight until eleven.

### SMOKE SCREEN SERenade

"Well, you know, I've never seen anything like this except a London fog." From such snatches of conversation, it seems that Nashville with its cool soot may gain the renown of London with its fog. Since the city is in a valley, the mountains stand as a barrier for the smoke. Strangers driving down from the higher towns speak of the smoke screen which greets them upon their entering.

Everything forms a study in black and white (mostly black). More than ever, the tower and the Aeklen home stand as silhouettes against the backgrounds of the sky.

"Dirt, dirt, dirt—we've never seen anything like it," exclaim Senior and Freshman alike. "My neck, my hands, my knees—they're potty." A stranger would think that ordinarily the entire student body was a shining example of cleanliness.

A brave young soul leaves dinner to go to open house. She stands on the threshold in a shimmering white velvet evening gown, and laments, "Thank you for saying I look like a bride now, but by the time I reach the house I'll resemble a widow."

"Well, you know," declares her friend, "my doctor assured me that this place would be fine for sinus trouble. And I didn't understand him. It is fine for sinus."

"Well," remarks another, "I'll be glad to get home Christmas. This is too much for me. A gas mask would help."

"Where is your home, Sis?"

"Pittsburg," says she.

And another pipes up, "I'm just afraid that Mother won't recognize me when she comes next week."

Thus it goes:

"Oh me! Oh my!" they cry,

"I think that I shall die

If another cinder hits my eye!"

### BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS

Announcement is made of two outstanding entertainments to be presented at the Ryman Auditorium shortly before the Christmas vacation.

The first is Earl Carroll's 1935 edition of his famous Vanities which will appear Saturday night, December 14. The Vanities, with a company of more than a hundred, is headed by Fifi D'O'ray and the comedian team of Clark and McCullough. Everything which has made the name of Carroll famous is in this offering.

Of greater interest still is the announcement that Katharine Cornell will make her first appearance in (Continued on page 3)

### NOW—ABOUT CHRISTMAS

"And now about Christmas," and the moment Miss Sisson uttered those fatal words at chapel Wednesday, the 450 girls let out one long "o-o-h" and "a-a-a-h," followed by a sudden hush, a silence which is the calm before the storm. Then the one phrase, "December the 19th, was said, and Miss Sisson could no longer be heard, for the girls broke out in one mighty roar. "Going home; going home," and vacation lasts until the tower bell tolls the morning of January 8.

According to the train schedules which were put in the mail boxes for the girls' convenience, the first train (Continued on page 5)

### GUESTS PRESENT ON HOLIDAY

Ward-Belmont's Thanksgiving delighted more than two hundred guests as well as students and members of the faculty and staff.

The day was a busy one from the time the students entered the chapel for morning devotionals until they stood to sing "The Bells of Ward-Belmont" at the close of the Thanksgiving dinner.

Thanksgiving dinner was served at six-fifteen, Thursday evening. The girls, dressed formally, entered the dining room to find it ablaze with decorations in national colors. The invocation was pronounced and recognized by some to be the one used by the Pilgrim Fathers on the first Thanksgiving. Lady Corinne Meyer sang, "The Last Rose of Summer" and Frances Rieky whistled fully as well as she did on Halloween night at that formal dinner. Throughout the meal music from the orchestra served as the incentive for dancing between tables. Then as a fitting close everyone stood to sing "The Bells of Ward-Belmont."

After dinner Miss Townsend's pupils of expression presented four plays which climaxed the day's program.

The first play, a comedy, was entitled, "Evening Dress Indispensable." The cast was as follows: Margaret-monroe Yager; Jane Edgerly, daughter, Sheila; Lucile Smith, lover, George Connought; and finally Sheila's friend, Geoffrey Smith, played by Sara Elliot.

The second play, "The Letter," was a farce of jealousy, having the following cast: Dolly, the wife, Anna Mary Pierce; Dick, the husband, Virginia Varga; and Dolly's mother, Mary Elizabeth Brown. These two plays were presented by the first year college students.

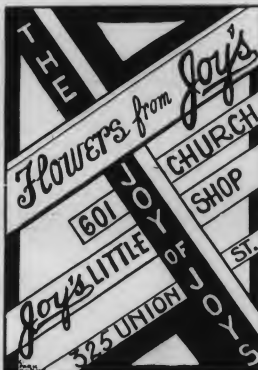
(Continued on page 3)

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## CHAPEL CORNER

Friday, November 22

On Friday, Dr. John W. Barton announced the honor roll. Twenty-one per cent of the high-school students made "A's" and "B's," while only three and one-third per cent of the college students were put on the honor roll. The number of "E's" and "F's" was less than usual.

Monday, November 25

The chapel program on Monday was given by the high-school expression class. The name of the play was "Better Days," a one-act comedy. The plot was an amusing one involving a girl criminal, who was posing as an English Lady.

Wednesday, November 27

The chapel program on Wednesday was given by F. Arthur Henkel, organist. He played "Pastoral Suite" consisting of four parts: Sunrise, Rustic Dance, Sunset, and Thanksgiving.

## MUSIC NOTES

An item which should be of great interest is that Miss Lady Corinne Meyer, pupil of Mr. Sidney Dalton, has been selected as a member of the girl's vocal Trio which will broadcast over the NBC network from WSM on Monday night between 10.30 and 11.00 o'clock. WSM is the only station south of Cincinnati which broadcasts programs over the NBC network.

Mr. Dalton announces that the Glee Club will present its annual Christmas Concert on Sunday night, December 8. The program will include Christmas Carols and other selections suitable for the occasion.

Mr. Wilbur Evans, young baritone, will give a group of concerts in December at Jackson, Tennessee; Pine Bluff and Fort Smith, Arkansas. Mr. Roy Underwood will accompany the singer. The last of the group, on December 19, will be held in Columbus, Georgia.

## PENSTAFF CHOOSES NEW MEMBERS

At a dinner given for the Penstaff, High School Literary Society, Thursday evening, November 21, in the tea-room, the following new members were chosen: Freshmen, Ann Stahlman, Mary Elizabeth Henley; Sophomores, Margaret Nolan, Elloie Jeter; Juniors, Elaine Haile, Susan Cheek, Nelle Edwards, Frankie Patrick, Ann Caroline Gillespie; Seniors, Barbara Leske, Cornelia Fort, and Frances Riedy.

The Penstaff, according to its constitution, has a maximum membership of twenty-five. It has this year, with twenty-four, more members than at any time since it was formed. The old members are: Virginia Barrett, Betty Carlisle, Micky Perry, Carol Cole, Dorothy Proctor, Jane Vance, Jean Burk, Sue Perkins Craig, Lawrence Butler, Polly Barr Edwards, Llewellyna Granbery, Grace Benedict. The first meeting of the old and new members will be held next Wednesday afternoon at the home of Jean Burk.

## ENGLISH COUNCIL MEETS

On Thursday, November 21, Ward-Belmont entertained the Nashville English Council composed of the teachers of English in the colleges and high schools of the city. The meeting was held in the drawing room in Recreational Hall, with Dr. Randall Stewart, of Vanderbilt, president, in charge. Dr. Louis Shores, of Peabody, spoke on "Reference Books for English Teachers." At the tea which followed, Miss Sisson poured, and was assisted in serving by members of the Ward-Belmont faculty.

## TRIP TAKEN TO SOCIAL CENTER

On Wednesday afternoon, November 27, Ruth Henkel's Community Tours Committee arranged a trip to Bethlehem Center for those interested in contemporary social settlement work. The girls left South Front in taxis and were greeted by a member of the staff upon their arrival at Bethlehem Center. Each member spoke to the girls briefly of the social problems of the Center neighborhood, and of the types of work which had been arranged to meet these problems. The girls then were conducted upon a tour of the settlement, in which they saw the social groups, ranging from small children to adolescents, taking part in seven different activities. These activities embrace everything from music to medical clinics.

Those who went on the tour were Elizabeth Fawcett, Mary Wilson Gillespie, Elizabeth Evans, Margaret Barton, Mary Donnan Wilson, Mary Beth Caton, Eliza Monk, Jane Berger, and Jeanne Brigham.

## SENIOR-MIDDLE NEWS

Thursday, November 21, the Senior-Middle Class met in the gymnasium to select their class song from among the many submitted. Several members of the class sang the songs so that the rest of the class could choose one. The song written by Clara Helbing was the final choice. She was awarded a Ward-Belmont pennant. The words to the song are:

'Mid the shouts and cheering of the throng,

Alma Mater hear our song:  
Let resounding echoes-voices ring,  
Spreading forth thy praise, thy name;

Ever loyal, faithful, ever true  
Thus we make our pledge to you  
And we'll never fail, but will always hail—

Senior-Mids, hail to you, all hail.  
All hail to dear old Senior-Mids.  
And may her memories never die;  
The eyes of Belmont are upon you  
All the livelong day.

Hail to you, Ward-Belmont Mids.

## CHAPEL SCHEDULE

December 2-6

Dec. 2—Special music by students of Music Department.

Dec. 4—Devotionals. Speaker, Dr. W. F. Powell, pastor.

Dec. 6—Program in charge of Miss Florence F. Goodrich of Physical Education Department.

## MR. HENKEL PRESENTS

(Continued from page 1)

melodies which have attained great popularity. Mozart's minuet—Op. 108 was a little quieter and contrasted with the previous number which had more of the orchestral character. The reality was brought in, in Wagner's "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried" and was more picturesque as was the "Flight of the Bumble Bee" by Rimsky-Korsakov. The title speaks for the composition itself.

Probably the most popular number was the "Variations de Concert" by Joseph Bonnet. The majestic introduction was followed by the four variations, first, with the staccato pedal; second, with the theme in pedals; third, in the form of a chorale prelude; and the brilliant conclusion with the full organ, the "Twilight at Piesole" by Seth Bingham was again more thoughtful, inspiring the imagination. Lemare's "Scherzo" from the second Symphony in D Minor is a good example of a lighter and more jovial mood. The brilliant "Toccata" by Widor showed its popularity in applause of the audience demanding an encore. Mr. Henkel concluded a most beautiful recital with the quiet aria from "Mary Magdalene" by Bach.



While in Nashville, Rico Halliburton autographed sheets to be placed in his book "Seven League Boots" published by Bobbs-Merrill Co. for \$3.50 on Nov.

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## HYPHEN BIOGRAPHIES

## Dr. J. E. Burk

E. Burk, Dean of the Faculty in Galveston, Texas. He attended Southwestern University in 1914 he transferred to New York University. From 1926 to 1928 he was a graduate student at Southwestern University and he received his doctor's degree in 1930 from New York University. In the years between his studies and the universities he taught in high schools and served as Dean of Denton State Teachers College while he was working for his degree at New York University. He also taught English at that time. Immediately following completion of the work necessary for his degree, Dean Burk came to Ward-Belmont where he has been for five years. His two daughters, Margaret, are in school here. Burk is a member of Phi Delta Kappa, an educational fraternity. He is also a Mason and a member of the Ward-Belmont Club. He is affiliated with the Methodist Church here in Ward-Belmont. In his hobbies Dean Burk is a gardener and golf.

## Dr. Linda Rhea

Linda Rhea of the English and History departments of the college is one of the few Nashville teachers on the campus. She received her early education at the Seminary and Ward-Belmont, obtaining her bachelor's degree from Vanderbilt University. "Miss" Rhea is the majority of her pupils know her, holds a Master's Degree in History and English. She has also achieved at Columbia University and the latter at Vanderbilt. Rhea has the honor of being one of the few Doctors on the faculty and is a woman holding this high position. She obtained hers at Vanderbilt University where she wrote her thesis, *High Swinson Lefthand*, a study with Charleston as a background. This was later published by the University of North Carolina. In addition to the above years in regular study, she has done graduate work at the University of Wisconsin and at Colorado College.

Miss Rhea has done all of her teaching here at Ward-Belmont where she has been for the last twelve years. At present she is not only teaching Freshman English and several courses in History but is also serving as sponsor of the Senior-Middle class and the A. K. Club.

## Miss Nelle Major

Miss Nelle Major, principal of the Junior High School Department of Ward-Belmont, and a teacher of High-School mathematics was born and reared in Murfreesboro, a town not far from Nashville. She received her earliest education there in the public schools and in Old Soule College. Later she obtained her B.S. degree from Peabody College. Her first years of teaching were spent out in Arizona and in her home town of Murfreesboro.

In 1913 she came to Nashville and from that time until 1923 was a teacher in Miss Allison's Girls' Preparatory School. On its breaking up she and Miss Hall, another of Miss Allison's associates, came to Ward-Belmont and were in charge of the Elementary Department then located across from the music practice rooms on the corner. Later Miss Major assumed charge of only the seventh and eighth grades, and still later she took over also some of the High School mathematics classes.

Not only is Miss Major a vital member of the teaching staff, but she has also taken for many summers an active part in school work. Up until two years ago she was an assistant during the vacation months in Miss Allison's office. Since then during the summer she has been a representative for the school in the East. The summer of 1929 she spent at Miss Morrison and Miss Sisson's camp, Cohechee, in Maine and acted as a counselor.

Miss Major does not confine her knowledge by any means to her one subject, "Math," but has taken after noon and summer graduate work at Peabody for many years. She is, in addition to her other positions, sponsor of the Ariston Club of Day Students.

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## OPEN HOUSES HELD THIS WEEK

Monday and Friday evenings saw the fifth and sixth Open House of the Tri K's held to the tunes of the Miller's Orchestra. The house was decorated in fall flowerings of orange and yellow, and crescents were served at the dance. The dance was capably led by Marion Weber and Elizabeth Segmund who were in charge of the evening. Miss Morrison the sponsor, and Patsy Schorndorfer, the president of the club, formed the regular line. Agora's, who held their dance Wednesday also danced to Johnny. The proceedings were under the supervision of Annie Lou Wall and Anna Lou Florey. Refreshments were served at intermission in the which was decorated in autumn colors. Miss Casabier, the sponsor, and Betty Jayne Reed, the president, received the guests.

## LOUISE MATHEWS ELECTED

Monday proved a success to the literary-minded "Wordsmithians," the course of their discussion and essays and the criticism of plays which were submitted, managed to think up a brilliant play for a future drama. Louise Matthews was elected president of the club and will act as chairman at the next meeting in place of Winnie

## CAPTIVATORS PRACTICING

The Captivators have started practicing for their future engagements. They have all the latest pieces and you will surely thrill to the strains of "Mad About the Boy" and "I'm in the Mood for Love" when you hear them in Chapel, Monday, December 16. The orchestra consists of two guitars, played by Louise Mathews and Mary Pollard, and piano played by Helen Tibbets. Barbara Moore strums the bass while Frances Riedy keeps the drums and traps. Betsy Jones and Marjorie Gunn play violins, while Helen Horton plays the trumpet. Helen and Marjorie also play the saxophones. Winnie Coffee is the director and business manager and will receive all engagements.

## BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS

(Continued from page 1)

Nashville in two years on the following Monday night when she presents William Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" with Florence Reed as the nurse and Maurice Evans as Romeo. Miss Cornell last visited Nashville when she acted in Rudolph Besier's "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

## SCHOOL ANNOUNCES HONOR ROLL

(Continued from page 1)

Roberts, Adelaide.  
Stahlman, Ann.  
Swenson, La Zelle.  
Tucker, Jean.

## SECOND YEAR CLASS

Caldwell, Jean.  
Craig, Sue Perkins.  
Edwards, Polly Harris.

Hardeman, Ann.  
Jobson, Barbara.  
Noland, Margaret.  
Ruth, Henrietta.

## THIRD YEAR CLASS

Burk, Jean, 5 A's.  
Butler, Lawrence.  
Cheek, Susan.  
Edwards, Nelle.  
Gillespie, Ann Carolyn, 3 A's and 2 A's.  
Granberry, Llewellyna.  
Hale, Elaine.  
King, Ruth.  
McClellan, Virginia.  
Olliver, Jeannette.  
Proctor, Dorothy.  
Smith, Peggy, in 5 studies.  
Trulock, Sue Baylor.  
Vance, Jane.

## FOURTH YEAR CLASS

Barrett, Virginia, 5 A's.  
Benedict, Grace.  
Butterfield, Joan.  
Carlisle, Betty.  
Cookson, Jeanne.  
Driskill, Marcella.  
Goodpasture, Sarah.  
Jennison, Lucile.  
Martin, Ellen.  
Morel, Mary.  
Patrick, Frankie.  
Perry, Mickie.

For the college honor roll, three per cent of the Senior-Middle Class and

ten per cent of the Senior Class placed on it. This year more than any other a great number of girls missed making it by just one-half point. The honor roll for the first mid-semester is as follows:

## SENIOR-MIDDLES

Dorothy Addison.  
Louise Baxter.  
Polly Duvernet.  
Dorothy Martin.  
Mattie Palmer.  
Anna Mary Pierce.  
Elizabeth Kauschenberg.  
Antoinette Tull.

## SENIORS

Jane Berger.  
Ruth Carr.  
Mary Beth Caton.  
Juliette Craig.  
Ruth Jones.  
Evelyn McCall.  
Rebecca Rice.  
Mildred Sartor.  
Elizabeth Siegmund.  
Annie Lou Wall.

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For advertising information, address Emmett Russell, Sr., Advertising Manager, 152 4th Avenue, North, Presbyterian Building, Phone 6-1171.

1935 Member 1936  
Associated Collegiate Press

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## TYPISTS

Beverly Lack, Jean McEwan

## EDITORIAL

## DOES THIS MEAN YOU?

A fourth of the school year is now a thing of the past, but during this time many of you were given a chance to show your true self in some responsibility. The way you reacted to this is still foremost in many memories.

Perhaps you were asked to head some club committee, manage a hockey team, lead your class cheers, play for your class team, or even just show your attendance at a pep meeting. Many of you have received the honor of being asked to serve as chapel, plain, or hall monitor.

The majority of girls take these jobs in a trivial manner. If there is a chance for a trip to town, the job is laid aside. Some of you come forth with the cry of too much studying, and utterly refuse to give the smallest bit of help. Then there are the others who accept their task with a smile, and carry it through to completion. They seem to derive a real pleasure from beginning with nothing and building it up. These girls have just as much studying as the rest of you. They, too, enjoy trips to town, but they are unselfish enough to give them up. They are interested, curious, and enthusiastic. They have the spirit of leadership.

For the rest of the year, let's forget responsibilities as bad doses of medicine, and look at them in the light of a new field where many of us can discover undeveloped interests.

## FREEDOM

Is there any real freedom from things other than the demands of nature to which we are subject? From birth we are surrounded by customs and laws. As we grow older, we cry for freedom to live our own lives, to speak our own thoughts. We don't like the restraint that is imposed upon us, but stop and think a moment. When our forefathers left England to come to America, they were seeking freedom. Before the little band on board the *Mayflower* disembarked, they drew up a code of laws to govern the new settlement. When the thirteen colonies broke away from their mother country to gain freedom, they created the Constitution of the United States. These are only two examples which show that so long as human beings live socially together, there never can be absolute freedom. Where there is responsibility there is not freedom, and certainly all of us have responsibilities. There is the responsibility of conducting ourselves in such a manner as to bring only honor upon our families, school or country—of being helpful and kindly toward others—of being true to our word and trust. Our responsibility to God is and will be ever present in society or isolation and we can never be free from this responsibility. When feeling that we are too repressed or restrained by the rules under which we happen to be living, let us try to remember that necessity precedes the law and some necessity has brought a certain law about. Let us remember also when we want to do or say something that will affect some one else that we are only free to the extent of doing things which cannot be harmful to any one else.

## LIVING IN THE PRESENT

The present only belongs to us. Of all the vast eternities, only the moment we enjoy is assured to us. The past is an accomplished history that cannot be altered; the future is a prospective record that cannot be presaged. The influence of today's activity may touch the very shores of eternity; but it is to the individual only a momentary opportunity. The burdens that rest heavily on tired shoulders may be entirely removed by tomorrow's dawn. It is only the duties of the day that demand performance, and the evils of the hour that need to be borne. The attempt to bear tomorrow's load results in failure, both for the present and the future.—Selected.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

Arrived sans pencil, sans brain, and sans wit! More rain! Slushing along, apple in hand (food for thought), trying to formulate a little gossip. It's not so easy with 225 reasons why people aren't acting up this week. Or didn't you know we had 225 guests for Thanksgiving dinner?

And really, I've gotten so mixed up, people asking for "House Front" and "Front House." What have you been writing home, girls?

Did you hear Eloise Southard the other night? After all the excitement in chapel about train schedules, it just sort of went to dear Eloise's head. After lights out, she heard the train puffing away in the distance, and when it whistled, Southard couldn't stand it any longer and screamed, "Only three weeks 'til Christmas!" Wonder what we're all so excited about . . . Santa Claus?

Friedy and Reed, sitting in the club car of the train, en route to dear Ward-Belmont, after a grand weekend in Chicago, lent their "Esquire" to a gentleman sitting next to them, who asked if he might borrow it. He was very courteous, and after reading it, jotted a "thank-you" note on the cover and returned the magazine. After he left the car, the girls glanced at the note, and found that the gentleman was none other than Ernest Hemmingway (author of *Farewell to Arms*). Not to be outdone, Friedy and Reed dashed after him, and best of all, caught him, and had the swell-est long interview. Isn't that something, eh what? Plenty of us wish we could rate such exciting experiences.

And tra la, it must be getting sort of dead around the dormitories, if we have to resort to slamming doors for a little excitement.

All of which reminds me of an old joke I found while looking through an old Vanderbilt "Masseurade." When asked what he did when the fire alarm was sounded, this bright cherub of a freshman remarked, "Oh, I just get up and feel the walls, and if they're not hot, I go back to bed."

Sound like Ward-Belmont. . . And would I like to have a picture of the parade of young ladies on fire-drill night. What a sad disillusionment it would be for some worshiper of beauty, back home. Cold cream, hairnets, minus make-up, and with eyes heavy from all this night life. But don't worry, girls. I'll be there. At least not until the opportune moment.

## YOU SHOULD KNOW—

You should know Edrie Olivier who comes to Ward-Belmont from Joplin, Missouri. She attended the public high school there, and her achievements in extra-curricular work are outstanding. When she was a junior, she won first place in a Humorous Declamation Contest, and third place in a Dramatic Declamation Contest. She took a leading role in her junior class play, which was "The Amazons." However, Edrie did not stop with that, but went on gaining more distinction. She was secretary of the Master dramatic society, and president of the Olympiad Literary Society. Her classmates voted her the best actress in the entire school.

Last summer Edrie spent her time in Mt. Kisco, New York, where she was an apprentice at the Westchester Playhouse. Her teacher was Mme. Tamara Daykarhonova, a great Russian actress, and the foremost authority on make-up in the world today.

You should know Mary Louise Holland, who lives in Logan, West Virginia. She graduated from high school at Chatham Hall, Chatham, Virginia. While there she was vice-president of the Y.W.C.A. and vice-president of the Glee Club. She loves sports and was captain of the hockey team and a member of the basketball team. Last year Mary Lou attended Hollins in Virginia, transferring to Ward-Belmont this fall.

## EAGLE FEATHER

By HELEN TIBBETS

Editor's Note: The selections used this week are favorite poems taken from Elbert Hubbard's *Scrap*.

## UP-HILL

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn 'til night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin  
May not the darkness hide it from my face?  
You can not miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labor you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

—Christina G. Rossetti

## TEARS

When I consider Life and its few years—

A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;

A call to battle, and the battle done

Ere the last echo does within our ears;

A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;

The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat:

The bursts of music down an unlistening street—

I wonder at the idleness of tears.

Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,

Chieftains, and bards and keepers of the sheep,

By every cup of sorrow that you had,

Loose me from tears, and make me see aright

How each hath bled what once he stayed to see

Homer his sight, David his little lad!

—Lizette W. R.

## THE HAPPIEST HEART

Who drives the horses of the sun

Shall fold it but a day;

Better the lowly deed were done,

And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame.

The dust will hide the crown;

Ay, none shall nail so high his name

Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat

Was in some quiet breast

That found the common daylight sweet,

And left to Heaven the rest.

—John Vance Cheney

## LIFE AND DEATH

So he died for his faith. That is fine,

More than most of us do.

But, say, can you add to that line

That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last

As a martyr to the truth.

Did his life do the same in the past,

From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died

For a wish or a whim—

From bravado or passion or pride,

Was it harder for him?

But to live—every day to live out

And the truth the same in the deed—

While his friends met his conduct with doubt

And the world with contempt.

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,

Never turning aside?

Then he'll talk of the life that he lived.

Never mind how he died.

—Ernest Cross

## THE BOOMERANG

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,

After passing of a cloud,

When a fit of laughter gits ye,

And ye'r spine is feelin' proud,

Don't forget to up and fling it

At a soul that's feelin' blue,

For the minit that ye sling it

It's a boomerang to you.

—Jack Crawford.

## LIFE

Life! We've been long together,

Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—

Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear:

Then steal away, give little warning,

Close these things own time;

Say Good-Night—but in some brighter clime

Bid me Good-Morning.

—Anna Letitia Barbauld



# SPORTS

## ALL GAMES BRING HOCKEY SEASON TO CLOSE

### Tri K's Win Cup

Results of the hockey games of the past week show many changes. However, the Tri K's won the hockey cup by their three straight victories the fact that they were the only team to win all of their games. Ecoswain, Ecoswain's, and Angkor won two games and tied one of the games played last week.

**TRIAD 4—X.L. 3**  
Triad defense was weakened by Lucile Johnson changed to regular position of full back. The X.L.'s played a good game by using Mildred Sartor and Elizabeth Mastin for their defense. Smith, a first year girl, was standing.

**ANGKOR 2—F.F. 2**  
Angkor was a rather ragged game, fouling many times. Ruth and Elizabeth Tipton, an A.K., for the Agoras, were out-astuffed as were Frankie Patrick and Wengate for the F.F.'s.  
**PENTA TAU 2**  
Penta Tau was an usually fast one against the others. Courtney played an outstanding game. Penta Taus. Jean Burk, an Agoras, filled in at backfield for the Agoras.

**DEL VERS 6—ANGORA 0**  
Del Vers was much closer than the Agoras. The Del Vers' forward line was superior, wearing down the Agoras.

## SCHOOL COLLEGE VARSITIES CHOSEN

Due to the large number of really good hockey players on the teams this year, the gym department has chosen a high school and a college team. All of the girls on these two teams will receive their Ward-Belmont letters. The high school varsity consists of:

Forward—Grace Benedict, Lucile Johnson, Mildred Sartor, Ann Carolyn Gillespie, Ecoswain, Junior  
Wing—Martha Greene, Angkor, Mildred Sartor  
Inner—Jane Davis, Triad, Junior  
Wing—Jeanne Cookson, Tri K, Mildred Sartor  
Half—Frankie Patrick, F. F., Mildred Sartor  
Half—Marcella Driscoll, Triad, Mildred Sartor  
Half—Jean Burk, Angkor, Junior  
Full—Llewellyna Granbery, Ecoswain, Junior  
Goal—Keith Glasgow, Ecoswain, Junior  
More college varsities include:

### FIRST VARSITY

Forward—Lois Whiteman, Tri K, Senior-Middle  
Inner—Janet Pasco, Tri K, Senior-Middle  
Wing—Frances Laval, Osiron, Junior  
Inner—Sara Kimmel, Tri K, Senior-Middle  
Wing—Peggy Wrenne, Triad, Junior-Middle  
Half—Moselle Worsley, Tri K, Junior  
Half—Sarah Ashley, Del Ver, Junior  
Half—Mildred Sartor, X. L., Junior  
Full—Marion Weber, Tri K, Junior  
Full—Elizabeth Tipton, A. K., Junior  
Goal—Jane Allison, Tri K, Senior-Middle

the Agora defense. Sarah Ashley played an excellent defensive game for the winners.

### ANTI-PAN 3—F. F. 1

In this game the F.F.'s were less united than usual, it being necessary for the defense to continually feed the ball to the forward line which could not seem to get together. On the other hand, the Anti-Pans looked better than they ever have. Margaret Carrigan, who has shown improvement in each game, made all three goals for her team. Jana Longnecker and Margaret Oze were outstanding on the defensive side.

### TRI K 9—T.C. 0

Although the Tri K's won by a large score and although the T.C.'s have a new team, they gave the Tri K Club the hardest fight of the season. The first half ended 3-0 in favor of the winners. Jeanne Brady and Virginia Hardesty played excellent games for the losers.

### ANGKOR 5—X.L. 4

This game was much closer than had been anticipated and was not an easy victory for the Angkors. The center forwards of both teams were the main scorers, Ragland and Breese each making three goals.

### OSIRON 5—TRIAD 4

The Osiron backfield showed great improvement and the club came through the season with a very good record. Peggy Wrenne, left wing for the Triads, played her usual dependable game.

## SECOND VARSITY

Center Forward—Courtney White, Penta Tau, Senior-Middle  
Right Inner—Sue Elliott, Tri K, Senior-Middle  
Right Wing—Genevieve Mullins, Tri K, Senior-Middle  
Left Inner—Jane Meyer, T. C., Senior  
Left Wing, Barbara Moore, Tri K, Senior-Middle  
Center Half—Jana Longnecker, Anti-Pan, Senior  
Right Half—Patsy Schorndorfer, Tri K, Senior  
Left Half—Margaret Thrower, Tri K, Senior-Middle  
Right Full—Rachael Brauer, Del Ver, Senior-Middle  
Left Full—Laura Mae Carpenter, Tri K, Senior-Middle  
Goal—Helen Tibbets, Osiron, Senior

## SENIORS WIN HOCKEY GAME

(Continued from page 1)

Elliot in as Right Wing and Inner respectively. With Kimmel and Wrenne, the forward line seemed more coordinated and were thus able to score. Kimmel actually putting the ball in. Allison who changed from half-back to goal keeper played well at both positions.

Not in recent years has there been as good a hockey game played at Ward-Belmont. Every single player fought hard for possession of the ball, and there were remarkably few fouls considering the condition of the field.

The time-ups for the teams follow:

Seniors	Senior-Middles
Worsley	C.F. .... C. White
Pascoe	R.I. .... Weeks
Meyer	L.L. .... Kimmel
Chase	R.W. .... Mullins
Laval	L.W. .... Wrenne
Ashley	C.H. .... Whiteman
Schorndorfer	R.H. .... Thrower
Sartor	L.H. .... Allison
Weber	R.F. .... Morris
Tipton	L.F. .... Carpenter
Longnecker	Goal .... Brauer
Substitutes: Seniors—H. Jones, E. Jones, Bailey, Tibbets. Senior-Middles—S. Elliot, B. Moore, M. Morris, Collings, Grieswold, Moul.	

## FALL HORSE SHOW DRAWS CROWD

### Demonstrations Given by Certificate Riders

The Fall Horse Show was rather a cold affair, but there was a large crowd in attendance until the last event. The girls that took part showed great ability in managing the horses, and the manners and appointments were all done in the best manner. The show started at 2:45 P.M., last Tuesday afternoon, and was divided up into seven classes ranging from demonstrations by certificate students to those of the beginners classes.

### Class I. Demonstration by Certificate Students. Winners were:

1. Harness—Elsie Sante—Pilot.
2. Tandem Riding—Lawrence Butler—Shamrock.
3. Western Saddle—Lawrence Butler—Brown Jug.
4. Five-Gaited Class—Elsie Sante—Pilot.
5. Side Saddle—Barbara Jobson—Shamrock.

Class II. Junior Class (girls from the Elementary School of Ward-Belmont)—Won by:

- 1st: Florence Cheek.
- 2nd: Elsie Campbell.
- 3rd: Roberta Brandon.

Class III. Balanced Seat: Riders to show ability of a balanced seat. Judged on execution, appointments and exercises. Won by:

- 1st: Jane Merrick.
- 2nd: Martha Kiger.
- 3rd: Lillian Crowder.

Class IV. Beginners Class. Won by:

- 1st: Marjorie Ashcroft.
- 2nd: Patty Smith.
- 3rd: Vicky Pierce.

Class V. Novice Class (Riders who rode only a little before this fall). Won by:

- 1st: Dorothy Addison.
- 2nd: Margaret Pitcher.
- 3rd: Dorothy Barthells.

Class VI. Pair Class. Won by:

- 1st: Marion Doerrer and Joan Jobson.
- 2nd: Irene Dietzen and Jeanne Yantes.
- 3rd: Marion Kemp and Elizabeth Hall.

Class VII. In and Outs (Certificate Students). Course will be covered in fastest time. Time was not counted if one of the obstacles was touched. Won by:

- 1st: Lawrence Butler.
- 2nd: Elsie Sante.

All through the show there were thrills. One special time was when Little Jack got away and had a few moments' freedom. The girls showed great confidence in what they were doing and not one of them was the least bit self-conscious.

## ALUMNAE AND VARSITY TO PLAY TODAY

Today something new in the way of hockey games at Ward-Belmont will be played at 3:00 o'clock when the 1936 College Hockey Varsity meets a team composed of alumnae. Eight out of the eleven picked as the starting line-up for the alumnae are past members of varsities themselves. Miss Nance, who will play center forward, was on the varsity in '31 and '32. Patty Chadwell, graduate of last year, was "all-around athlete." Gilbertine Moore made first varsity last year and Juanita Roberts made the second team. Milbrey Wright was a member of the second varsity in '31 and of the varsity in '33. Ann Shaw and Beverly Stone were varsity players in '34, while Sarah Bryan was on the second varsity in '31 and the first team in '32. Mrs. McKnight, who will play for the alumnae, is a former Ward-Belmont physical education instructor and had many classes in hockey.

The tentative lineup for alumnae who will play the varsity as announced in another part of the HYPHEN is as follows:

C.F., Nance; R.I., Chadwell; L.L., McKnight; R.W., Phillips; L.W., Moore; C.H., Wright; R.H., Cayce; L.H., Shaw; R.F., Stone; L.F., Bryan; G.L., Roberts. Substitutes: Reuf, Looft, Ogden, Margaret Thompson, Smith, Glasgow, Virginia Smith, O'Donnell.

## NOW—ABOUT CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 1)

leaves at 6:45 on the morning of the 19th, and the last at 5:45 that evening. Girls, with special permission, need not go on the special chaperoned trains, but they can't leave until the first train after the special train leaves. So it looks like the special trains will take all the Ward-Belmont girls to their respective homes to the accompaniment of wild cheers of joy.

## GUESTS PRESENT ON HOLIDAY

(Continued from page 1)

The third presentation was a comedy skit, given by the Senior expression students, "Mother's Marriage Ambitions." The cast was Mrs. Langdale, Rebecca Rice, and Doty, her irrepressible daughter, Anna Lou Wall.

The fourth play, the most sophisticated of the evening, was entitled "Seaweed" and included in its cast the following: Linda Luchini, Marjorie Crume; Patsy Richimer, who loves her case, Betsy Jones; Myra Swanson, who desires to be "free," Rozelle Emery; Barbara Post, with sweet old-fashioned charm, Jean Bailey.

The plays concluded the day's programs of school activities.

*Love*

## PHOTOGRAPHS

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## DIARY OF MISTRESS

### BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—Another three weeks has whizzed by, and for the last time before Christmas we change tables. When you judge time by the rate in which we change tables, it really won't be long, and do we care?

From all reports, the X. L.'s really had a whiz-bang of an open house. The house was jammed with nice stags, and we heard that Mary Beth was the belle of the ball. I bet little Rudolph just outdid herself inviting all her Sigma Chi friends.

Wandered out to see the hockey games. It looks like the Osirons and Tri K's have a championship team for the bonobers, even though those day students who are raised with a hockey ball in their hand usually come through with some kind of a cup or other.

And did you see Miss Nance, Miss O'Donnell, Miss Phillips and all the other young alumnae out batting a stick around? Why, they're going to challenge the varsity team, and something tells me that that will be some game, especially if Gilbertine and Patty Chadwell amble over to join in the fracas.

Went to the gym tonight instead of to club to indulge in a little graceful folk-dancing. The way we all skipped around, slipping to our knees when we got to going around corners a little fast, was a sight to behold. I'm afraid most of us just aren't the folk-dancing type.

Thursday—"Class spirit never fails" and humming that song, we start in on a super-degree of class spirit. Class meetings at noon, pep-meetings at nine-thirty—it's all in a day's work this week, for Thanksgiving is the day of days, and someone must win, and class spirit does help, you know. So, I'm darn near hoarse from hissing out yells all day. I hope it has some effect. I just don't see how "Whoopa" can still talk after the admirable way she has to scream to lead the rest of us. Oh, yes, she still talks, though.

Some authority said, I believe, that if one danced twenty minutes after each meal, that your food wouldn't make those abdominal fat tissues, so, we took her word for it, and tonight we all pulled back rugs and pushed back beds, and really went to town. Seen' as how this is a manless school, we didn't get a big rush, but at least we don't have such a guilty conscience when we eat now. Try it sometimes; it's fun.

Friday—One follows the other, and in order that one club can't get ahead of the other, they are all having open houses. Tonight, it was the A. K.'s, and they all did pretty well by themselves, too.

Got a little tired of school today, so went to town to hear "Woman's Love," Dick Powell, and came back, consequently, considerably refreshed. And then at eight o'clock, I hurried home from the library, so I could hear him on the Hollywood Hotel hour, too. So, all in all, I had a big day with Dick.

Saturday—Such a full day! After studying last night, for one test, I go to class, didn't have a test and didn't even get called upon, but wouldn't I go into the next class, the one I had neglected the night before, and wouldn't I run into a "Pop" test. I guess that's what you would call having fate agin' you.

I got the Christmas spirit so badly today for some unearthy reason that I had to run uptown this afternoon, before the hockey game, to do a little Christmas shopping. Honestly, I came back loaded with parcels already. And it was such fun. But I had rushed around so to get back for the hockey game, that when I got out on the field, I didn't know whether I would have strength to even sweat at the ball, to say nothing of hitting it. But we managed to win the game, whether or no, so I'm happy!

And to top a heretofore lovely day, grades were awaiting me when I got

to the mailbox, and that kinda decided crimp in the rest of it. Of course, I had a vague idea that I was going to have there on the but the little figures in black white before me rather startle. Oh, well, live and learn down here.

Went to that sparkling *Three Men on a Horse*, and enjoyed every minute of it. I hardly keep awake, for after all, we didn't get home till eleven. I'm beginning to wonder how I can keep my eyes Christmas.

Sunday—Here begins my first attempt at dieting. Before, I've had the motto, "If at first you succeed, try, try again," but this time if I can't stick it out a little I'm a goner. We'll see what we see, but I'd better do better than did the numerous times before.

Sleep Sunday, and of all the things I experience down here, the most luxurious, satisfying, contented feeling that one can feel is the feeling that the minute hear a bell, you don't have to get out of bed. Naturally, I couldn't long, but you can bet that I stayed in bed till I was wakened by an irate roommate, who said that I was just a little too lazy.

I went down the hall to the orange, banana, and peanut aromas, which didn't help in the the loud gnawing in my stomach which hadn't had any food for some time, and was missing its ing portion. By the time church over, I was reduced to a state of ical weakness. But, even so, I say that the bed is better than fast on such a morning.

Monday—I've seen fogs and screens around here before, but have I seen such a combination did when I woke up this morning coughing and spitting. I won't detail; it's entirely too distasteful, but by the time I came off the field at eight-thirty, from practice, I was beginning to wonder what race we all were. Then headless horsemen galloping at the riding ring, or so they appear to those who were not within a yard of them. And then there no blondes at school today, far more. They'd all turned a nondescript color of mousey gray. Poor Logan, who had been on a road this morning, wore a wee-beron for the Tri K Open House was better and she needed her shining locks to aid her in getting a bit. But, to our amazement, she appeared at the Open House, her locks shining. She'd made a hasty downtown.

And by the way, I might mention that the Tri K's had their turn at the Open House tonight. Elizabeth, looking quite demure and nine, rather took the local lads their feet, 'tis said.

The High School gave a champagne this morning, and when Pierce came on the stage looking the wrath of God, the crowd stopped laughing and consequently brought an abrupt end to the

Tuesday—The fog has lifted our hands still remain in the black condition. I make a suggestion that they dismiss class five minutes early before lunch, so at least we start to eat with clean hands. But such a good day for the Show, but, nevertheless, a big turned out, and enjoyed the "show off" of their friends.

Enjoyed Mr. Henkel's concert night. There's something about an organ that always sends me into ecstasies, nice reveries at that. It is such an enjoyable background for thought, but don't get wrong. I listen to every note, but so soothing that at the same time I can do a little day-dreaming.

Tried all afternoon to learn *Hamlet* that starts out, "To be or not to be," you know the one, but all the farther I get from it, the more I get it. "To be or not to be"—I'll be quit for tonight. Bye you

# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

XXIV

Nashville, Tenn., December 7, 1935

Number 12

## HYPHEN SPONSORS SALE OF STAMPS

### WARD-BELMONT GLEE CLUB HAS INITIAL MEETING OF SEASON

#### Chorus on Program as Announced

Ward-Belmont Glee Club will have its initial appearance of the season when it will present, under the direction of Sydney Dalton, a program of Christmas music Sunday evening at eight o'clock in the chapel.

The year-end concert, which has been an annual feature since it was first presented by Mr. Dalton in 1933, at which time he set forth the joyful as well as the religious spirit of Christmas. The numbers are made up, for the most part, of the simple, tuneful songs that have long been popular in the lands. French, German, and English carols will be featured this year, as well as two or three unaccompanied numbers by a sixteenth century composer.

One of the interesting features of the concert will be the introduction of the children's chorus, made up of children from the Ward-Belmont primary school. In addition, F. J. Tenkel will play appropriate songs and Mr. Dalton will sing songs and arias from Handel's "Messiah," the most popular of all performed during the Christmas season.

The complete program tomorrow will be as follows:

Christmas Story  
From the Scriptures  
Mr. A. B. Benedict  
Continued on page 3)

### AL CAMPAIGN HELD SINCE 1906

906 an annual national campaign for the sale of Christmas seals to combat tuberculosis has been waged. 08 Tennessee has taken an active part in the battle.

Stamps were sold in this year there is hope of selling more for the need is great. In which the money collected at Christmas was spent in the purchase of new funds raised this year.

er cent of the money collected in our County was turned over to the State government. Fifteen per cent was given to the State government. One thousand dollars was raised last year for the boards of health at the Davidson County. At five dollars a week per stamp. A clinic for Negroes was held at Meharry with another \$1000. A new project (in the school) has just been started with the aid of \$1000 from the stamp fund sales will be given the children.

National Anti-Tuberculosis campaign, which puts on the sale of Christmas seals, is entirely independent of any other charitable organization. The sale of stamps at Christmas is their own raising funds. In the county organization there are paid workers, the executive committee and a nurse. All other help is from the state health officers is as voluntary purchase of the stamps.

### PAST CONQUERS PRESENT

Dressed like ye old dolls of 1910, with hair askew, held in place by ribbons, or hanging braided behind, the gay old gals of the past, in short the alumnae, showed that they were still as young as ever when they romped to a startling victory over the school varieties, 3-2. Perhaps their long black stockings and knee-length bloomers had the varsity bewildered, but in reality, it was their excellent stick work, their anticipation of plays, and their accurate passing that gave the alumnae the victory trophy.

The second varsity tried in vain to hold off the rapid onslaught of the "girls from the institute" in the first half, but Ann Shaw, Camilla Nance, and "Cayce" managed to collect three goals for the "panty" club. In the second half, an anxious but determined crew of fresh first varsity players dashed on the field to oppose the tired but undaunted ex-graduates.

In the first ten minutes of play, the strong forward line lead by Lois Whitman managed to drive the ball twice past Mrs. McKnight for a score. But the alumnae were in no mood to have the score reversed and the tables turned. "Sug" Bryan and Miss Ogden bravely held off the varsity onrush and Mrs. McKnight, when she wasn't falling down, prevented many goals by her excellent and fast defensive work. Even Miss O'Donnell and Miss Cayce made fouls to the delight of the onlookers.

A cheering squad of nearly twenty ex-graduates shouted encouragement to their standard bearers. The final half ended with the alumnae still holding back the varsity and the score stuck at 3-2 in their favor. Amid cheers and shouts the victors left the field and somehow everyone was in one piece. Their stockings alone were not whole, for they couldn't stand the strain of work after all these years of lying in idleness, so they simply wore out, and the alumnae found themselves half barefooted when they removed their shoes. Congratulations to the "girls of the institute"! Here's to a future contest in basketball!

### SENIOR-MIDDLE DANCE TUESDAY EVENING

The Senior-Middle dance will be held on December 10 in the big dining room. The room will be decorated with smilax vine and stands of flowers. Music will be furnished by Horace Holley's twelve-piece orchestra.

The guests will be received by Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Benedict, Miss Sisson, Miss Rhea, Emily Hamilton, and Ann Huddleston. Those assisting in introducing guests will be the floor committee consisting of the following members of the class: Helen Aycock, Jane Bagley, Eleanor Bailey, Virginia Battle, Louise Baxter, Martha Browning, Catherine Cheatham, Shawnee Elliott, Jean Fleming, Ann Figgins, Charlotte Fogg, Betty Jane Galt, Margaret Giles, Gene Gil, Clara Helbing, (Continued on page 3)

### CLUB PARTY TO BE HELD THURSDAY

The newly formed Woman's Club will inaugurate its 1935-36 program with an Old English Christmas party at the Tri K Club House next Thursday evening.

Beginning with the dinner at 6 o'clock, the whole evening will be observed much as Christmas was observed in England, at the time when the board's head was brought in on a platter, an apple in its mouth, and when blind man's bluff was the favorite game. The decorations, dances, stories, and carols will all be those of Old England.

The committee in charge of the party is being assisted by Miss Clark, first vice-president of the club, and is composed of the following chairmen: Mrs. Burk, Miss Killbrew, Miss Pugh, and Miss Phillips.

### TUBERCULOSIS PREVALENT AMONG TEEN-AGE GROUP OF GIRLS

In four groups of United States citizens, the mortality rate from tuberculosis is not decreasing in spite of the desperate fight being waged. Outstanding in these groups is that of the teen-age girls, many of the same background as Ward-Belmont students. Authorities have stated that this is due to the wearing of any current style of dress as has been a popular belief, but is due primarily to biological changes at this time.

Doctors agree that the best preventative for anyone is to keep oneself in the best possible health. Dieting, a fad which seems to hang on here at school, is one of the worst possible things any teen-age girl can do. When her body is normally very receptive to the contraction of the disease, any undernourishment will naturally only open the gates wider.

The other three peaks of widespread tuberculosis contraction are among Negroes, industrial workers, and the aged. Actual relief is given here in the Nashville community by sending acute patients to the Davidson County Hospital, but the real work of the organization supported by the stamp sales is along educational and preventive lines.

In rural counties, the bulk of the money is expended in the relief of tuberculosis. Lunches are furnished undernourished school children; bad tonsils and adenoids are removed and eye glasses supplied where needed, in the knowledge that anything that improves general health combats tuberculosis. At all times the two health departments, city and state, work in connection with the group.

### ALUMNA AT VESPER

Elizabeth Gray, a former student at Ward-Belmont, was the speaker at the Vespers Sunday night, December 1. Her subject was "Great Hymns of Inspiration." In illustrating this topic, she spoke of the great hymns, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," "Stand Up for Jesus," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "Take Life and Let It Be" and closed with "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem." Throughout the talk, Elsie Sante played these hymns softly on the organ, as a background.

Evelyn McCall conducted the service and Kate Evans sang "The Ninety and Nine."

### STUDENTS ASKED TO CONTRIBUTE SMALL SUM BY PURCHASES

#### Amount of Money Spent by Average Student Revealed

Due to the appalling number of tubercular deaths, the majority of which occur during the teen-age, the HYPHEN is sponsoring the sale of Christmas Seals at Ward-Belmont this year.

The average Ward-Belmont girl spends an almost unbelievable amount of money for amusements and notions. From authentic statistics that have been gathered during the past week, it has been discovered that the average boarding student's allowance is five dollars a week. During the school year of thirty-two weeks this allowance amounts to \$160.00. Out of this allowance must come occasional books and personal expenditures. The average day-student's allowance is two dollars weekly or \$64.00 yearly; however, it must be remembered that out of this comes only lunches averaging about twenty-five cents a day, and an afternoon movie a week. The tea room furnishes us with the statistical information that the normal boarder spends nine cents a day on between-meal eating. The average boarder spends at least five and a half hours off the campus which necessitates two cab fares a week as well as the money spent on various amusements in town.

There are at Ward-Belmont four regular chaperons and forty-four resident faculty members, each of (Continued on page 6)

### CORNELL, FAMOUS ACTRESS, HERE

The incomparable Katharine Cornell of our modern stage claims Berlin, Germany, as her birthplace although her parents were Americans. The date was February 16, 1898, and then in the years following that, she received her education at Oakesmere, Mamaroneck, New York. On September 8, 1921, Katharine Cornell married Guthrie McClintic of New York City, one of the well-known stage directors of today.

Aside from an interesting private life, one of the most outstanding stage careers of modern times belongs to Katharine Cornell. After making her debut with the Washington Square Players in New York in 1917, she traveled with the United States Stock Company presenting *The Man Who Came Back*, and then in 1920, *Little Women* in London. These two plays head a long list of productions in which Miss Cornell has played. They include: *Nine People*, *Bill of Divorcement*, *Will Shakespeare*, *Enchanted Cottage*, *Casanova*, *The Way Things Happen*, *The Outsider*, *Tiger Cat*, *Candida* (in which she appeared in Nashville two years ago), *Crash Hat*, *The Letter*, *The Age of Innocence*, and *Dishonored Lady*.

Among her recent successful productions, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, presented in 1931, was outstanding. *Lucresia*, taken from Shakespeare's poem, *The Rape of Lucrece*, was given in 1932, followed by *Alien Corn* in 1933.

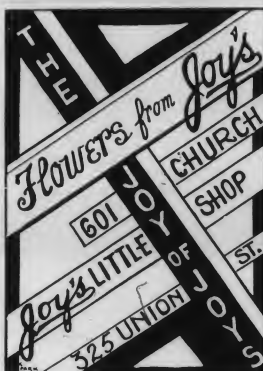
On December 16, Nashville will see Katharine Cornell as Juliet in Shakespeare's romantic tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*. Her performance, as usual, will be so brilliant that one might truly say, "... and Juliet is the sun."

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## CHAPEL CORNER

Friday, November 29

The life of Samuel Clemens was reviewed in Chapel by Dr. Adabel Stapleton, dean of the girls at Vanderbilt University. Mark Twain, as he is known to us, was the Doctor Johnson of America. His writing, which was influenced by his mother, deals with his experiences as a pilot on the Mississippi River. The one-hundredth anniversary of Mark Twain's birthday was Saturday, November 30th.

Monday, December 2

The program, Monday, was given by pupils of Mr. Dalton. The selections were as follows: A two-piano number, "Humereske Negre," by Grunn, was played by Betsy Jones and Elsie Sante. Virginia Piper played an organ solo entitled "Meditation" by Harker. Margaret Dunn sang two numbers, "A Lullaby" by Gretchaninoff, and "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," by Haydn. The program closed with "Valse Brillante," by Moszkowsky. It was played by Helen Tibbets, Rowena Kipp, Nancy McGinnis and Mary Frances Lanuis.

Wednesday, December 4

The devotional speaker this week was Dr. Prentice Pugh. He took his sermon from the 34th, 35th, and 36th verses of the 17th chapter of St. Luke. The theme of his talk was to "see the sunny side of life," and "be glad you are alive."

## MUSIC NOTES

Last Friday night, a concert was given at the War Memorial Auditorium by a group of the leading musicians of Nashville. This program was given to stimulate the interest in music of people in this city. More than that, however, it was in commemoration of the 250th anniversary of Bach, Handel, and Scarlatti and the 100th anniversary of Bellini and Saint-Saens. The numbers contributed by members of the Ward-Belmont Music Department included: Choral: Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring; Sonata in A

Miss Mary Douthit, pianist  
Pastorale and Capriccio Scarlatti  
Mr. Roy Underwood, pianist  
Break Forth, O Beauteous Heavenly Light Bach  
Hallelujah Amen Handel  
West End Methodist Church Choir  
Mr. Sydney Dalton, Conducting

The Community Concert Series has been decided upon. The first concert will present Novace, pianist, on January 16. On February 29, Lawrence Tibbett will be here; on March 23, Rose Bampton, contralto; and, last, on April 13, will be presented a Trio composed of Salzedo, harpist; Berter, flute player; and Britt, cellist.

Miss Sue Salter, a former pupil of Mr. Sydney Dalton, received her college diploma and voice certificate from Ward-Belmont in 1934. For five months she sang over the radio station in Dallas, Texas. She was recommended by that station to the National Broadcasting Company, and for the past three weeks, she has been singing in Chicago.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL SPEAKER

On Sunday morning, December 1, at 8:30, Martha Kiger, editor of *Milestones*, spoke to those who attended Sunday School on the subject of the "Little Things in Life." She spoke of the hypocrisy and selfishness which may creep into our lives on the campus, illustrating her points with "The Least Commandments" of the Bible.

Minnie Maud May, chairman of the Sunday School Committee, presided; Catherine Cheatham read the scripture; and Virginia Piper accompanied the singing.

## FAMILIES ADOPTED BY SOCIAL CLUBS

The four day student clubs have always taken as one of their projects some type of charity work. This year again through their thoughtfulness, it will be possible for many of the more unfortunate people of this community to have some joy and happiness at Christmas.

The Angkor, Ariston, and Eccowasin clubs have each decided to take a family and to give to this family a joyous Christmas. These families are large and through unfortunate circumstances have not been capable of providing even the most meager Christmas dinner. So the clubs are giving them a bountiful supply of food for their dinners. For many of the little tots this will be the first time in many a month that their tummies have been full. In addition to this, they will give clothes to the needy ones and toys to the children. Perhaps, even a small tree may add cheer to the humble room.

The Triad club is giving a party for all the children at one of the Orphan homes. They will go as heavily laden with gifts as Santa. Toys will be distributed and games will be played. The party will come to a gala end with refreshments and the singing of carols.

## CHAPEL PROGRAM

December 9 - 13

- Dec. 9—Program by students of Expression Certificate Class.
- Dec. 11—Devotionals. Speaker, Dr. W. F. Powell, pastor, First Baptist Church.
- Dec. 13—Program by students of Dancing Department.

## PLAY TO BE IN CHAPEL

Next Monday, December 9, in chapel, "Shakespeare Smiles" is to be presented by the Certificate students of the Expression Department.

The cast of characters is to be: Maxine Graham, old paperman; Mary Hines Jackson, policeman; Carolyn Williams, playwright; Sarah Alice Clayton, young girl; Miriam Harwell, young boy; Louise Holland, old man; Charlotte Howard, policeman; Margaret Ellen Peebles, statue of Shakespeare.

This promises to be one of the best productions of the semester. The students are especially well prepared to give an exceedingly clear and interesting portrayal of the characters in this play.

## INITIAL MEETING OF HOCKEY CLUB

Winnie Coffee announced in chapel Thursday that definite plans have been made for the formation of the Hockey Club. She made the following specifications for girls wishing to become members. All girls interested in continuing to play hockey for the remainder of the winter season, and who wish to play purely for the fun of it and for the improvement of their game, are eligible. All town people who have previously been connected with the school are also welcome to join.

The first meeting will be held Saturday afternoon in the gym at 3:30. The club will first be organized and the rest of the afternoon will be spent in practicing on the field.

It is hoped that enough girls show interest in this club to make it a worth-while project.

## ATHLETIC AWARDS MADE IN CH

Tennis and Hockey Cups G  
Agoras and Tri K's

The Athletic Association charge of chapel last Thursday that the awards were made in different sports of the past total points were given, and active members of the Athletic Association were announced.

Awards were first made in the cup was presented to the Club, the club to which the of the tournament, Winnie Coffee, long. The tennis varsity, of Winnie Coffee, Betty Rye, Benedict, and Ruth Hewitt were to the platform and given the lettered members of the club, the tennis varsity this year a second time, was given a silver

Elsie Sante, riding manager athletic board, made the statement that the fall show was the fall season, but the horse of the spring will be the one at awards will be made. However, clubs that ranked highest in the show were: Del Vers, first; Pent second; Tri K, third.

Thirty-one girls took Red life-saving during the past year and passed their examination high scores. These girls, who awarded emblems, are: Jean Peggy Armistead, Mary Brown, Mildred Cox, Jane Coffey, Doyle, June Erickson, Louise Gate, Jean Gibson, Lee H. Betty Hardesty, Virginia H. Louise Kaspar, Ruth King, C. Lewis, Marjorie Lotz, Peggy Louise Mathews, June Merriara Moore, Genevieve Mullins, Frankum, Rebecca Rice, Peggy Whitfield Stallings, Juanita S. Harriet Eve, Marjorie T. Kathleen Watters, Jean W. and Lois Whitman.

Jeanne Cookson, hockey manager called all of the hockey managers to the platform and then the letters for their club members of the hockey varsity have been announced in a play HYPHEN, were then called to the form and given their letters. Benedict and Marion Weber, who both been on hockey varsity last were each given, this year, a hockey pin. Winnie Coffee, president of the Athletic Association, many last year. Due to an injury last moment, she was unable to in the games, but the members of the physical education department agreed that she would have undoubtedly been a varsity member this year and she was awarded a silver pin.

The Tri K's, by virtue of their the only club to win all three cups. In hockey points they were also with 175 1-2 points. were the Angkor's with 119 1-2 third, the Triad's with 116.

A list of the new active members of the Athletic Association was read. The following girls either earned 150 points or have many varsity: Jane Allison, Jean Mary Beth Caton, Jane Davis, cella Driscoll, Ann Carolyn Giff Keith, Glasco, Llewellyna G. Maria Greene, Sara Jane Frances Laval, Jana Long Mary Morel, Genevieve M. Frankie Patrick, Jeanne Roland, Lois Whitman.

Total points for the entire year with the Tri K Club making the list number, are as follows:

Tri K  
Angkor  
Eccowasin  
Del Vers  
Osiron  
Triad  
T. C.  
F. C.  
X. L.  
Penta Tau  
Anti Pan  
Agora  
A. K.  
Ariston



## HYPHEN BIOGRAPHIES

## Mr. Emil J. Snyder

Emil J. Snyder, the small white-gentleman in the little office in where you pay your tuition, near Heidelberg, Germany, died in Germany twenty-nine before coming to the United Friends in the shoe business are established here in America and well convinced him that he profit by convincing them to the so in May of 1896 he landed York Harbor.

14 just five months before the of the World War, Mr. returned to Germany to visit family. "Everywhere was the motif in evidence," he said, "I jammed the trains and the so tense you was afraid to match." On his return to the in 1915 he came to Nashville for a job. The international state was made this very difficult for his origin. "Venefer I opened with they said 'Vere are you' Mr. Snyder chuckles now. on the advice of friends he civil examination and having around Nashville. Now he confines his hobbies to listening to his radio and is an ardent "dial-twister."

## COUNCILS HOLD MEETINGS

of the most important groups nus are those of the Day and Presidents' Council. They no sense legislative groups, but have as their purpose to place is on the dignity and responsibility of leadership, to discuss problems, and to correlate the action of the various organizations in the life on campus.

Day Student Council met December 3rd in their regular second day in every month meeting. At time problems of the Milestones to the day students were and it was hoped that a on would be offered to Ellen on, day student Editor, who led discussion. Class problems were nt up next, especially those of younger high school classes. Ann ery, President of the Sophomore brought to light several dising problems she and the other of the class had confronted. ther presidents gave her comble aid by telling her what they one as sophomores.

was the fourth meeting of the Student Presidents' Council. In meetings, problems of the n with day students and of ial clubs have been brought up. time a round of suggestions are d by the other girls as representing the student bodies. Miss Sis attends each meeting and thus ents the administration.

girls who attend Day Student ents' Council are: Dorothy ery, President of Day Student ill, who presides at Presidents' rances Wilkerson, Day Student Proctor, who is secretary of ents' Council; the four high class presidents, Grace Bene-Dorothy Proctor, Ann Ganier, ide Roberts and the two vice-ents of the college classes, Ann eston and Elizabeth Cornelius; our club presidents, Evelyn n, Rebecca Rice, Juliette Craig, an Latta; the day student editor, Estelle, Ellen Bowers; and the of the HYPHEN, Margaret e.

## Regarding Presidents' Council

second meeting of the Board- Presidents' Council was held November 25. A report of Edwin d's committee, which had been at a previous meeting to out- the program for the year, was ed. Various changes in school s were suggested, some sug-

to Ward-Belmont in 1927 to be in the bursar's office, he was connected with a large lumber company. When the company dissolved, Mr. Snyder came over here through the kindness of Mr. Benedict. He is fond of playing the piano and used to consider himself an amateur musician.

## Mr. W. V. Flowers

Mr. W. V. Flowers, also in the bursar's office, was born in Copeland, Tennessee. He was educated in Lewisburg, Tennessee, in the old, now defunct Haynes and McClain School. For seven years before he came to Ward-Belmont he was in business college work. Immediately before he came here in 1913 he was in the real estate business in Chicago and Nashville. He remained at Ward-Belmont two years, then went back to his real estate business not to return to this school until 1926, but he has been here continually since then.

Mr. Flowers says that his favorite hobby used to be fox hunting and he had a good pack of hounds. For fifteen or twenty years he hunted all around Nashville. Now he confines his hobbies to listening to his radio and is an ardent "dial-twister."

gestions being transferred to Student Council for consideration.

At the first meeting, the function of the Council was discussed and also the Honor System in regard to the Council members and monitors. A letter from the Day Student Council was read and suggestions were made for better co-operation between day students and boarders. It was decided that the Senior-Middle dance should be held previous to the Senior functions.

Helen Jones, president of Student Council, presides over meetings of the Council and Jane Flannigan, elected at the first meeting, is secretary. Miss Sisson meets with the Council and represents the administration.

## "Y" CALENDAR

Sunday, December 8—  
8:30 A.M. Sunday School.  
Speaker, Louise Mathews  
2:15 P.M. Visit to the Junior League Hospital  
2:30 P.M. Play hour, Tennessee Children's Home  
7:30 P.M. Vespers. Glee Club Carol service  
Tuesday, December 10—  
7:30 Visit to the wards of Vanderbilt Hospital

## CLASS TO GIVE COFFEE

The Senior-Middle Class will entertain at Coffee in Recreation Hall on Sunday afternoon, December 15, immediately after dinner. The guests will be the members of the Senior Class, the Faculty and the House-hold.

## ELECTED TO CHI DELTA PHI

Of interest to the faculty and to members of the Senior Class is the announcement that Jean Weiss, a graduate of last year, who is now attending the University of Kentucky, has recently been elected to Chi Delta Phi, national literary honor society. She is one of seven new pledges this year. Jean, a member of the F. F. Club, did excellent work in English when she was here. She is the second Ward-Belmont graduate to attain this honor this year. THE HYPHEN carried the announcement two weeks ago of Alice Overton's acceptance in the society.

The Germans act Shakespeare better than anyone else, in the judgment of Professor Elliot of the English department at Amherst.

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## SENIOR-MID DANCE TUESDAY EVENING

(Continued from page 1)

Mary Alice Herbert, Audrey Jones, Dorothy King, Beverly Lack, Betty Martin, Dorothy Martin, Minnie Maud May, Barbara Moore, Peggy McNeill, Josephine Neil, Jeanne Roland, Anne Rudolph, Jane Suiter, Virginia Varga, Jean Wetterau, Courtney White, and Laura Whitson.

## WARD-BELMONT GLEE CLUB HAS INITIAL CONCERT OF SEASON

(Continued from page 1)

2. Old Carols
- (a) Adeste Fideles (in Latin)
- (b) Sing We Now of Christmas Portuguese
- (c) As Joseph was a-Walking French
- (d) Come, Hasten, ye Shepherds German
- (e) Adoration of the Shepherds (Catalonian) arr. by Schindler

The Glee Club

3. Recitative and Aria, from "The Messiah" Handel  
Recit: Comfort ye, My People  
Aria: Every Valley Shall Be Exalted

Mr. Dalton

4. (a) Angels We Have Heard on High French  
(b) The First Noel English  
Children's Chorus and Glee Club
5. (a) Christmas Eve Malling  
(b) Choral Prelude: "A Rose Breaks Forth" Brahms  
(Based on the same melody as "Lo, How a Rose," to be sung in the next group.)

- (c) Fantasia on Old Christmas Carols Faulkes  
Mr. Henkel

6. (a) Joseph Dearest German  
(b) Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming Praetorius  
(c) While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks Praetorius  
(d) Wassail, Wassail! English  
(e) Silent Night (German) Gruber  
The Glee Club

## WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of  
Ward-Belmont.

For advertising information, address Emmett Russell, Sr., Advertising Manager, 152 4th Avenue, North, Presbyterian Building, Phone 6-1171.

1935 Member 1936  
Associated Collegiate Press

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Beverly Lack, Jean McEwan

## EDITORIAL

## WILL YOU HELP?

THE HYPHEN'S sponsorship of the "buy-Christmas-seals" campaign is only one of the smallest of the drives being conducted all over the nation by large city newspapers and other organizations. There are only five hundred here on the campus that the paper can hope to influence but if its suggestion could be carried out by every Ward-Belmont girl a surprisingly large number of American citizens, neighbors of all of us, would be given a wonderful chance to live useful lives. Although much has been done to wipe out the "White Plague," it last year killed twice as many people as automobile accidents did. Tuberculosis is no respecter of ages, but it strikes most often at the age group of Ward-Belmont students.

Christmas is on its way, but it will be a poor holiday for those wretched victims with pale old-young faces, and tired bodies, wracked by a continual cough. With what money you readers and others like you volunteer, a year or years spent in a comfortable capable institution is guaranteed them. A feeling of safety and of hope will replace the dull ache of fear and despair that rests now in their hearts.

Twenty-five cents is not much for you as an individual to spend, to give so much to other individuals. The school demands little of you in the way of charitable donations. It does not ask that you buy these Christmas seals. But THE HYPHEN at the instigation of some students themselves is urging you to contribute, for we feel that if you had just thought about it before, you would have needed no urging.

## SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," was written a long time ago by a man a long ways off, but it can be applied as easily here today at Ward-Belmont as in the first century B.C. in Asia Minor.

Right now there are two groups of students who are not content to live in the present. The first are those who realize we get out for Christmas in two weeks from last Thursday and so they've started celebrating already. They neglect this or that lesson because, as they say, "We couldn't possibly have a test this late." They spend study hours making out gift lists or bid lists to some party and discuss what new clothes they have gotten, are getting, or will get. They pour into an interested, or more likely uninterested best friend's ear detailed plans of just how they will celebrate their three weeks' freedom. If they don't actually do all of the above, they create a general attitude of "it doesn't matter there are just two thousand-six-hundred-and-forty-eight-hours-and-fifty-three-and-one-half-minutes-until-we-leave." It's easy to play now but the piper wants pay. It's just as easy to keep in the habitual track of studying every day as it is to break traces two weeks too soon.

The exact opposite of the above are those who are already beginning to "dread exams." "That English exam is going to be just awful." "Well, I might as well quit, right now. I can never pass an exam in this Math." These are familiar, heart-rending cries, but how boring they get! Probably if the crier would study tomorrow's lesson in English or Math, she'd be just that much farther from flunking. The best looking-forward-into-the-future you can do in regard to exams is to look at today's work. One long succession of today's make up the future. Taken one at a time, they are practically painless.

So, as the old philosopher said, "Sufficient unto the day, etc." The two climes of futurists just mentioned are not the only ones. Each individual may apply this one sentence lesson to herself.

## CAMPUS COLUMN

Shawnee Elliot still maintains that she broke her little toe by falling out of bed—and Jane Allison still sticks to her guess about that sprained hand—although we notice that he has an injured hand too. Wish we might hear both sides of the story.

At a Fidelity Hall meeting, someone asked Mary Byrne what kind of food could be kept in one's room. "You can have nuts" enumerated Mary, but she could get no farther. For we laughed and laughed, 'cause we knew we were nuts!

Nancy had to practically hold Courtney down when little Miss White got the telegram saying her own true love was on his way to see her. Ain't love grand?!

Did you see the Seniors and Seniors-Mids playing "Punch and Jeopardy" in Middlemarch the other evening? They explained their most undignified conduct by saying it was good for the digestion.

Lots of us were seen in Liggett's sipping "cokes" in place of in Candyland munching a rich hot fudge cake last week-end as a result of the new privilege. Thanks loads, you who were responsible; you've done lots for our figures already. By Christmas we should all be returned to slim maidens.

## HIGH SCHOOL

Overheard at the dinner table: "Is Major Britton a school or a college?" If he's a college, what does that make Ray Morrison?

Do you remember back in Mrs. Shackelford's geometry class, when Rachel was finally given the title of the name of Hugo's Classic was pronounced "Less Miserable" because the story got more cheerful as it progressed?

Wonder how Beulah felt when Alabama didn't come through? We wish now we'd bet a couple of bucks on Vandy.

Did you see all the boarders at the S.A.E. dance? It looked like a Ward-Belmont excursion. Back in the good old days, it was a major offense for a boarder to show herself at a Nashville dance. What a few years can do to rules and regulations!

We hear that Letitia, when cleaning her room, falls to with a will. (The point is that His name is Willie, and this is thus supposed to be a pun.)

## YOU SHOULD KNOW—

You should know Ledlie Logan, a girl who comes from Hannibal, Missouri, and who has already made a name for herself on the Ward-Belmont campus. Ledlie is the medium-height blonde that you have seen around, and she is one of those girls who can enter into everything. When in high school, her motto was to try anything once, and she showed this spirit in the number of activities in which she took part. She was a member of the Student Council, the Senior Class executive committee, the G. A. A., and the Pep Squad, and she was president of the Girl Reserves, and of the King's Daughters, a charitable institution in Hannibal. Furthermore, Ledlie is an Honor Society girl. Perhaps you have seen Ledlie in her riding outfit, but wherever you have seen her, you have seen her smile. Ledlie's rowing popularity is due to her charming personality and her becoming modesty.

You should know Joan Butterfield, who comes from Lansing, Michigan. She is not new to the old girls, for ribboned in her riding in the fall show. She loves music and dancing and has taken lessons in both. She is Secretary of the A. K.'s, and though this year will terminate her study at Ward-Belmont, she plans to go to college somewhere, probably in her home state.

## EAGLE FEATHER

By HELEN TIBBETS

EDITOR'S NOTE: These stories are contributed by selected members of Pen Staff.

## FROM HAMBURGERS TO MUSHROOMS

Have you ever had Thursday night supper at a wagon; or maybe they are called pie-wagons in home town. They have fascinating names like "Drop Inn" or "Joe's Eat Shop." On entering the train structure, you are greeted by a strong aroma of onions and doughnuts and pies mingled with steamy fragrance of those big chromium-plated steamers. People, all sorts of people, sit on stools in the coats. Men in greasy caps, women in coats, prosperous-looking people eat side by side. I, a connoisseur of pie-wagon menus, for my order is a hamburger without onions, cherry pie and milk. It is served in thick china mugs, and it tastes much better than that served at home.

When it's a hot noon on the highway and an attraction greets your hungry eyes, there is nothing but hot stop. This summer we stopped for lunch at the "Frog Inn." It was a tiny place at the foot of a hill and surrounded by willows. At that time of day no one resists it. Another day we had sandwiches at the Yellow Canary Tea Room. Inside the building, every wall was canary and orchid colored and the food was as pleasing to the taste as the decorations were to the eye. Names really mean a lot, for when we came to the King Cole's Tavern, ice cream cones seemed ideal, they weren't hungry.

The "Toddle House" is an institution in Nashville; you haven't been to the "Toddle House," well, you haven't been out. It's an adorable little white cottage, it's best inside. There are signs telling about roasts, steaks, waffles and hamburgers made from choice meat and then, of course, the "No tipping, please—Toddle House System" is on the wall. You watch two waiters preparing your order; they never take more than two successive steps at a time. Try a cheese-burger, just butter, and chocolate pie next time you go in. It is "Wimpy Heaven!"

For more formal occasions, when there are visitors, I would suggest the hotel grills or the Country Club. There is music at the hotel and the Club is always kept at a high level. Of course, shrimp cocktails and steak with potatoes is more expensive, but then there are special occasions.

In most cities in the summer there are Starlight Supper Clubs on roof gardens with the "best" orchestras, cocktail bars, and dance teams. Midnight suppers of dainties and salads are always welcome, and then you can dance, and dance, and dance. It all seems so glamorous where you can watch falling stars and exotic ladies.

However, for a steady diet "Wimpy's Heaven" is not to my taste.

CARROL COLE, Junior

## I STOLE

She was a beautiful, little, golden-haired child who always said pieces at all the "Parent and Teacher Meetings" and who always had her hands pushed and pulled on the blackboard—always her hands after her hands after her hands who wore "Sunday stockings" to school—who we shrink with horror at the very thought of worms, snakes or toads. She was the embodiment of everything I hated, I guess because it was she who owned the beautiful little red boots.

All through kindergarten I longed for them. They became an obsession with me. And, don't, for a minute think little girls are not capable of having obsessions.

I decided, in the last month of kindergarten to be the little red boots. I planned it all out—coolly and calculatingly. I realized that I would never be able to win them to school, but I still wanted them—wanted them so much that I decided to steal them. I found them in that second drawer where I kept my valuable rocks, colored gloves—wanted them there where I could look at them every morning—every night—any time I wanted them.

Never did a criminal plan a crime more methodically than I planned to take those little red boots. I earned believed that I would be thoroughly justified in my theft, for, quite obviously, that pious little prig did not love them half as much as I. Why—hadn't I seen her, with my very own eyes—time and time again, skipping in them!

I took the boots during noon recess. I hid them in my white box that was in my desk. About ten minutes before school was dismissed I suddenly developed a most devastating stomachache, and the good teacher let me home early.

Oh, what pure, unadulterated joy! Walking home with the little red boots clutched tightly in my arms!

That afternoon I stayed in my room, running every minute to look in that second drawer—a drawer consecrated by the presence of the boots—never once did I think of putting them on—I would touch them—feel them—pat them—I wanted to shout with joy, for at last they were mine!

That night, long after I had been tucked in bed, my teacher called on my mother and told her of the boots. I knew I left school early with a large box—now I knew I was quite fond of them because she had me in the cloakroom many times cleaning mud off them when I was supposed to be in the restroom.

My mother was both horrified and hurt. The morning when I awoke she was sitting in my room. It was (Continued on page 5)

## NEW BOOKS

## CAN'T HAPPEN HERE

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Following review of *It Can't Happen Here*, Sinclair Lewis' latest taken from the November the Book-of-the-Month Club

is an absorbing and a dis-novel. What cannot happen here, they say, is a fascist revolution the Nazi model, accounts of brutal violence and leading to the loss of personal liberty. It takes it happen; and in spite of the fact that the author seems at first an extravagance of variation, the reader reluctant with him to his distressing. His hero is a salty Ver-nalist of the old liberal and list breed, a man who thinks of it. Doremus Jessup incred-ly it happen, and is swept it. We are less incredulous for the beginning of Lewis' might be a literal transcript of magocracy, soft soap, fanat-ism and moonshine that has been ever the radio and through newspapers in the past year. It is needed is a depression, a the people's clever enough to the masses believe in him, and the people with brains behind. It happen—not perhaps as it does in the book—but read it before you take the negative. One weakness of the novel is the too close parallel to the brown-shirt move-Germany. Its strength is that it shows as quickly as he can the national flub-dubbery that leads to dictatorialism and tells his out one little town in Vermont, the people are real people, where proceed as one fears they would and in which the good folks end in just about as quickly as beats and crooks. Indeed the in the book (and it is a wrath-ful) is directed not against the minute men (the dictator's army) or against old Buzz, who talks himself into the ship, but the honest, individ-ual American who has let these happen by his indifference and apathy. Sinclair Lewis ap-propriately chooses Main Street to save the coun-try and he loves—and in the latter Main Street is rising to win the demagogues, the mil-lion parasites, and the crooks." HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

ON AND AGORA  
GIVE PARTIES

In the past few weeks have been with a series of open this week has seen the enter- of the campus group alone, outside guests. The Agora's, are hostesses on Sunday to ap-ately a hundred and fifty consisting of the faculty and s, regaled their visitors with s, lasting from two until four. ave a short program in which Riedy, whistling, and Jean and Mary Sudhoff, singing, art. The occasion was further ed by the lovely chrysanthem-which decorated the club house. Tuesday afternoon the Osborn's tea dance from four to six, students and faculty. The listing about 100, danced to Martin's Orchestra. Refresh- were served throughout the night. Mary Grisel, Helen Tib- Kay Phillips were in charge occasion. Miss Douthit, the and Louise Fosgate, the presi-ormed the receiving line.

## WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

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## HINT OF SPRING

Everything may seem a tiny bit drab and gray, but that's just because you really haven't scouted about. Just go around the east corner of Senior Hall, and you'll see a small hot-house. And right in front of the door, little purple bachelor buttons and orange marigolds will greet you, as cheerfully as if they had forgotten that winter is on the way.

But you, too, will forget if you step inside. There rows and rows of tiny little sprouts bob up. But their guardian, Mr. Carnes, has to serve as their interpreter. Those rather straggly, plucky little plants are Orphan Angies. They're much too busy striving for existence to notice you. But these little lantanas want you to know that they are clinging vines and independent little maids, some orange and others lavender. And rows of other little plants announce that they are geraniums, cigar plants, coleus, begonias, rattle-snake cacti, etc. Just one little tree is quite distinct; that is a little pepper plant with shiny doll-like peppers hanging from it.

It's too bad the others have such a lack of individuality now, yet they're growing, and they'll be transplanted

several times before they're ready for the spring beds. The only ones to go outside now are the tulips. Three thousand bulbs have been planted and this means that eighteen beds will be in bloom early next year.

Mr. Carnes has been gardener at Ward-Belmont for seventeen years. He can tell you how the trends have changed and what the current demand is. He'll also tell you that the flowers are scattered about. Behind the riding ring, there's a group of cosmos. And across the street from Ac Hall, dahlias and cut flowers grow in profusion.

Then, too, he has a certain pride in his old shrubs. The crepe myrtles, both lavender and pink, stand all about the campus just as they did before the Civil War. The magnolia trees now have the supremacy of the circle. But new trees are entering—the flowering peach, crab apple, Japanese cherry, Japanese magnolia, dogwood, and red-bud.

These are merely a few hints as to the identity of the life that will color the campus next spring. But don't think for a moment that it suddenly pops forth. At this very instant there's more than one hint of spring in the little hot-house around the corner.

"SHOULD ROOSEVELT BE RE-ELECTED?" IS QUESTION  
ASKED OF COLLEGE STUDENTS

College students along with millions of other American citizens are being asked to express their opinion on the question "Should Roosevelt Be Re-Elected?" by Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, newspapermen who are using their radio program, Washington Merry-Go-Round, to conduct the first large-scale radio poll on a matter of vital national interest. The poll began Saturday evening, November 23rd, and continues for four weeks, marking the first attempt to use radio for securing such an expression of opinion.

Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen who rose to national prominence with their provocative book, "Washington Merry-Go-Round," revealing political goings-on at the nation's capital, are heard Tuesdays and Saturdays over the Mutual network (WOR, New York, WCKL, Detroit, WGN, Chicago, WLV, Cincinnati), at 7:45 P.M., E.S.T., and 6:45 C.S.T. The poll is being conducted with strict impartiality by the Gruen Watch Company, sponsors of Washington Merry-Go-Round of the Air, and has no connection with any of the maneuvers being carried out by campaigning political parties. Political circles, however, are watching it with interest to reveal the way the wind will blow in 1936.

During the four weeks, the two reporters will present the pros and cons

of the question reviewing the accomplishments and failures of the Roosevelt regime.

Listeners who wish to express more than just a yes-or-no opinion to the question will be invited to submit their answers in a letter of a hundred words or less. Each week the two commentators and Mrs. Luella S. Laudin, Executive Secretary of the National Women's Radio Committee, will select ten of the best answers, five affirmative and five negative, to receive prize awards of Gruen watches.

## PENSTAFF MEETING

The Penstaff held their second meeting of the year December the fourth, at four o'clock. Jean Burk was the hostess for the group at her home. The twelve new members read their own pieces of literature which they had submitted for the contest which was held to elect new members to the club. This program was followed by a social hour, during which refreshments were served to the girls.

Several of the former members of the club were present at the meeting, and were all college students, attending either Ward-Belmont or Vanderbilt this year. They were Evelyn Braden, Henrietta Hickman, and Frances Rose.

## EAGLE FEATHER

(Continued from page 4)

an unusual thing for her to do, but I was so engrossed in getting over to that second drawer that I hardly noticed her.—They were gone!! Before I could say a word mother spoke and said she had taken them; she asked me if it all were really true. Poor mother, it was so hard for her to admit to herself that I had really stolen the little red boots. I told her, yes, that I had, but that she mustn't tell a single person, because the teacher might find out and make me bring them back. My mother was speechless. I remember, to this day, exactly at what angle her mouth dropped open. It was a dark hour for all of us. Mother was standing over by the window, almost obscured by the drapes, her face turned from me, but her shoulders shaking with sobs. You will never know how miserable I was—what was this terrible thing that I had done that would make mother cry?

In the refuge of the closet—between sobs—I made silent vows never to smile again. If the rare occasion should arise, I would, maybe, smile sadly—through tears. I would always be known as the little girl who never laughed. Everyone would know my life was blighted in its youth. People on the street would turn and stare and shake their heads when they passed me, because I was that pitiful little girl who broke her mother's heart, unintentionally.

FRANKIE PATRICK, Junior-Middle.



While in Nashville, Richard Halliburton photographed tip sheets to be placed in his new book "Seven League Boots," published by Bobbs Merrill Co. for \$3.50 on Nov. 15.

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## DIARY OF MISTRESS

BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—Poor Miss Lester is being besieged already by thousands of packages for Thanksgiving. I think every parent who could not be with her offspring sent her a nice big box, mostly containing all the fattening food in the world. It's all very nice, but us who were doing such a good job at dieting are in a bad way now, when a whole suite gets food. But Thanksgiving only comes once a year.

Both the Senior-Mids and the Seniors had their last pep-meeting before the big game tomorrow, and they ever have school spirit! The amount of school spirit developed these last few days has been a source of wonder to me, for this is the first time that anyone's made any attempt to create it.

In the pouring-down rain, oh, yes, it always rains the day before Thanksgiving so you won't be confident that there will be a bright and cheery morning, we went to see how books are made. My mouth was agape and my eyes were bulging out of my head by the time I came out. It's all so miraculous, this modern machinery. It's just unbelievable, but oh, so interesting. And then I went to church Sunday, to see the new volumes of Hymnals that I had just seen in the press at the publishing house. So I was considerably impressed.

Thursday—And did we ever get fooled! It surprised us and the sun was shining as bright as ever it could this morning, and put some much-needed life in these old bones of mine. So, I slept this morning a half an hour later, which did my heart good, and then went up to chapel, bundling along some old clothes for the offering. I guess that's really the spirit of today, rather than the holiday we get, for, heaven knows, we have so awfully much to be thankful for, that we can certainly give some of our bounty to the less fortunate.

And then the big sport event of the season—The Senior-Senior-Mid Hockey Game, and some game it was, too. Though the Seniors took the game as far as points were concerned, it kept right on being wildly exciting, for the way they all slipped and slid around the field, falling down every time that they'd attempt to swing the ball, was something no one should ever miss seeing. I'm sure all the parents got as big a kick out of it as any body. Some parents sitting by me, got so excited that I thought for a moment that they'd be out on the field helping their daughter keep to her feet.

I guess all the pep-meetings had the desired effect, for everyone certainly had the pep. It's going to be hard to decide just which got the number of points for enthusiasm, or what have you, for both the march of the Seniors, and the snake dance of the Senior-Mids were effective.

And now up-town to get the much-sought-after pumpkin pie, a thing I can't do without on such a day, and then to a show. All us Ward-Belmonters, who had no parents with us today, had kind of a let-down feeling all day, knowing that a turkey dinner was holding sway about six hundred miles away. But at six-fifteen, we had a dinner, and such a dinner as it was—turkey, and all that goes with it! So I guess we shouldn't feel so badly. And after that, the four one-act plays proved quite a sensation and success. So Thanksgiving at Ward-Belmont is over, and tomorrow we start on our last lap, for it's only a little over two weeks until we hit the homeward trail.

Friday—A lazy day, for all I did all day practically was read all the good stories in all the magazines that I could get my paws on. And if I wasn't reading, I was wishing, rather selfishly, I'll admit, that all the guests and parents would go home, for it gave me such a lot of feeling, to see the multitudes of parents, boy friends, etc., and none to see me out of all of them. It's really quite unfair.

And still in every room in the hall, there is still to be found I wonder what will become of I couldn't look a cookie in the right about now.

Mark Twain came to life when we went to chapel to be absorbing talk on that famous actor. The Dean of Women's derbit made him so very life-like I could almost see that figure, by his bristling white hair, on the stage to tell us some Mississippi River tales.

Saturday—The most-talked game arrived, the one between Alumnae and the Varsity. Alumnae, they certainly were, did you see them, in their long trousers, white middies, with additional black ties? Maybe it was charming get-up, but they took the Varsity for a trimming were perked and cute, in their bright shorts. I guess it takes the and the alumnae to show the who were good enough to make varsity just how to play hockey.

And did I ever do Christmas thing? You've no idea. Next thing is where I'm going the money to get them out of the office where they are C. O. D. my ship will come in between

Sunday—Slowly, but oh, so the campus is emptying of week-end guests. Tomorrow we back to the old routine. After hilarity of the week-end, today rather drab. Elizabeth Gray her characteristic poised, gave a nice talk on the hymn in the Even Ozzie Nelson seemed to be usual vim and vigor. Maybe need a vacation.

What happened to Betty In She looked like Captain Kidd self, with the bandage for her around her head.

Monday—Libby got back thing, looking as bright and cheery, not seeming to mind at the loss of sleep she got on her long week-end. But after all, a wedding deserves something.

But Bobbie Leake looked a haggard this morning after her end in town. But who would after rating a Vanderbilt gym and the S. A. E. dance to boot.

And today, all the eight sports—take your pick, girls. Basketball and bowling seem to be the favorite but the club sport is winning itself again. Personally, I'm out that I had forgotten about end of the basket one should get the ball through.

Tuesday—Just one of those just a day when life goes on nothing goes with it to make it interesting. So I'll make my exit. Good night.

## AMUSEMENTS

Paramount Theater — Begins Friday, Gary Cooper-Ann Harding "Peter Ibbetson."  
 Knickerbocker—Beginning Friday, Kay Francis in "I Found St. Paris."

STUDENTS ASKED TO CONTRIBUTE SMALL SUM BY PURCHASES

(Continued from page 1)

whom may act as a chaperone, at least 25 parties a week are chapters to some form of amusement and a party spends on the average of five dollars an evening.

So it is with hair sets, manicured facials, costume jewelry, magazine perfumes and cosmetics; each costs more money than is realized.

There are somewhat over five hundred students at Ward-Belmont, and each one of the five hundred students were to buy twenty-five Christmas Seals, the amount of money toward the prevention of Tuberculosis from Ward-Belmont would be \$12,500. Surely, considering the money spent on personal luxury, the average student can afford out of an annual income of one hundred sixty, or four dollars, the twenty-five necessary for her contribution.



# WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

ne XXIV

Nashville, Tenn., December 14, 1935

Number 17

## SCHOOL ENTERTAINS FOR MID-CLASS FORMAL DANCE

Five Hundred Guests At  
Largest Social Func-  
tion of Year

Tuesday night, December 10, was a social function of the year. The mid-class dance, took place. The guests were sent to 456 men and women. To all reports, there were no absentees. The guests were by Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Benedict, Mrs. Rhea, Emily Hamilton, and Huddleston, and were introduced to the members of the class by the fishing floor committee of the class. Louise Baxter, chairman of the committee, stationed eight members of the committee in the hall to meet the young men and women, and introduced them downstairs, and introduced to other members of the class, who took them down the line and started them dancing.

Solon Rose was in charge of the room decorations which consisted of effective combinations of red and white cellophane bows. The dance was held in the dining room. At 10:00 refreshments, consisting of chicken salad and coffee, were served in the little dining-room, and dancing was resumed un-

(Continued on page 2)

## STUDENTS PRESENT CHRISTMAS PLAY

On Tuesday evening, December 15, Miss Sherwood Townsend will present the sixteenth annual Nativity Play, "While Shepherds Watched," in the Ward-Belmont auditorium. This play will be given as Ward-Belmont's contribution to the Christmas festivities of Nashville.

The story of the play develops a story of world peace, the simplicity of the Nativity, and the elaboration of the Nativity.

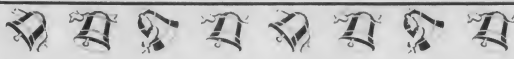
The play will be in two parts; the first will be set just outside of the city and the second part inside the city. The finale will be with the singing of "O Come Faithful" by both the audience and cast.

Senior and certificate students will play the leading parts and the junior students those of the townspeople and carolers. The play will be aided by the choir singing in colored robes by Fra Angelica.

The play in the middle of Ward-Belmont Christmas activities is a contribution to the students the real spirit of Christmas.

## SCHEDULES RELEASED

Play long next Thursday evening will pull out of the Union bearing Ward-Belmont students to their homes. The first one is the L. and N. to Indianapolis, Louisville which leaves at 6:40 A.M. The other students with their final destination and hour of departure from here follows: Kansas City, 6:50 A.M.; Miami, Florida, 10:45 A.M.; Cleveland, 12:15 P.M.; New York, 1:50 P.M.; San Antonio, Texas, 2:30 P.M.; Dallas, Texas, 2:30 P.M.; Jackson, Mississippi, 2:30 P.M.; Shreveport, Louisiana, 2:30 P.M.; Chicago, Illinois, 2:30 P.M.; New Orleans, Louisiana, 2:30 P.M.



## Christmas Everywhere

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!  
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,  
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,  
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,  
Christmas where cornfields stand sunny and bright,  
Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,  
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,  
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,  
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!

For the Christchild who comes to the Master  
of all:  
No palace too great, no cottage too small.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

## SERVANTS' PROGRAM NOVEL FEATURE

Many years ago when Ward-Belmont was still comparatively young, it was the custom for the administration to see that all the servants were supplied with a Christmas basket which was a way of showing to them appreciation for their effort and labor. It was about eight years ago, however, that it was suggested that the girls of Ward-Belmont might like to contribute a share, and in order that the presentation might be made in a regular way, it was suggested that the servants assemble together in chapel on the eve of the Christmas holidays. The spokesman for the service suggested that the servants furnish a program, and this resulted in a decision that if each girl would contribute a small amount, the administration would present a program.

(Continued on page 3)

## SENIOR-MIDDLES GIVE COFFEE

The Senior-Middle class this year is following the beautiful tradition established by other Senior-Middle classes of entertaining at coffee in Recreation Hall on the last Sunday before the Christmas holidays. The room will be decorated with Christmas greens and holly. Bowls of red and white flowers will be placed on the coffee tables. The guests will include the members of the faculty, household, administration, and Senior class.

The guests will be received by Emily Hamilton, Anne Huddleston, Dorothy Martin, Louise Mathews, and Margaret Giles, the officers of the class. Dr. Linda Rhea, the sponsor, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Benedict, Miss Sisson, and Mrs. Burk will pour the coffee.

(Continued on page 3)

## THE BEGINNING—THIRTY YEARS AGO

Of course, we feel that a million little Christmas sprites are whispering ideas to us every day, and we are beginning to feel so very important. But thirty years ago, a very similar group of Seminary girls felt equally important.

There were so many problems. "Would Janie like a hair ribbon or a fan? And would it be too silly to give Mable a compact?" After all, Mable had given her a handkerchief with a fancy tatted border, said Betty. "Why swap presents at all? Why not bring in those little tots from the Fannie Battle Day Home, who had many an eager but futile hope for Santa?"

And thus plans began, until the day before leaving for home. Then, one after another, the children were ushered in for their first Christmas tree and the girls' best one. Never before had such a towering tree been in the seminary.

But the busiest and happiest of all was a dear old lady about eighty—one of the children's grandmothers who had never seen a Christmas tree and who had sent a message asking if she might come.

She came, and chatted and chuckled over each of her presents. And she kept repeating that she "just hoped that she would live to come next year."

Grandmother must not be disappointed, neither must the little tots and their mothers. A plan for Christmas trees for the less fortunate in Nashville was inaugurated, and the girls felt even then that they had started a bit of Christmas cheer that would last. And it has lived.

## CHRISTMAS SEASON CELEBRATED WITH VARIED FESTIVALS

Clubs, Halls, and Organizations  
Plan Pre-Vacation  
Parties

The Glee Club concert of Christmas music, presented last Sunday, December 8, marked the beginning of the Christmas festivities at Ward-Belmont. Throughout this week and next various clubs are entertaining both for themselves and for children and families.

Tuesday night, December 10, Ward-Belmont gave a dance for the Senior-Middle Class in the big dining room, which was beautifully decorated with sunflowers. A large number of guests were entertained and the affair was pronounced a great success.

Wednesday, December 11, the F. F. Club entertained with a Christmas dinner and dance from five until eight o'clock. Each member was privileged to invite from one to four of her friends outside the club and a large number of guests were present.

The Women's Club held a Christmas party Thursday evening, December 12, at the Tri K club house. Their program carried members back to Merrie England at Christmastide. A dinner in old English style was served. (Continued on page 5.)

## BRANSON de COU IN LECTURE JANUARY 14

On the Tuesday following the students' return from Christmas vacation, Branson de Cou will bring to Ward-Belmont his *Diogenes Pictures*, an original and delightful form of travel entertainment. His series include colored pictures of many parts of the world, Europe, the United States, and particularly the South Seas, all of which display his mastery of photography.

Branson de Cou and his wife travel everywhere, photographing lovely, colorful scenes and often undergoing hardships, even defying laws. If it is difficult at first, they wait for the opportunity to photograph the scene. The coloring of the slides is done by a woman in Orange, New Jersey. Never traveling with them, she has the amazing ability of accurately following the voluminous notes and producing the exact coloring on the slides.

Mr. de Cou lectures informally as he presents his pictures. Occasionally there is a musical accompaniment. (Continued on page 3.)

## HOCKEY CLUB FORMED

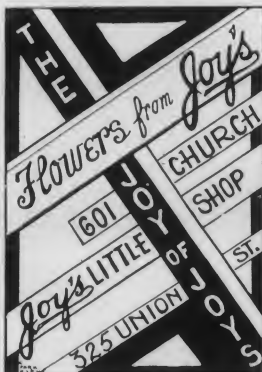
Due to a rainy Saturday, the Hockey Club met in the gym, and after a short meeting adjourned, being unable to play on the wet field. Miss O'Donnell presided and plans were made to play from three till four-thirty every Saturday beginning January 11. The United States Field Hockey Association is sending a team to Nashville, March the fourth. A team picked from among the members of the Hockey Club will oppose them. Approximately fifty girls and alumni are expected to come out each week-end. Playing will be preceded by a short talk on the technique at each Saturday get-together. Shin guards and sticks will be available on the field. Everyone who had taken an interest in hockey is urged to come out, dressed for action next meeting time,—Saturday, January 11.

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## FACULTY MEMBERS' PLANS FOR HOLIDAYS

From all reports the students aren't the only ones at Ward-Belmont who are anxiously awaiting the coming of the Christmas holidays. All the faculty members seem to be preparing to have wonderful times at diverse places during their vacations.

Some of them will spend the three weeks as follows:

Miss Lydell—home to Pennsylvania.  
Miss Merriweather—St. Petersburg, Florida.  
Miss Ruef—New Jersey.  
Miss Rhea—Pass Christian, Miss.  
Miss Clark—home at Shelbyville, Kentucky.  
Miss Ross—Fairmont, West Virginia.

Mrs. Tate—Nashville. During vacation she will spend some time in the country and in Memphis, Tennessee.

Mrs. Weedon—to visit a friend of hers.  
Miss Hollinger—Greenville, Ohio, to be with her family.

Mrs. Nichols—Nashville, and Columbia, Tennessee.

Miss Estes—Nashville.  
Miss Shackelford—Meridian, Mississippi, for a week with her family, and then to New York City to see art exhibits.  
Mrs. Millring—New York City.  
Miss Blythe—Dallas, Texas, and Christmas Day with her brother in East Texas.

Miss O'Donnell—Junction City, Kansas.

Mrs. Nance—Marshall, Texas.  
Miss Puch—New York City and Washington, D. C.

Miss Boyer—at her home in Canton, Ohio.

Mrs. Chandler—Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

Mrs. Pratt—at her home in Kansas City, Missouri.

Mrs. Neal—in and about Nashville with friends.

Mrs. Jeter—Birmingham, Ala., with her daughter.

Miss Ogden—at her home in Knoxville, Tennessee.

Mrs. Powell Jackson, Tennessee, with her daughter.

Miss Townsend—New York City.

## CLUBS CONTRIBUTE TO CHARITIES

Several clubs have adopted families as their Christmas charities. These families are found through the welfare association of Davidson County, which recommends them as deserving help.

The T.C. and Del Vers Clubs will give money to their families; while the Osiron and X.L. Clubs are planning to fill a basket with food, clothing, toys and some money for their family. The Agora Club has collected money from their girls to give an eight-year-old boy, the son of a missionary, a happy Christmas. They have bought him clothing, books and toys.

The rest of the clubs are planning to give parties for children, and thus actually see, as well as enjoy, the good work that they are doing.

The A.K.'s and Anti-Pans' are giving parties for two groups of children from the Tennessee Children's Home, Monday and Thursday afternoons, respectively. These parties will include the proverbial Christmas tree, presents of toys, as well as useful things, games and refreshments. The F.F.'s, according to tradition, are going to Bethlehem Center to give a party for the colored youngsters there, while the Tri K's entertained fifteen girls, of their own age from the settlement house, on Friday afternoon at their own club house.

All of the clubs, except T.C. and X.L., besides this charity work, are planning to have parties for their own entertainment. They are all going to have a Christmas tree and exchange ten-cent gifts. A.K. had their party during regular club meeting Wednesday night, while the rest of the clubs are having formal dinners Tuesday.

## SCHOOL ENTERTAINS SENIOR-MID CLASS WITH FORMAL DANCE

(Continued from page 1)

Although everyone enjoyed the dance to the utmost, it might seem that the most exciting feature of the whole evening was the privilege of keeping lights on until midnight!

The members of the floor committee were: Helen Aycock, Jane Bagley, Eleanor Bailey, Virginia Battle, Louise Baxter, Martha Browning, Catherine Cheatham, Shawnee Elliott, Jean Fleming, Ann Figgins, Charlotte Fogg, Betty Galt, Margaret Giles, Clara Helbing, Mary Alice Herbert, Audrey Jones, Dorothy King, Beverly Lack, Betty Martin, Dorothy Martin, Minnie Maud May, Barbara Moore, Peggy McNeill, Josephine Neil, Jeanne Roland, Ann Rudolph, Jane Sutter, Virginia Varga, Jean Wettlau, Courtney White, and Laura Whitson.

## FIRST GYM DANCE HELD TONIGHT

The first gym dance of the year was held tonight by the P.C. Club. The theme of the dance was Mother Goose. The incident of last week, were introduced, as they were written down's stationery and summer guests to the court of Mother Goose. The decorations, "special," refreshments will also carry scheme.

The walls of the gymnasium were covered with paintings of actors of the Mother Goose. The ceiling will be covered with stars and cut-out of the "jumped over the moon."

The "special" will consist of Jack and Jill and Humpty Dumpty, as well as a tonnage skill of Mother Goose and her children.

The guests will be met at the by pages, who will present at the court—the court being Mrs. Brigham, and the rest of the club's officers. The ceremony is meant to take place of "going down the receiving" the customary way.

Pied Pipers will serve in pies and coffee after the music for dancing will be by Johnny Miller.

Muri Copeland is the chairman of the committee in charge of the working under her are Evelyn invitations; Nancy Hovis, "Mrs. Mary," and decoration, Jane Coyle, refreshments.

## CHRISTMAS SPIRIT SPREAD BY

This year the "Y" is doing to spread Ward-Belmont off, as well as on, the campus of the committees has made plans for entertaining its own. The first party will be on Sunday, December 16, when Hamilton Bracken's committee take a big Christmas tree to the League Hospital. The children are actually in bed will be watch the decorating of the tree. The others are to be surprised in the person of Lucia Claus, will distribute presents, which children requested by letter, last Sunday. There will be a program of stories and songs, by simple refreshments.

On Sunday night Elizabeth's committee will take a large tree to Old Ladies Home, as a gift. They have planned a carol service, twilight hour between 6:00 and after which gifts will be given to old lady.

Mary Norman West's committee going to Vanderbilt Hospital on day night to give the nurse for each of the patients. They will be thoughtful and elaborate to those old patients whom they have known particularly well, but one will receive some gift on Christmas morning.

The following night, Mammie's committee is taking boxes of girls in the Florence Crittenton. Each box contains a complete clothing for each girl's baby. Members of the committee found the name and approximate age of each baby in the home, and bought the complete outfit for the baby. That same night, Mrs. Sartor and Teddie Kraus planned a book shower for the Tennessee Children's Home.

According to President Anne Yale, an historical novel is the best. "It is a fictitious tale on a stern reality."

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## DEPARTMENTAL NOTES

### Expression

In the play, "Shakespeare Smiles," given in chapel Monday by the certificate students, the characters showed great talent in their portrayal of the incidents that occur on a summer night in a park. Every girl was at her best in this play of wit and morale, and the audience enjoyed it thoroughly.

The characters were as follows: Shakespeare, Mary Ellen Peebles; The paper man, Maxine Graham; The policeman, Mary Hines Jackson; The young poet, Carolyn Williams; The city girl, Charlotte Howard; The country boy, Miriam Harwell; The country girl, Sarah Clayton; The city boy, Mary Louise Holland.

### Spanish Club

The Spanish Club met for the first time this year in the X.L. Club House last Monday evening from seven to eight o'clock. Dr. and Mrs. Castellano were the honor guests and they added much in the way of entertainment. Mr. Donner, head of the Spanish Department, is sponsor, and Phyllis Carr presided as president, having been elected to the office in the spring of last year. Other officers were elected as follows: Mildred Sartor, vice-president; and Jana Longnecker, secretary and treasurer.

The meeting ended with the singing of Spanish songs and the playing of Spanish games. Plans for the future were made, but will not be announced until later.

### French Club

The second meeting of the French Club was held last evening from seven to eight o'clock. The program was very interesting and included a story by Miss Fountain and a song by Jeanne Cookson and Virginia Piper. They were accompanied by Miss Boyer.

The Penta Tau Club House was very attractively decorated with mistletoe and holly. The refreshments also carried out the Christmas scheme of red and green. Brightly lighted Christmas trees were placed on both sides of the fire-place, giving the house a festive air.

## CHANGE IN HOURS

Miss Church, head librarian, has announced a new library schedule which came about as a result of a request by the students. Miss Elizabeth Gray has been taken on as an assistant because of the longer library hours. The new schedule is as follows: Week days, except Saturday, hours—8:00 A.M.—11:30 A.M., 12:30 P.M.—5:45 P.M., 7:00 P.M.—9:30 P.M. Saturday—8:00 A.M.—12 M. Sunday—2:00 P.M.—5:00 P.M.

## HYPHEN BIOGRAPHIES

## Maggie Mae Major

Maggie Mae Major is the maid on the second floor of Pembroke. More than that she is the performer on last year's Servant's Program who, at that time, nobly rendered "Curfew Shall Ring Tonight." Although she is now a high school senior, she has had a new "piece" for the program since 1929, she has consented to give "Curfew" again this

Maggie herself says, she was "put up" in this school. Her mother worked in the laundry at Ward-Belmont. When she was little she followed her mother to her work "help out" and when she was "big enough" a job was waiting for her at the school. In 1913 when Ward-Belmont and Belmont College closed, Maggie came on out here to the rest of the Ward household. She has been in the position of a maid today as second-floor maid then newly-built Pembroke. Maggie avers that "really," her mother is mighty sweet. "When they let me just leave 'em alone and they around."

## Willie Blackman

Willie (the Baker) Blackman has ten years of cinnamon rolls and is now at Ward-Belmont behind him. When he entered the school kitchen as a dishwasher. Today he is the baker. Willie's wife, Mary, works in the tea-room and his mother is in the kitchen department. His immaculate white chef's cap tops a sticky and a smiling face.

Willie's longevity of service is not due to his being a "fixer." Since the school's Christmas Program originated in 1928 he has taken a prominent part in the annual exercise. He asked what he planned to do

this year Willie modestly replied that he "just participated like the others," but that "really," he made a speech of appreciation for the gifts from "the young ladies of the foremost female institution of the world."

## Albert Knox

Albert Knox, better known as "Knox" here on the campus, has been at Ward-Belmont, according to his count, about twenty years. All that time he has served as a porter, waiting especially on the bank, book-room, HYPHEN Office, and as Knox says, "what is a job in itself," Miss Townsend.

During the war a great many of the old hands then working on the campus left to work at the Du Pont Powder Plant. Knox recalls that our late Dr. Blanton sent for him during this time and said, "Knox, a lot of the help is leaving to go to Du Pont for higher wages. You stick by me and I'll stick by you." And so says Knox, "I said, 'Yes sir, Dr. Blanton' and then I went and told Sam Battle, and me and Sam, we just stayed on."

Before coming to Ward-Belmont, Knox drove "Keizers" for a Mr. Grady. His employer also had a fine pack of foxhounds, and the then young Knox was known all around as a fine natural-born hunter, and master of his hounds. He claims as his oldest friends here on the campus Mrs. Handley and Mrs. Bryan, whom he knew long ago as guests at the Grady Home.

Knox will not take an active part in the Servant's Program as he says he doesn't have time to practice. However he will be up on the platform along with the rest of the group as one of the most faithful of Ward-Belmont's colored folks.

## SERVANTS' PROGRAM NOVEL FEATURE

(Continued from page 1)

istration would duplicate the amount, and then divide it equally among all the workers. The program is usually arranged by Willie Blackman for the purpose of entertaining the girls.

And so it was that one of the most anticipated of all Ward-Belmont traditions was originated. The program will consist of dances, duets, readings, and songs, and is again under the direction of Willie, the baker. This not only will show the servants the students' appreciation, but will reveal to them many men and women who are complete strangers, but who, nevertheless serve them faithfully every day.

## SENIOR MIDDLES GIVE COFFEE

(Continued from page 1)

The serving is under the chairmanship of Jane Elderly, one of the girls who will assist her are: Peggy Armistead, Virginia Brown, Virginia Collins, Dorris Cole, Martha Anne Cooney, Irene Dietzen, Marguerite Graves, Miriam Harwell, Dorothy Helm, Elva Hollins, Nancy Hovis, Jane Jones, Louise Kasper, Huldah Knapp, Lottie Logan, Roberta Duker, Nancy McGinnis, Elizabeth Murphy, Mattie Palmer, Jean Pearson, Margaret Pilcock, Mary Pollard, Bernice Schill, and Hasea Stewart. Elizabeth

Coe is in charge of the invitations.

The program will be arranged by Anne Browning.

The class is happy this year to carry on the custom begun by last year's class of having Christmas carols sung by girls of the class. These girls will be dressed in old English costumes.

Those who will take part in the carols are: Charlotte Howard, Jeanne Pearson, Harriet Rosenblum, Virginia Piper, Virginia Varga, Mary Hines Jackson, Martha Browning, and Anne Browning. Carolyn Williams and Marjorie Gunn will play violin accompaniments. Edrie Oliver will give a Christmas reading.

## BRANSON de COU IN LECTURE

JANUARY 14

(Continued from page 1)

This year pictures of *Present-Day Japan* will be shown. Modernistic new buildings, department stores, bright lights, cafes at night such scenes were photographed to show how modern Japan has become, although there is the survival of the ancient temples, the cherry blossoms, and the rice fields standing for a more picturesque Japan.

The *Dream Pictures* of Branson de Cou will be an educational, unique type of entertainment with the lovely scenes of *Present-Day Japan*.

## CASTNER-KNOTT "SCHOOL CENTER"

### CHRISTMAS CAROL PROGRAM GIVEN

#### Club and Children's Chorus Singing

Today night a Christmas concert given by the Ward-Belmont Glee Club under the direction of Mr. Sydalton. The Glee Club was assisted by Mr. Henkel, organist, and Dalton, tenor. The children's chorus was made up of students of the primary school. They were trained by Mrs. Florence N. Boyer. A large number of Nashville people heard the concert.

During the occasion, Mr. Benedict read the Christmas story from Scriptures. Then the concert began with a group of old carols including "Adeste Fideles," "Sing We of Christmas," "As Joseph Was Called," by Brecken, "Come, Ye Shepherds," and "Adoration of the Shepherds," which was read by Schindler. Mr. Dalton's interpretation of the Recitative, "For ye, my People, and Arian, valley shall be exalted" from Isaiah's "Messiah."

The children's chorus sang alternately together with the Glee Club. First was a French carol, "As We Have Heard on High," next was the well-known English "The First Noel." After these, Henkel played three numbers, including "Christmas Eve," a chorale by "A Rose Breaks Forth," in which Brahms used the melody, "Lo, a Rose," which was sung unaccompanied in the next group; and a taste on Old Christmas Carols.

The concluding group by the Glee Club consisted of another German "Joseph Dearest," followed by two Praetorius unaccompanied songs, "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooms," and "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks," ending with popular and spirited "Wassail, Wassail," song of English origin. The concert joined with the Glee Club in "Silent Night," accompanied by Mr. Henkel at the organ.

### DR. BURK ATTENDS ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the Southern Association of Secondary Schools was held in Louisville, Kentucky, from December 3 to 6. Dean Burk represented Ward-Belmont at this meeting. Two other meetings were held in Louisville this same week. They were those of the Southern Association of Colleges for Women and the Conference of Deans of the Southern Association.

A new constitution, the outgrowth of two years' study, was adopted this year—the fortieth of the Association's existence. Mr. J. Tom Davis, president of John Carleton College of Texas, was elected president of the Association for the next year.

Membership in the Southern Association enables a high school to transfer its graduates to colleges without the necessity of the students taking examinations. Membership in the Association enables a junior college to serve likewise those graduates who wish to enter senior colleges.

In addition to attending the conferences of the women's college group, Dean Burk was one of a panel to discuss improvement of instruction. This panel was part of the program of the Dean's conference.

Wednesday morning some forty junior college presidents and deans gathered for breakfast and to hear Dr. W. C. Eells of Stanford University discuss junior college growth during the last year. The average increase in enrollment in colleges of this type was 67%.

## CHAPEL SCHEDULE

December 16 - 18

Dec. 16—Program by chemistry classes in charge of Dr. Hollingshead.

Dec. 18—Speaker of the day, Mr. Benedict.

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## TH HONOR ROLL READ IN CHAPEL

December 6, at the 11:30 Miss Goodrich of the Physiological Department announced the results of the physical exams of every girl at the beginning of the year. Four hundred and fifty-one girls were given to three hundred and four college girls and one hundred and fifty-four high school students. As a whole the college girls averaged average lung capacity was muscle strength than the high school girls. So most serious problems concerning the Ward-Belmont girls and their physical advisors are poor posture, weak arches. Three-fourths of the girls examined had weak arches. 72 per cent had poor or no posture. Statistics gleaned from these exams Miss Goodrich has evolved the physical characteristics of the Ward-Belmont girls: Her average height is 5 feet 2 inches, which is above the standard for college students. The average total weight is 500 pounds. The following girls are on the Honor Roll: *Posture A*—Baxter, Sylvia Elliott, Mary Lammus, Beverly Clark, Mary Schill, Jane Vance, and Morley. *Posture B*—Rachel A. Byrne, Ruth Carr, Constance, Helen Hall, Janet Pasch, Elizabeth Siegmund, Helen Tibbitts Whitman, Peggy Dickinson, Irene, Jane Meadows, and Rye.

## YOU SHOULD KNOW—

Who should know Beverly Barton, a Middle from Oklahoma City, a very attractive, small brunette with a lengthy record of accomplishments behind her. While at Central High School in Oklahoma City, she was extremely prominent in dramatics. She also was of the Red Shirt Club and was the Queen of the High School. She was the Attendant to the Ball Queen. She also was a member of her Beaux Arts Club and the Keltia Club (a social sorority). For year, she had the privilege of being secretary of her class. Who should know Mary Frazer, a Freshman in high school, comes from Hillsboro, Indiana. If you know her sister, you will find that they amazingly resemble each other in looks as well as in personality. Mary is interested mostly in swimming and baseball. She is classically inclined as she is an accomplished player of both the clarinet and the piano.

## MAS SEASON CELEBRATED WITH VARIED FESTIVALS

(Continued from page 1)  
ed of a boar with an apple in its mouth, and a large pluma puding with outstanding features. Dinner a group of mummies (the Phillips, Cayce, Nance, and Bell) appeared to sing, enter, and otherwise join in the festivities. Later in the evening Miss gave a solo dance; then all of the old English folk dances followed. On Wednesday night, December 15, the servants party, one of the most interesting features of Ward-Belmont's Christmas season, the halls were decorated with individual parties. Each hall had a tree, hung with presents, and refreshment committees have been appointed and are looking forward to a gay party. After light bell the Seniors, according to tradition, will go through halls singing Christmas carols, during their visit to the halls, they will be in front of the houses of Dr. Dr. Burk, and Mr. Benedict. The hungry carollers will be refreshed. This is the last of the Christmas holidays.

## IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

(The following, reprinted from the editorial page of the *New York Sun*, was written by the late Mr. Frank P. Church.)

We take pleasure in answering at once, and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of *The Sun*:

Dear Editor: I am Eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says "If you see it in *The Sun* it's so." Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been misled by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be like dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would

be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a coil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else so real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, may, ten thousand years from now, from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

## BIOGRAPHY OF BOOKS

No doubt by this time all of us, if we're looking for a good place to be lazy in, know enough to head straight for the Recreational Reading Room. We would feel awfully out of place if we let down and went in for some laziness in the library. There's something about that place that brings out the industriousness in all of us.

But lately I've decided that people are too industrious. Else, they would take more time out to look over the exhibit of old manuscripts that has been on display in the library since way back in Book Week. The exhibit will interest all of you who haven't noticed it yet, just as it does you who are already familiar with beauty of its contents.

The exhibit is composed of leaves taken from books that really have a number of years behind them. Of course, the display is owned by the school. The most valuable article in the whole display is a leaf from a Psalter of the late fourteenth or early fifteenth century. Printed entirely by hand, it is also worth noting, because it is a splendid example of illuminated printing. This term is applied to it because of the colored designs covering its surface. Marginal designs are of blue, gold, and crimson. The text, written in red and black ink, is done on fine vellum. Probably the work was done in England.

Another interesting item is the tiny, hand-printed page from a Book of Hours, which is another way of saying prayer book. It is written in Dutch and if you look at it carefully you can see the faint, ruled lines drawn by the printer to aid him in

keeping the text written smoothly. Gothic characters in red and black make up the text. Large blue and red initials also decorate the page, and show what care this tiny book must have been written.

Farther down the exhibition case is a large leaf taken from "The Great Bible in English." This page is from the first English Bible printed by the authorization of King James I. Many learned men, under the direction of Miles Coverdale, labored for nine years over the translation and printing.

The display obtains a note of variety from the copy of a Gregorian chant. It is one of the oldest and was one of the melodies used in the music ritual in the Roman Catholic Church. This system of music is ascribed to Gregory I (Pope) who lived from 550 to 604.

For admirers of Chaucer is the page from one of the first editions of *Canterbury Tales*.

An example of an early History is supplied by the presence of a leaf from the *Nuremberg Chronicle*. It is from the first edition of the chronicle published in Latin in 1493. The pages are illustrated with wood cuts. Perhaps one of the most interesting, and certainly the most amusing fact, concerning the *Nuremberg Chronicle*, is the fact that the authors and printers left three blank pages at the end of the book. This was to take care of the remaining history of the world which would follow, and no doubt have to be written down.

I've listed my favorites of the exhibit for you. Why don't you go down to the library and pick out some of your own? You'll find lots more!

## EAGLE FEATHER

(Continued from page 4.)

"For hate is strong  
And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep.  
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!  
The Wrong shall fail,  
The Right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



While in Nashville, Richard Halliburton autographed tip sheets to be placed in his new book "Seven League Boots," published by Bobbs Merrill Co. for \$3.50 on Nov. 15.

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## DIARY OF MISTRESS

BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—Well, went to club tonight and talked of what we could do in the way of charity, whether it be having a Christmas party for the children at the Tennessee Children's home, or fixing up a basket for some worthy family. Anyway, we all came back to the rooms feeling very benevolent, and with the idea that it is better to give than to receive. And we all had such a good time planning the last party of the club before we go home. I still want hamburgers, and I'm glad to say, we're going to have hamburgers. The club is in one buzz of activity, judging by all the flying knitting needles flashing through the air. Everyone gets caught up then, if they're not too engrossed in learning the latest gossip from someone that you don't see only on these Wednesday nights.

Train schedules home, oh, happy thought, seem to be occupying the majority of the girls' minds, for every night after dinner, poor Mrs. Charlton is simply besieged by girls babbling her with questions—"Why can't I leave the night before?" "If I get permission, can I leave at 6:50?" "Can we leave the chaperon?" Maybe it'll all come out in the wash, and I hope we all get home. I just pray that I don't have to wait till the last train out like I did last year. I've seen dismal sights on the campus, but the most dismal was Ward-Belmont at four o'clock on December 19, when there were only a handful of girls left; girls who were frantically biting their fingernails trying to be patient for another half-hour. The tea-room was closed, the rooms were devoid of everything except the mattress on the bed, there was nothing to do except just sit and think, and mostly sit. Oh, well, after all, we have a hilarious vacation in store for us.

Some of them went to hear Emil Ludwig tonight. Would that I could have gone, but after all, I guess studying should come before pleasure, and it would certainly be a great pleasure to listen to Mr. Ludwig.

Thursday—And what, will you tell me, do those little Senior-Mids mean that the rest of us don't? For here, in one week, two attractive gals, Aycock and Weeks by name, grab two very, very good-looking Phi Delta pins. That's a lot for Ward-Belmont girls to do, so we should hand it to them. And speaking of grabbing jewelry from admiring swains, what did the little Browning twins do but display two class rings? I'm just wondering what will happen after vacation, for none of the girls are the type to sit home and think of someone in Suhy Tennessee.

Another good thing to see in the way of entertainment—"Blossom Time." Whether to buy gifts for other people or be selfish and enjoy an evening of song was my specific problem, and I unsatisfactorily settled it by saving my money for a Saturday shopping tour, and have regretted it ever since. I don't know why they all must come right before Christmas—it just "ain't" justice.

Some of us have such a lovely time after dinner, dancing down at Senior from seven to seven-thirty. We are getting so we can do a fairly good dog trot to "We Just Couldn't Say Good-bye," which I know must be years old. We probably couldn't even dance if we heard a nice, modern piece come out of the Victrola, so we should be thankful. Anyway, it helps digest our chess pie, that we so gluttonously ate.

Friday—I wonder why everyone tittered when Miss Goodrich announced in chapel today those girls who were in A-No. 1 condition physically. It certainly is something to be proud of. Why, I was even proud to make the Honor Roll, which was on the bulletin board as we came out. Maybe Pep or cornflakes makes them that way; if so, let me at them.

If, about nine-thirty, you hear a soft symphony of Christmas carols,

you'll know that the Seniors are again starting their practicing their caroling which they usually do the night before we go. The Senior-Mids may have party on that eventful night. Seniors rate the privilege of for the Three B's—Bunks, Bells, and Benedictees. And I've heard pered rumors that we come to our tummys full, too.

Saturday—I think the student body went up town today to see two wonderful shows. I spend all their hard-earned shopping for other people, too, was one of the mob, but talking through crowds to a so-called bargain, I decided wasn't worth so much effort. I came home with some new shoes for I just had to bring back some new.

And for the first time this year took a chaperon and went down a show. When I caught sight of bright red and green lights, ringing bells, the green holly, the rated Christmas tree, and the of carols by the church bells, the feeling was too marvelous to bear. There's nothing like it, girls, nothing like it!

Sunday—Really, this is a typical Sunday, for I think I serve to get to sleep next time to go out to church. A year ago Sunday it was, too—rushed from church to see if I had been remembered by the home went to dinner, and had a good time reveling in the peppermint cream, chocolate sauce, and food cake; went to the library to most of the afternoon—and that. Saw Dot Colmery all day up taking some lucky girls' tea. Studied a little bit, then to the Christmas music competition to rub it in about Christmas seeing as how that's about all I think about now, except when forced to put our attention on it seems only natural to write in my diary. The last time, "Night," which we joined in too readily, about got Charlie down, for when she came out, we were suspiciously red, and admitted that the thoughts of home about put her under. "Just 10 days till vacation. We'll be civilized, the train will carry there." Don't blame it on me, song.

Monday—Had classes all studied in the library for some side reading most of the afternoon and waded through a couple of in the evening trying to put some important facts in my mind that I want to be there in preparation for a test on the morrow. And counts for my Monday. One of importance, that only emphasizes the fact that we are going home, they came around to see how luggage we're going to take for Katherine Hays has gone for mid-term, and already we miss her presence. I know we miss her, and wish that we could be in some way.

Tuesday—And today Ruth went home. The poor child has been having so much trouble with her which she's hurting coughing (or laughing) and in chapel, I thought she'd better go home and doctor up so she could come vacation.

And then we walk in chapel to Miss Sisson, or rather see Miss Sisson give us our home-going which gave us an added thrill, girls, we're going home!

The big Senior-Mid dance was tonight, and what a dance! The Senior-Mids got a rush and a half heard. Of course, I wouldn't. Our time will come soon enough. For three weeks I'll sign off, doing entirely too much to stop write in my diary. And besides, would be there to read it, when all be so busy?

So goodbye, and a Merry Christmas to you all.